April 10, 1978

THE NEW YORKER

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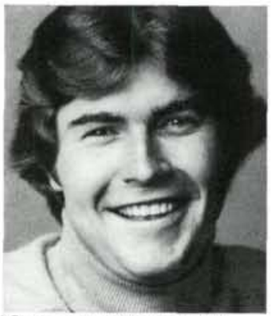

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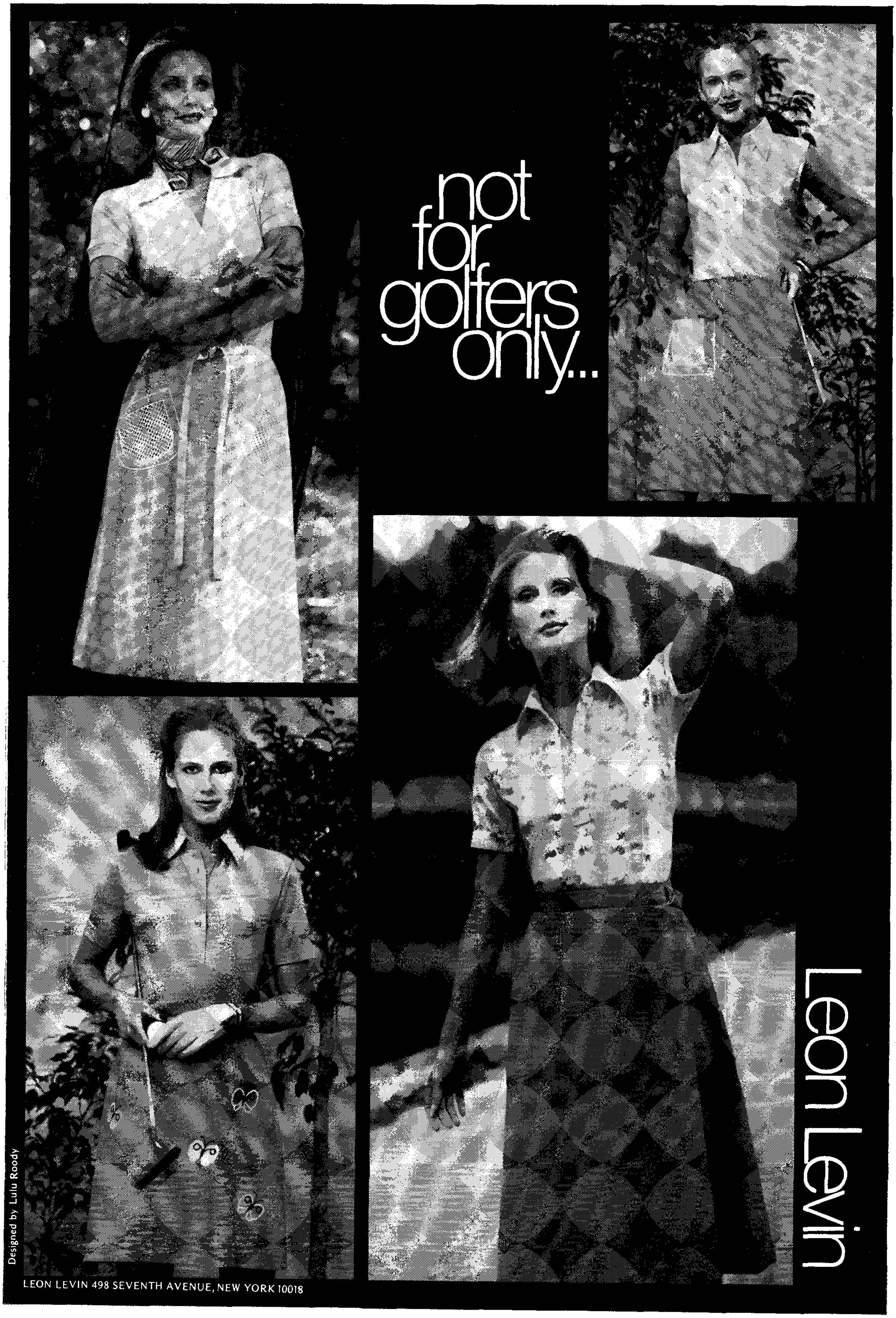
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Leon Levin
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LEON LEVIN 498 SEVENTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 10018

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

The Act—Liza Minnelli brings this old-fashioned musical to life. Her costumes, by Halston, provide the only wit in an evening of star turns à la Vegas. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Acting Company—A three-week repertory of four plays by John Houseman's group, ending Sunday, April 23. MOTHER COURAGE AND HER CHILDREN, by Bertolt Brecht, directed by Alan Schneider: Wednesday, April 5, at 6:15 (opening); Thursday and Friday, April 13-14, at 8; and Saturday, April 15, at 2 and 8. . . . ¶ Shakespeare's KING LEAR, directed by Mr. Houseman: Friday and Saturday, April 7-8, at 8 (previews); Sunday, April 9, at 6:15 (opening); and Tuesday and Wednesday, April 11-12, at 8. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393.)

A Bistro Car on the CNR—A chipper little revue from Canada, set aboard a train running between Toronto and Montreal. The score, by Patrick Rose, is tuneful and varied, and he himself is the most able of the four able performers who comprise the cast. The others are Marcia McClain, Tom Wopat, and Henrietta Valor. Lyrics by Merv Campone and Richard Ouzounian, and scenery and costumes by John Falabella. Mr. Ouzounian directed. (Playhouse, 359 W. 48th St. 541-9820. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Brontosaurus and **Cabin 12**—A pair of one-acters. John Bishop's "Cabin 12," about an inarticulate factory worker and his son at a time of family crisis, is as strong and convincing and ultimately satisfying as Mr. Bishop's "The Trip Back Down," a few years ago, and it is extremely well acted by Edward Seamon and Jonathan Hogan, under Marshall Oglesby's direction. Lanford Wilson's "Brontosaurus," the curtain-raiser, is a monologue with interruptions, delivered, to somewhat puzzling effect, by a rich, harried, antiques-dealing, middle-aged woman. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Wednesday through Friday at 8, and Saturday at 7 and 10. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, April 9.)

Catsplay—A play by Istvan Orkény. Opens Wednesday, April 5, and will run through Sunday, May 7. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Wednesdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Chapter Two—Neil Simon specializes in couples, some of which are odder than others. The two couples in this rueful comedy are full of troubles, which pass while being joked about. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Cold Storage—Ronald Ribman's play about two desperately ill patients in a New York hospital. Unexpectedly, much of the dialogue is very funny. Martin Balsam and Len Cariou are superb as the patients. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. JU 2-3897. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Curse of the Starving Class—There is more originality and humor (to say nothing of talent) in Sam Shepard's profound tragedy about a California family well endowed with land but literally penniless than one finds in most comedies. The performance, under Robert Woodruff's direction, is in every way distinguished. With James Gammon, Olympia Dukakis, Pamela Reed, Ebbe Roe Smith, and Kenneth Welsh, among the able actors. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, April 9.)

Dancin'—An assortment of vivid production numbers on unrelated themes. Bob Fosse is the choreographer, and his company of dancers is dazzling. The music is by Bach, Sousa, George M. Cohan, and other classic composers. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Deathtrap—A superb cast, headed by John Wood, in a thriller whose clever anfractuosities of plot are just frightening enough and just funny enough to make a marvellous evening in the theatre. Ira Levin is the clever author, and the director is Robert Moore. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Diversions and Delights—Vincent Price portrays Oscar Wilde in a one-character play by John Gay. Directed by Joseph Hardy. Previews Monday and Tuesday, April 10-11. Opens officially on Wednesday, April 12. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2; special matinée Thursday, April 13.)

Do Lord Remember Me—A strong, affecting play by James De Jongh, much of it based on published or recorded interviews with former slaves. There is a wonderful random quality about these reminiscences, as recited, with songs and dancing, by a cast of seven impressive actors, among them Frances Foster, Joseph Attles, and Louise Stubbs. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 240 E. 3rd St. Thursday through Sunday at 7:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, April 9. Free.)

Dracula—The five-hundred-year-old count from Transylvania never looked rosier. Frank Langella heads a competent cast, and the lovely, creepy sets and costumes are by Edward Gorey. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Equity Library Theatre—Shakespeare's THE TAMING OF THE SHREW will be the seventh in this season's series of eight productions. Preview Wednesday, April 5. Opens officially on Thursday, April 6, and will run through Sunday, April 16. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except

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DRAWINGS: *Al Ross, Lee Lorenz, William Hamilton, Joseph Mirachi, Warren Miller, David Christianson, Edward Koren, Robert Weber, J. B. Handelsman, Dean Vietor, Barney Tobey, James Stevenson, Charles Saxon, Henry Martin, Mischa Richter, Frank Modell, Sam Gross, Donald Reilly, Nurit Karlin, Stan Hunt, Arnie Levin*

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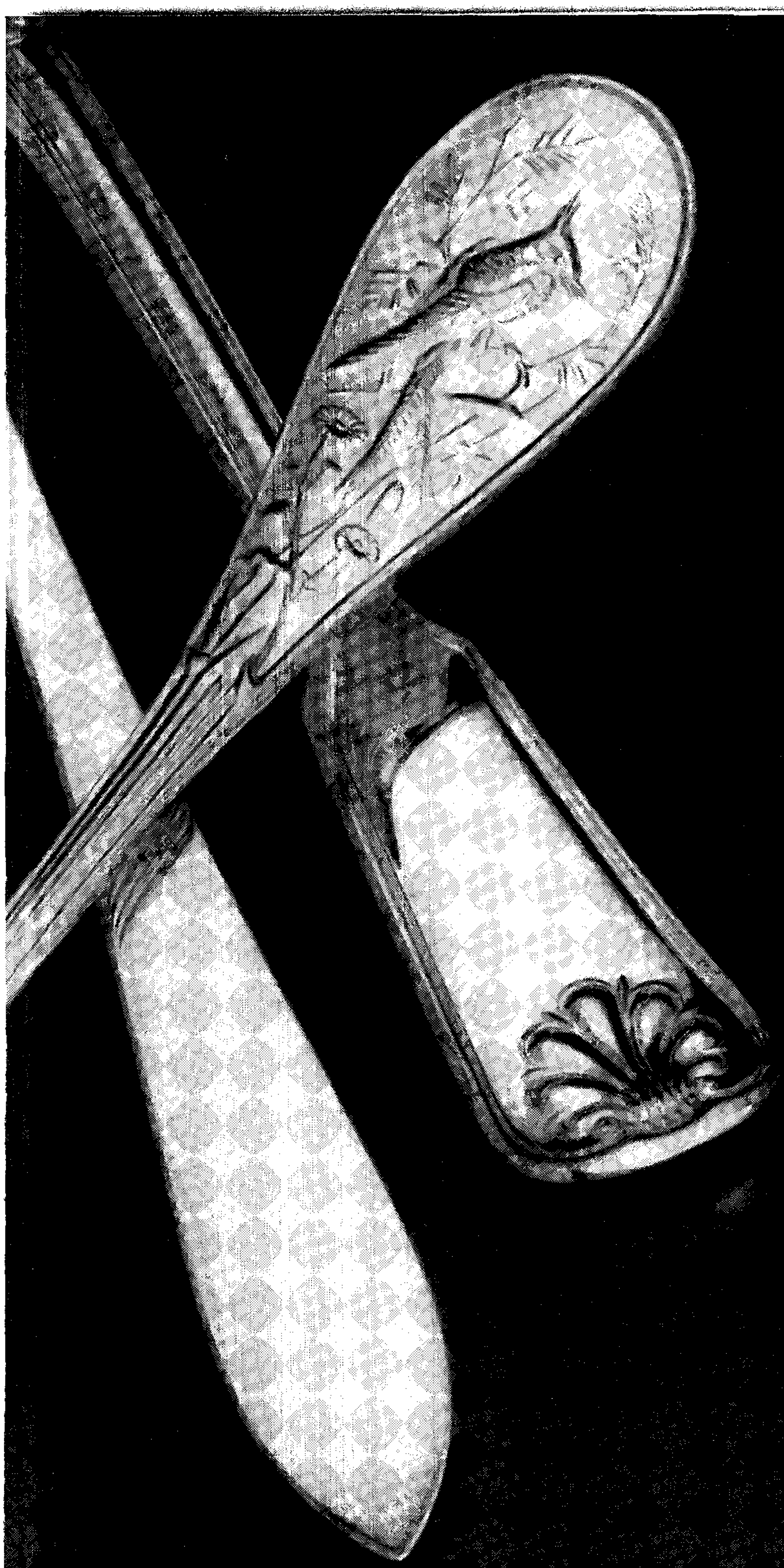

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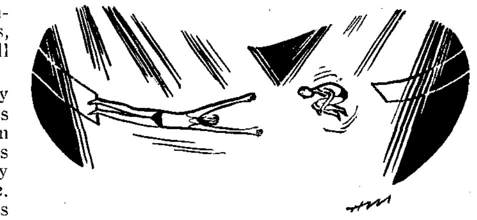
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



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Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

The Gin Game—An often hilarious comedy about the misery of life in an old people's home. Sounds implausible, but D. L. Coburn performs the feat with ease. The cast consists of Jessica Tandy and Hume Cronyn, and they suffice. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6742. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Hello, Dolly!—Nothing is here for tears. Carol Channing in command of a vehicle that (truth to tell) begins to look much older than its years. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

A History of the American Film—A very long and very tiresome exercise in undergraduate humor; the title purports to describe the subject matter, but don't you believe it. The attractive young actors and actresses work hard against high odds. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Julius Caesar—René Auberjonois, Richard Dreyfuss, Thomas Hulce, Austin Pendleton, Rex Robbins, and George Rose in Shakespeare's tragedy. Directed by Frank Dunlop. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, April 23.)

A Life in the Theatre—David Mamet's loving tribute to the theatre in the form of a collage of the offstage conversations between a seasoned actor and a younger one, and of their onstage dialogues in brief parodies of every conceivable kind of scene. The play is very funny and subtly haunting as well. With Ellis Rabb and Peter Evans as the actors. Gerald Gutierrez was the estimable director, and John Lee Beatty the estimable scenic designer. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Mandrake—Wilford Leach has worked up a stunning production of the rowdy old comedy by Niccolò Machiavelli. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Molière in Spite of Himself—A play adapted (and directed) by Michael Lessac from a play by Mikhail Bulgakov. (Colonnades, 428 Lafayette St. 673-2222. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

On the Twentieth Century—A curiously musty musical version of the old Hecht-MacArthur comedy. Book and lyrics by Betty Comden and Adolph Green, music by Cy Coleman. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Othello—Earle Hyman gives a performance of great distinction as the Moor, but there is almost no one to catch his fire in this pedestrian production. With Carmen de Lavallade as Emilia, and Nicholas Kepros as Iago. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160. Wednesday at 2:30; Thursday at 11 A.M.; Friday at 8; and Saturday at 2 and 8. Closes Saturday, April 8.)

The Passion of Dracula—An unpretentious, entertaining adaptation (in the British manner) of Bram Stoker's old thriller. Bob Hall and David Richmond are the adapters. Peter Bennett is the commendable director. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Paul Robeson—A long-winded documentary account of the life of the great singer-athlete-actor. James Earl Jones impersonates Robeson; the text is by Phillip Hayes Dean. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Thursdays and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 5.)

A Prayer for My Daughter—The events of this evocative, fascinating play, by Thomas Babe, take place at a police station on the night when a homosexual guru and his junkie disciple are pulled in for a murder, and when the daughter of the sergeant in charge threatens suicide. The atmosphere of the precinct house at a time of emotional crisis is as convincing and pervasive as that of the rock scene in Mr. Babe's "Kid Champion," and the acting, under Robert Allan Ackerman's direction, is exceptionally good. The actors are Jeffrey De Munn, Alan Rosenberg, Stephen Keep, and George Dzundza. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

The Promise—A play by Aleksei Arbuzov. (Roundabout Stage Two, 307 W. 26th St. 924-7160. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, April 9.)

P.S. Your Cat Is Dead!—A (rewritten) revival of a play by James Kirkwood. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Runaways—Elizabeth Swados' musical about the plight of runaway children in this city is, paradoxically, quite exhilarating. The members of the cast, most of them unknown, range in age from eleven to their early twenties, but their proficiency at singing, dancing, and acting is unlimited. As for Miss Swados—composer, lyricist, librettist, director, and performer (on the guitar)—she is a model of proficiency, and then some. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays through Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30).

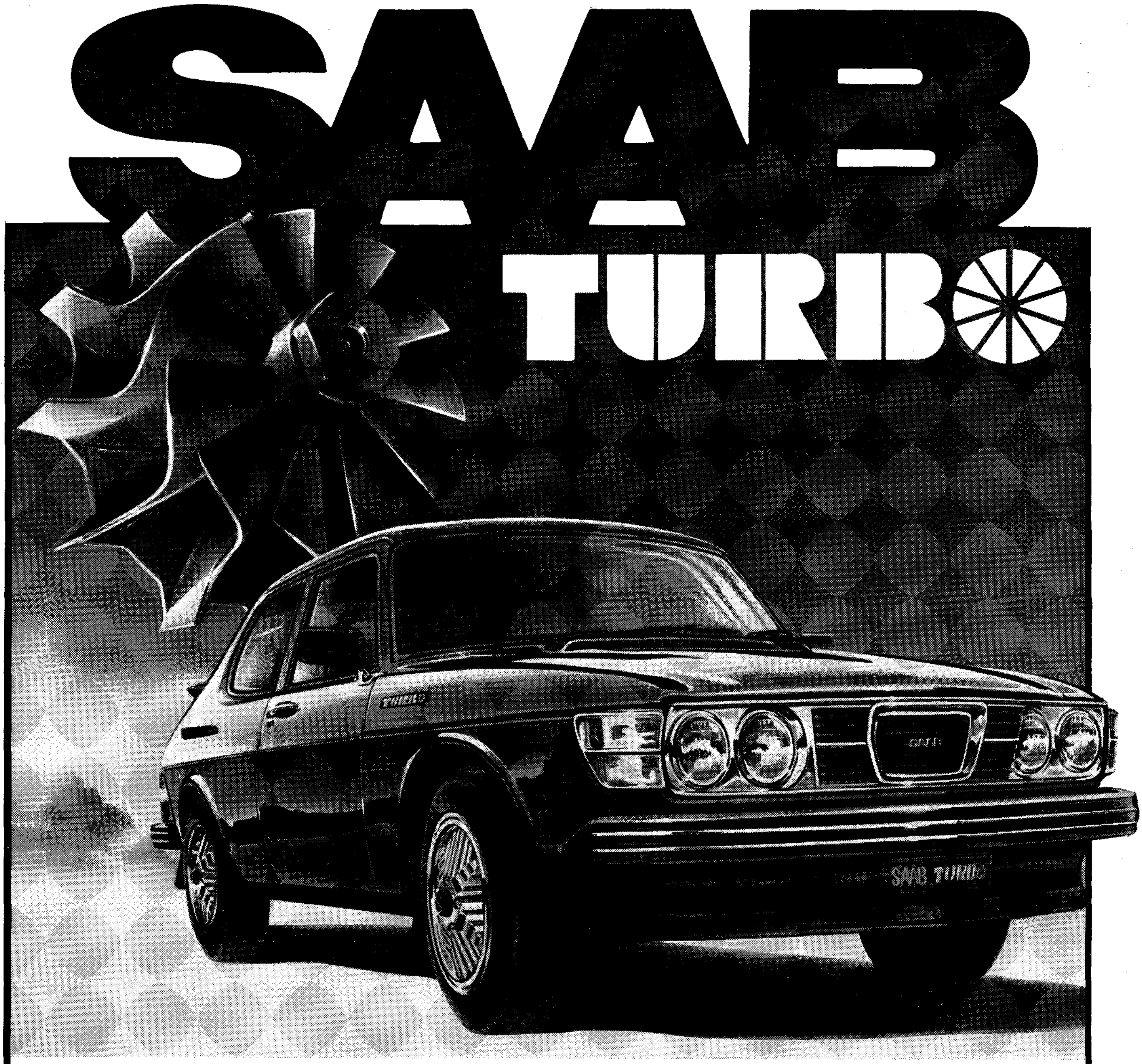
Safe House—A play by Nicholas Kazan. Opens Wednesday, April 5, and will run through Sunday, April 30. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Wednesdays through Sundays at 8.)

13 Rue de l'Amour—A great deal of feverish dodging about is expected to take the place of wit in this clumsy Feydeau farce. With Louis Jourdan and Patricia Elliott. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Timbuktu!—Gorgeous costumes and sets, many lithe dancers, and the silliest book in the world. With Eartha Kitt and Melba Moore. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

A Touch of the Poet—One of a cycle of plays that O'Neill wisely abandoned. Jason Robards, Geraldine Fitzgerald, and Milo O'Shea do their best to make O'Neill's curious stage-Irish folk plausible. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**ANNIE:** Daddy Warbucks is transformed into a benign New Dealer, and Little Orphan Annie is not very waiflike in this pleasant but uninspired musical. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. A brilliant, innovative musical conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett. Score by Marvin Hamlisch, lyrics by Edward Kleban, book by James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE CLUB:** Eve Merriam's musical entertainment is set in a gentlemen's club in 1903, but the company consists of seven women, lightly disguised in top hats, white tie, and tails, who sing and dance to authentic, indelicate songs of the period. As feminist projects go, this one is unusually good-humored, and the singing, and especially the dancing, under Tommy Tune's direction, is proficient and pleasing. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** 7,456 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **FOR COLORED GIRLS WHO HAVE CONSIDERED SUICIDE:** The marvellous poems and prose of the American writer Ntozake Shange are spoken and danced to by seven remarkably gifted young black women. The director, Oz Scott, must be given high credit for the captivating results. Choreographed by Paula Moss. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, and Fridays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 5 and Sundays at 2.)... **GEMINI:** In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social, but is actually sexual. With Danny Aiello as the father and Jonathan Hadary, among other good actors. Peter Mark Schifter directed. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **I LOVE MY WIFE:** Cy Coleman's winning music and Lenny Baker's clowning justify this mild musical examination of the sexual revolution in Trenton. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE KING AND I:** Yul Brynner is incandescent in this admirable revival of the Rodgers-Hammerstein musical. Starting Tuesday, April 11, Michael Kermoyan will replace him for three weeks. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)... **MUMMENSCHANZ:** A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players. The masks are ingenious and surprising, and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **SAME TIME, NEXT YEAR:** A new playwright named Bernard Slade has invented an Erector set of one-liners that should last a lifetime. With Betsy Palmer and Monte Markham, directed by Gene Saks. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **VANITIES:** In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. Garland Wright directed the attractive performance. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)... **THE WIZ:** An all-black production of a musical version of "The Wizard of Oz," with gorgeous scenery and costumes, tiresome music, and several first-rate performances. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7260. Tuesdays



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

Beatlemania—A multimedia and live-music program about the sixties, with four musicians doing thirty-seven songs written by John Lennon, Paul McCartney, and George Harrison. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)

Circus—The hundred-and-eighth edition of Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey's ode to spring. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday, April 5, at 2:30; Thursday, April 6, at 10:30 and 2:30; Fridays at 1:30 and 7:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 3, and 8; Sunday, April 9, at 1; Tuesday, April 11, at 10:30 and 2:30; Wednesday, April 12, at 1:30 and 7:30; and Thursday, April 13, at 10:30 and 7:30. Closes Sunday, June 4.)

DANCE

Joffrey Ballet—Opening performances of a four-week season that will run through Sunday, April 30—Wednesday, April 5, at 7:30: "Les Patineurs," "Brouilliards" (première), "Pas de Deux," and "Rodeo."... ¶ Thursday, April 6, at 8: "Moves," "L'Air d'Esprit" (première), "Touch Me," and "Pineapple Poll."... ¶ Friday, April 7, at 8: "Brouilliards," "La Vivandière Pas de Six," "Pas de Deux," and "Jazz Calendar."... ¶ Saturday, April 8, at 8: "Les Patineurs," "L'Air d'Esprit," "As Time Goes By," and "Cakewalk."... ¶ Sunday, April 9, at 2: "As Time Goes By," "Monotones," "The Moor's Pavane," and "Pineapple Poll."... ¶ Sunday, April 9, at 7:30: "Brouilliards," "L'Air d'Esprit," "Touch Me," and "Jazz Calendar."... ¶ Tuesday, April 11, at 8: "Kettentanz," "Pas de Deux," "Monotones," and "Cakewalk."... ¶ Wednesday, April 12, at 8: "Moves," "La Vivandière Pas de Six," an unnamed ballet (première), and "Pineapple Poll."... ¶ Thursday, April 13, at 8: "Brouilliards," "Pas de Deux," "The Moor's Pavane," and "Jazz Calendar."... ¶ Friday and Saturday, April 14-15, at 8: "Romeo and Juliet." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 489-6810.)

Eliot Feld Ballet—Opening performances of a two-week engagement that will run through Sunday, April 23—Monday, April 10, at 7:30: "Harbinger," "Intermezzo," and "A Footstep of Air."... ¶ Tuesday, April 11, at 8: "The Real McCoy," "The Gods Amused," "Mazurka," and "The Consort."... ¶ Thursday, April 13, at 8: "Harbinger," "Impromptu," "La Vida" (première), and "The Consort."... ¶ Friday, April 14, at 8: "The Consort," "The Gods Amused," "Santa Fe Saga" (première), and "A Footstep of Air." ... ¶ Saturday, April 15, at 2:30: "Excursions," "Impromptu," "La Vida," and "A Footstep of Air."... ¶ Saturday, April 15, at 8: "Harbinger," "At Midnight," and "Intermezzo." (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156.)

Rudolf Nureyev—With the Murray Louis Dance Company, Tuesday through Sunday, April 11-16. (Two premières—"The Canarsie Venus" and "Vivace"—"Moments," and "Schubert.")... ¶ With the Dutch National Ballet, Tuesday, April 18, through Sunday, April 30. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtains at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Joyce Trisler Danscompany—A program of contemporary dance. (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. Wednesday through Saturday, April 12-15, at 8, and Sunday, April 16, at 2.)

Transition—A company of dancers and musicians. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Thursday and Friday, April 13-14, at 8.)

Ballet Film Festival—The final programs in an eighteen-day series of ballet films at the Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. (874-1717)—Wednesday, April 5, and Saturday, April 15: "Giselle" (1964), with Alicia Alonso and the Ballet Nacional de Cuba.... ¶ Thursday, April 6, and Tuesday, April 11: "Don Quixote" (1973), with Rudolf Nureyev and the Australian Ballet.... ¶ Saturday, April 8, and Wednesday, April 12: "La Sylphide" (1972), with Ghislaine Thesmar, Michaël Denard, and the Paris Opera Ballet. ... ¶ Sunday, April 9, and Thursday, April 13: "Pulcinella" and "Liebeslieder Waltzes" (both made in 1973), with the New York City Ballet.... ¶ Monday, April 10, and Sunday, April 16: "Bolshoi Ballet 67" (1966), excerpts from seven ballets. (Showings nightly at 6, 8, and 10. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 4.)

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NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.... ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Ali's Alley, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—Several notches above your simple, basic SoHo jazz loft in its amenities and in the consistent quality of the musicians who perform here. Singer and jazz yodeller **Leon Thomas** and his group, Full Circle, are here through Saturday, April 8; on Tuesday, April 11, Cleveland tenor saxophonist **Frank Wright,** whose style is reminiscent of the late "free" tenor player Albert Ayler (who also came from Cleveland), will arrive with a quartet. Mondays are turned over to trumpeter Ted Daniel and Energy, his gangly, free-form, accessible fourteen-piece band. Music from about ten. Closed Sundays.

Ballroom, 458 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (673-9121)—The current attraction is "By Strouse," a mini revue produced and presided over by the composer Charles Strouse—he scored "Annie," "Applause," and "Bye Bye Birdie." Donna Marshall, Patrick Quinn, Linda Griffin, and Ann Anello sing Mr. Strouse's tunes. Shows nightly, except Mondays, at eight-thirty and ten-thirty. Dinner.

Beefsteak Charlie's, 55 Fifth Ave., at 12th St. (675-4720)—The music corner here is in the sidewalk picture window, so you can check out the musicians on your way in. Pianist Ray Bryant's trio is in the window through Saturday, April 8; Wednesday through Saturday, April 12-15, pianist **Muhal Richard Abrams,** who usually works with trombonist **George Lewis,** drummer **Steve McCall,** and other Chicago avant-garde players, will be present with an ensemble. Music from nine until two Wednesdays and Thursdays, from ten on Fridays and Saturdays.

Blue Hawaii, 135 Third Ave., at 15th St. (260-7690)—This relatively new restaurant (it opened last November) has been gussied up to look like a cruise ship; in fact, the place, with its open, airy roominess, soft colored lights, and illuminated photographs of Hawaiian beaches on the walls, feels more like Southern California than like Third Avenue. Faultless solo pianists can usually be heard nightly from about nine (ten on Sundays); some of them are **Weldon Irvine** (Wednesdays), **Sharon Freeman** (Thursdays), and **Jaki Byard** (Sundays). On Friday and Saturday, April 7-8, **Kenny Barron** and **Buster Williams,** the piano-bass half of Ron Carter's quartet, will perform; and on Friday and Saturday, April 14-15, singer **Sheila Jordan** will work with a backing trio.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Here's the lineup: **Loudon Wainwright III,** a wry, witty, satirical folkie and a humorously gyrating singer and guitarist, is present Thursday through Saturday, April 6-8; on Tuesday and Wednesday, April 11-12, country singer Crystal Gayle, who is Loretta Lynn's little sister, will be onstage; and on Friday and Saturday, April 14-15, L. A.-rock composer and singer Andrew Gold will work with his band. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dinner.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—If you can get here about three-thirty in the afternoon, you can probably secure a nice seat at the end of the bar near the piano. Pianist **Joanne Brackeen** will work with bassist **Sam Jones,** beginning Monday, April 10. Music from ten most nights, from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dinner.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—In the Café Carlyle **Bobby Short** has moved his court back into the Café Carlyle, as well as his two aides, bassist **Beverly Peer** and drummer **Gene Gammage.** They're ready Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-forty-five and eleven-thirty. Singer-pianist Michael Carney appears Mondays after nine-thirty. Dinner and supper.... **Teddy Wilson,** who is always elegant, understated, and swinging, presides over the keyboard in the Bemelmans Bar weeknights from nine-thirty to one.

Carnegie Hall Cabaret, 165 W. 56th St. (PL 7-9522)—Brown ultra-suède walls and brown tweed industrial carpeting have gone into the redecorating of this place, which has lost all its old, sloppy, musician-hangout charm. **Ellis Larkins,** the migratory pianist and fastidious stylist, has just moved in, and he plays from eight to midnight every night but Sunday. Dinner.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—A row of neon beer signs hangs overhead; lots of young, kinkily dressed patrons, band members, and friends of band members hang around. Onstage, affectedly sinister—dark glasses, torn T-shirts, leather jackets, and smirking expressions—young musicians pound out punk rock, which is, for the most part, mid-sixties hard rock that has come around again on the guitar. Music most nights from nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—The legendary blues singer **Alberta Hunter,** who is funny, rocking, and altogether charming, is singing "Downhearted Blues," which she wrote in 1922, and "I Want a Two-Fisted, Double-Jointed, Rough-and-Ready Man," which she wrote in 1976. She works with pianist Gerald Cook and bassist Al Hall weeknights. Sundays, pianist **Sammy Price,** who was born in Honey Grove, Texas, some seventy years ago and who has been a tap dancer and a politician, plays genuine boogie-woogie. Music from eight to one. Dining.

Crawdaddy, Vanderbilt Ave. at 45th St. (687-1860)—Trumpeter **Warren Vaché** is present with a trio, playing oh-so-smoothly in a style that's nearly twice as old as he is (he's twenty-six). Mondays through Fridays from six-thirty to eleven-thirty. The room flanks 45th Street and has ceiling fans, a tile floor, high-backed Windsor chairs, and food with a New Orleans tinge.

David K's, 1115 Third Ave., at 65th St. (371-9090)—**Hugh Shannon,** the international café-society singer-pianist, has settled in with his collection of Cole Porter, Noël Coward, and Stevie Wonder tunes. He performs Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to two.

Eddie Condon's, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—Bobby Gordon, Vic Dickenson, Ed Polcer, Jim Andrews, Connie Kay, and Red Balaban (who owns the place) are the traditionalists who usually make up the house band. The music begins weeknights after nine-thirty. On Sunday, April 9, **Scott Hamilton,** a young, swing-inspired tenor saxophonist, will lead a quintet, from eight-thirty. Dinner.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Pianist **Hod O'Brien** works Wednesdays through Sundays with admirable sidemen guitarist **Joe Puma** and bassist **Frank Luther,** and a conscientious vocalist, Alicia Sherman. Their hours are ten to three, except on Sundays, when they begin at seven. Mondays, **Al Haig, Morris Edwards,** and **Al Gafa** perform piano-bass-guitar bebop variations from ten. Tuesdays, guitarist **Chuck Wayne** leads a trio from ten. Weeknights from seven to ten are given over to pianist Gene Roland, guitarist Jim Watkins, and bassist Morris Edwards.

Hopper's, 452 Sixth Ave., at 11th St. (260-0250)—**Zoot Sims,** who plays dancing tenor saxophone solos, is here leading a trio Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty; Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one. No music Sundays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—**Roy Eldridge** is at the wheel of a sextet that usually comprises drummer Eddie Locke,

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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bassist Ted Sturgis, trombonist Bobby Pratt, clarinettist Joe Muranyi, and pianist Johnny Morris. Beginning Tuesday, April 11, Eldridge will go on leave, and PEE WEE ERWIN will substitute for him Tuesdays through Thursdays, and JIMMY MCPARTLAND on Fridays and Saturdays. On Mondays, Max Kaminsky heads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

Larson's, 1160 Third Ave., at 68th St. (744-2540)—With its sleek mirrored walls, its leopard-skin-print carpeting, and its extravagantly stocked bar, this place resembles an airport V.I.P. lounge. Pianist BROOKS KERR is on hand with onetime Ellington bassist AARON BELL and longtime Ellington drummer SONNY GREER on Tuesdays and Wednesdays; and both Kerr and Bell are here along with alto saxophonist and clarinettist RUSSELL PROCOPE and drummer SHELTON GARY Thursdays through Saturdays. Music from nine to one. Dinner and supper.

Lone Star Café, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—This progressive-country-and-Western-music bar and chili house bills itself as "the biggest honky-tonk north of Abilene," but the place is actually a hangout for homesick Austin, Texas, transplants. Much but not all of the music is provided by genuine Texas bands, and much but not all of it is first-rate. Music weeknights from nine-fifteen to three, and Sundays from eight-thirty to two.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—FRANCINE CAROLL, in her tribute to Sophie Tucker, doesn't—thank goodness—try to come on like a red-hot mama or sing in a barrelhouse style. She just sings subdued versions of songs Tucker made famous; Caroll's "Some of These Days" sounds more like "Summertime," and it's quite pleasant. Through Saturday, April 8. On Tuesday, April 11, the great hot-jazz-violin pathfinder JOE VENUTI will take over. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A crowded and animated upper West Side music bar that draws rhythm-and-blues, jazz-rock, disco-funk, and, sometimes, jazz bands. Drummer IDRIS MUHAMMAD leads a jazz sextet through Saturday, April 8. Music from ten until three. Dinner.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A reformed coffeehouse: tables and chairs instead of benches; Perrier and even headier stuff instead of ice cream and tea; and, occasionally, jazz and rock instead of folk music. Josh White, Jr., will perform Thursday through Sunday, April 6-9; on Wednesday, April 12, the Lamont Cranston blues-rock band will take charge. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty, on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Snacks.

Peter Brown, 168 W. 96th St. (866-4710)—Hard bop comes to the upper West Side in the form of the JUNIOR COOK quartet, Thursday through Saturday, April 6-8. Music from ten. Dinner.

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, (PL 7-9090)—What a room, what a view! SY OLIVER is back and in charge of a dance septet that plays Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Two singers currently share the facilities here: Lynn Kellogg, who appears at nine (through Saturday, April 8), and Tim Cassidy, who goes on at eleven-thirty (through Saturday, April 8) and at nine-thirty on Sunday, April 9. Dining.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Trumpeter, occasional vocalist, and cool-school adherent CHET BAKER heads up a quintet through Saturday, April 8; Sunday and Monday, April 9-10, tenor saxophonist Benny Wallace's trio will be on hand; and on Tuesday, April 11, JOHN CLARK, a wonderful French-horn soloist, will bring in a quintet. Music from about nine-thirty. Dinner.

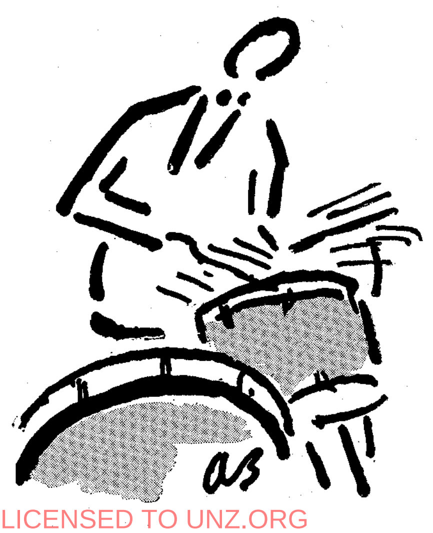
Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—SONNY ROLLINS hasn't changed his style of playing over the past years—it's still crisp, melodic, and intrepid—but he's definitely changed his rhythm section, and his music sounds markedly different as a consequence. It's an obsequious rhythm section that would be fine for an R. & B. bar band—an ostinato-minded Fender bassist, an endlessly vamping electric pianist, and a tinny, twelve-string electric guitarist—but those who treasure Rollins' classic albums of the fifties will find it inadequate. Rollins does most of the soloing, though, and his ideas remain as exuberantly eccentric—and consciously humorous—as ever. Opening for the Rollins group is JUNIOR MANCE, who still gets applause for the vigorous, blues-infested crescendos he's been using since his days, years ago, as Dizzy Gillespie's pianist. They're all here in the sprawling downstairs room for one more Friday and Saturday (April 7-8). On Friday, April 14, pianist Phineas Newborn will move in for an extended visit. The music begins at ten. Music upstairs: Sundays, from seven to eleven, Bob January is in charge of a swing orchestra; on Thursdays, from nine to midnight, harpist DAPHNE HELLMAN leads a trio. Dinner.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (AL 5-4037)—Tenor saxophonist DEXTER GORDON and his quartet wind up a week here on Sunday, April 9; on Tuesday, April 11, another tenor player, JUNIOR COOK, will transfer his quintet downtown from Peter Brown (see above). On Mondays, the Jones-Lewis-band replacement (they're on tour) is a seventeen-piece outfit directed by composer and theorist GEORGE RUSSELL. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—A popular, if out-of-the-way, slow-paced bar that has red Afro-psychedelic walls, hundreds of gold Christmas-tree ornaments hanging from the ceiling, and a reputable soul-food kitchen. Another asset is pianist Sonelius Smith, who plays "Nature Boy," "Over the Rainbow," Red Garland's version of "Billy Boy," and other selections in a tongue-in-cheek variety of overlapping styles—he can coast like a cocktail pianist or noodle like Keith Jarrett or attack like Cecil Taylor. He is here Mondays through Wednesdays; Sadik Hakim is here Thursdays through Sundays. Music from eight until two.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—This Columbia-student habitat has re-acquired some of the famous swing musicians who used to play here regularly. Tenor saxophonist George Kelly's Jazz Sultans perform through Wednesday, April 12; on Thursday, April 13, trumpeter Franc Williams and his quartet will move in for four nights. Live music from nine to one-thirty, every night but Monday.

W.P.A., 152 Spring St., near West Broadway. (226-3444)—Quite a pleasant place. The trendy veneer of thirties chic isn't offensive, and the two W.P.A.-style black-and-white murals—one depicting musicians and showgirls, the other workers of the world (who probably never would have come here)—in the music and bar area grow on one. JILL MCMANUS, a lively, bop-derived pianist, performs Tuesdays through Saturdays; on Sundays, WALTER DAVIS, JR., another energetic soloist, is at the keyboard. Music from nine. Dinner.



DISCOTHEQUES

Ipanema, 240 W. 52nd St. (765-8025)—A Plexiglas dance floor over colored lights. Live Latin music on Tuesdays from six; recorded disco music from nine on Fridays and Saturdays, and recorded disco and Brazilian music from nine on Sundays. Closed Mondays and Wednesdays.

New York, New York, 33 W. 52nd St. (245-2400)—A lighting man and a licensed laser officer are in charge of the special effects: laser beams projected onto a screen; moving, spinning colored spotlights; and a fog machine. From ten nightly.

Régine's, 502 Park Ave., at 59th St. (826-0990)—An Art Deco interior carried out in tones of aubergine and silver. Dancing from ten-thirty. Dinner. Closed Sundays.

Studio 54, 254 W. 54th St. (489-7667)—This place was built in 1927 as the Fortune Opera House; now it accommodates large numbers of dancers. From ten. Closed Mondays. (Many private parties are held here; therefore, the nights on which the facilities are open to the public may vary.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Interludes—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, April 5, at 5:45: CATHY CHAMBERLAIN'S RAG 'N ROLL REVUE. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 12, at 5:45: FRED BENJAMIN DANCE COMPANY.

Teresa Brewer, Stéphane Grappelli, and Dizzy Gillespie's Band—Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Wednesday, April 5, at 8.

Jazz Loft Festivals—New music and new jazz in Spartan, and sometimes crowded, surroundings. Ladies' Fort, 2 Bond St., near Broadway (475-9357). Wednesday, April 5: SONNY FORTUNE. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 6: SONELIUS SMITH. . . . ¶ Friday, April 7: DIZZY REECE. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 8: LOUIS HAYES. . . . ¶ Sunday, April 9: GEORGE BRAITH. . . . ¶ Monday, April 10: ZAHIR BATIN. . . . ¶ Tuesday, April 11: ROLAND ALEXANDER & THE FREE BOP BAND. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 12: HUGH LAWSON. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 13: CHARLIE ROUSE. . . . ¶ Friday, April 14: ROGER BLANK. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 15: LEON THOMAS & FULL CIRCLE. (At 8:30 and 10:30.) . . . Studio Rivbea, 24 Bond St., at Lafayette St. (777-8656). Friday, April 7: KALAPARUSHA. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 8: AMINA CLAUDINE MYERS. . . . ¶ Friday, April 14: BYARD LANCASTER & YOUSEFF YANCY. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 15: JIMMY LYONS QUARTET. (Performances at 9 and 11.)

Betty Carter—Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Wednesday and Thursday, April 5-6, at 11; Friday and Saturday, April 7-8, at midnight; and Monday, April 10, at 7:30.

Richie Havens and Mary Travers—With Country Joe McDonald. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, April 7, at 8.)

Jonathan Richman & the Modern Lovers—With the Rubinoos. (Town Hall. Friday, April 7, at 8.)

Little Feat—With John Hall. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Friday, April 7, at 8.)

J. D. Crowe and the New South—Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Friday, April 7, at 8. For information about tickets, call 427-1488.

National Jazz Ensemble—Chuck Israels conducting, with Art Farmer. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Saturday, April 8, at 8. For information about tickets, call 741-5690.)

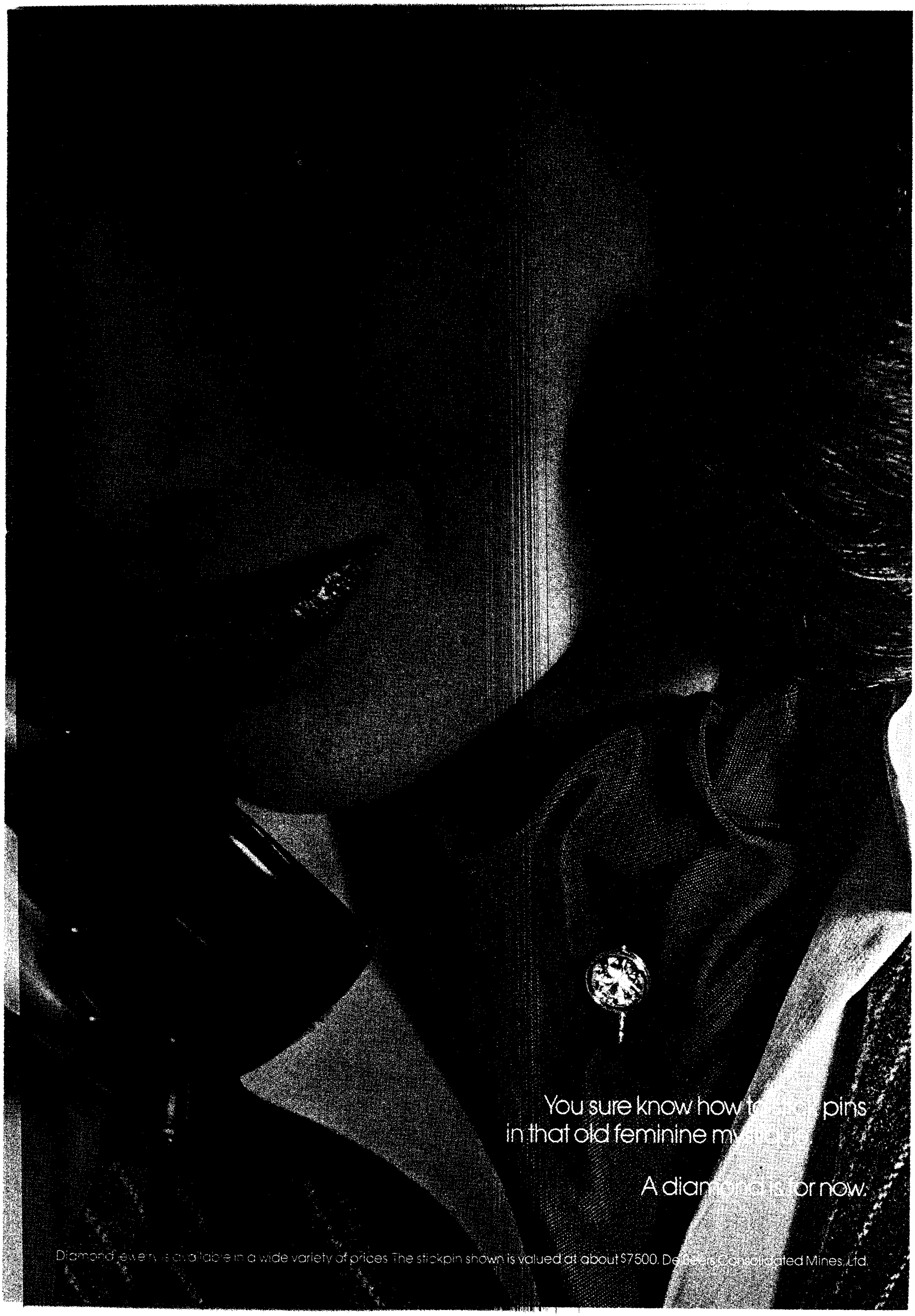
George Mgrdichian—Town Hall. Sunday, April 9, at 7.

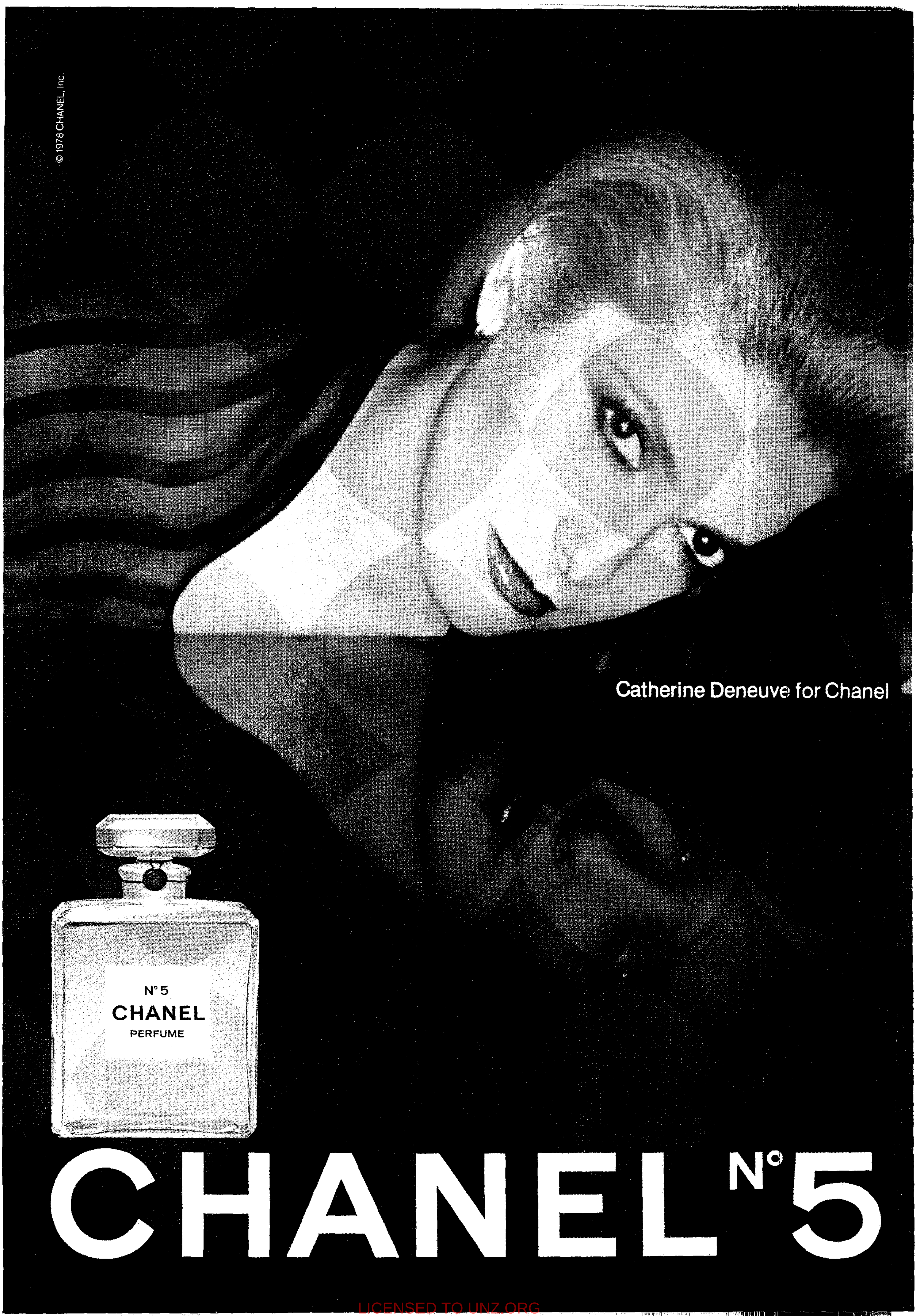
Yehoram Gaon—Carnegie Hall. Sunday, April 9, at 8.

Chuck Mangione and His Quartet—With the Children of Sanchez. (Avery Fisher Hall. TR 4-2424. Sunday and Monday, April 9-10, at 8:30.)

Leroy Jenkins Ensemble—Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, April 11, at 8.

Lee Horwin—With Eddie Hazell. (Eisner and


You sure know how to stick pins
in that old feminine mystique.
A diamond is for now.
Diamond jewelry is available in a wide variety of prices. The stickpin shown is valued at about $7500. De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd.


Catherine Deneuve for Chanel
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center. 598-3757. Wednesday, April 12, at 8.)

Barbara Cook—In a benefit concert. (Town Hall. Thursday, April 13, at 8:15.)

Mary O'Hara—Carnegie Hall. Friday, April 14, at 8.

David Bromberg Band and **Maria Muldaur**—Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, April 14, at 8.

Tower of Power and **the Lenny White Group**—Beacon Theatre. Friday, April 14, at 8.

Anthony Braxton—With Bill Connors. (Public Theatre. Friday and Saturday, April 14-15, at 9:30 and at midnight.)

The Tubes—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Saturday, April 15, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Charles Arnoldi—Abstract paintings. Through April 27. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Willard Boepple—Welded-steel sculptures. Through April 29. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St. Open Mondays.)

David Lee Brown—Stainless-steel sculptures epitomizing the spirit of flight. Through April 20. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Gretna Campbell—Expressionistic landscapes. Through April 26. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

John Cavanaugh—Sculpture portraits in hammered metal. Through April 19. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St.)

Bruno Civitico—Expertly rendered figures, mostly nudes. Through Saturday, April 8. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Alan E. Cober / Charles Baskerville—Circus drawings in a delicate, spidery pen-and-ink line, often in colored inks. Through Saturday, April 8. / Paintings and drawings dated 1917 to 1977; the earliest are of First World War infantry, the most recent are landscapes of Haiti and Greece. Through April 22. (FAR Gallery, 22 E. 80th St. Open Mondays.)

Herbert Ferber—Recent sculptures in steel and brass. Through April 20. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Klaus Fussmann—Studio interiors, still-lifes, and strange, haunted-looking figures painted in oil, sometimes on paper, by this German artist. Through April 22. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Igor Galanin—Strange, semi-surreal paintings of oddly shaped women swimming, ice-skating, or just posing for their pictures, plus still-lifes and animal depictions. The artist is a Russian who emigrated to this country six years ago. Through Saturday, April 15. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Ilse Getz—Collage boxes in which antique dolls, strange playing cards, and outsize dominoes are arranged; also colorful abstract paintings. Through Saturday, April 15. (Deutsch, 43 E. 80th St.)

John Hegarty / Dennis Clive—Figurative paintings and drawings. / Ceramic models of trucks. Through April 29. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St.)

Susan Hoeltzel—Unstretched canvases on which inscrutable plans and mathematical calculations have been pencilled, and short trompe-l'oeil wire projections have been painted, along with their shadows. Through Saturday, April 15. (Urdang, 23 E. 74th St.)

Paul Jenkins—Abstract paintings on canvas, paper, and wood screens; also bronzes. Through May 13. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

David Levine—Small watercolors of studio models, people at the beach. Also satirical drawings. Through April 29. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Rodger Mack—Abstractions of musical implements, cast in bronze. Through Saturday, April 8. (Krasner, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Elsie Manville—Realist still-lifes of eggs, potatoes, and pottery in austere settings.

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Through April 22. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Armando Morales—Chalk drawings of women. Through April 19. (Ault, 25 E. 77th St.)

Fritz Scholder—A new crop of oil paintings by this specialist in Indian warriors and their wives and their tepees. Through Saturday, April 8. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Barbara Schwartz—Wall sculptures, usually done in pairs and made of plaster applied to wire mesh and painted with casein. Through April 19. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Joan Semmel—The artist uses herself as a model (nude) in these new paintings. Through April 27. (Lerner-Heller, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

Paul Waldman—Recent paintings and drawings. Through Saturday, April 15. (Blum-Helman, 13 E. 75th St.)

Hannah Wilke—Private parts made public on video-tape. Through Saturday, April 8. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St.)

Flower Paintings—At **aca**, 25 E. 73rd St.: Examples by Americans include an oil (1870) of a field of daisies by Winslow Homer and a pastel entitled "Pink Camelia" by Georgia O'Keeffe. Through April 22. . . . **la boetie**, 9 E. 82nd St.: Hockney, Klee, Avery, Man Ray. Through Saturday, April 15.

Group Shows—At the **carus**, 1044 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Works from the twenties by Constructivists, including Moholy-Nagy, Lozowick, and El Lissitzky. Through May 13. . . . **fourcade**, 36 E. 75th St.: A de Kooning landscape, a vintage Braque, and a large Lichtenstein are included in a select show of twentieth-century paintings and sculptures. Through Saturday, April 8. . . . **knowlton**, 19 E. 71st St.: Paintings and sculptures by gallery artists Carol Anthony, Ron Isaacs, Betye Saar, and others. Through April 29. . . . **weyhe**, 794 Lexington Ave., at 61st St.: Drawings by Diego Rivera, George Grosz, Marsden Hartley, and others. Through April 29.

GALLERIES—57th STREET AREA

Pat Adams—Large abstract oils, and small works on paper. Through April 29. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Nicol Allan—Small calligraphic drawings in Sumi ink, and a series of abstractions done in dyed papers and watercolors. Through Saturday, April 15. (Parsons-Dreyfuss, 24 W. 57th St.)

Michèle Amateau / W. Louis Jones—Stylized paintings and drawings done in low-keyed colors. / Scores of watercolor studies of nautilus shells. Through Saturday, April 8. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

Bernard Chaet—Spirited watercolors of flowers and vegetables. Through April 20. (Pearl, 29 W. 57th St.)

Ann Chernow—Intimate portraits of women talking together, sipping tea, or simply gazing at one another, done mostly in shades of white. First solo show in New York. Through Saturday, April 15. (Aaron Berman, 50 W. 57th St.)

Lois Dodd / John Button—Oil paintings of the deep Maine woods and the Delaware River valley, often incorporating rural houses. / Striking gouaches showing Manhattan towers seen at unaccustomed angles against a vivid blue sky, or sailboats lying quietly at anchor in the dawn on Great South Bay. Through Thursday, April 13. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Walter Dusenbery—Abstract marble carvings on a monumental scale. Through April 29. (Hamilton, 20 W. 57th St.)

Sonia Gechtoff—Abstract paintings in which blocks of water-based acrylic color are worked over with very hard pencils, creating a sort of moiré effect. Through Wednesday, April 12. (Cortella, 41 E. 57th St.)

Maria Gooding / John Cunningham—Amorphous shapes gouged into a background of plaster by an Irish artist who bases her works on landscapes. / Batlike constructions formed of thin sections of plywood, plus related drawings worked out according to mathematical equations. Through Saturday, April 15. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Ken Greenleaf—Abstract wall and floor sculptures that combine wood and strips of aluminum. Through April 20. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Patricia Johanson—An installation of small boulders patterned after what are said to be bacterial formations, and conceptual drawings of outdoor works based on plant forms, like lichens and oak leaves. Through Saturday, April 8. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

Herbert Katzman—A handsomely executed sepia-chalk drawing of Manhattan seen from afar, plus portraits of friends and models, and a number of oils, including an eruption of color recording the night of the Bicentennial Fourth of July in the Lower Bay. Through Friday, April 14. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Irving Kaufman—Abstract paintings. Through April 22. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Open Mondays.)

Constantine Kermes—Shakers and their environs, plus portrayals of Greek monks. Through Saturday, April 8. (Seligmann, 5 E. 57th St.)

Joseph Konzal—Compact, interlocking table-size sculpture cast in solid aluminum. Through April 22. (Zarre, 41 E. 57th St.)

Sylvia Plimack Mangold—Fairly large color fields inset with more or less conventional landscapes framed in masking tape; many of the works have trompe-l'oeil yardsticks painted around the edges. Through April 22. (Droll-Kolbert, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Agnes Martin—A new series of her distinctive compositions in stripes; this time the works are a uniform nine inches square, and the stripes are done horizontally in pale shades with watercolor. Through April 22. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

Philip Pearlstein—Seven new large canvases, mostly female figures. Through April 29. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St.)

William Perehudoff—Color-field paintings. Through April 20. (Long, 7 W. 57th St.)

Richard Pousette-Dart—Abstract drawings. Through April 22. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Gregorio Prestopino—Spirited oils and watercolors of stylized nymphs in stylized glades beside stylized streams. Through April 22. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Leo Rabkin / Jack Youngerman—Forty-two boxes, which, when opened, reveal a whole series of happy surprises—patterns of semi-precious stones, colorful little doodads strung on thread, strings of tiny, fluttering kites. Through Saturday, April 15. / Emblematic India-ink drawings from the sixties. Through April 22. (Truman, 38 E. 57th St.)

Jim Reed—Collages that make social comments, assembled and painted by a young artist who uses sheet film, acrylic washes, crayons, and various transfer methods to achieve his aims. The seamy side catches his eye first. Through Saturday, April 15. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

Kurt Schwitters (1887-1948)—More than sixty-five works dated 1919 to the year before his death by this pioneer collagist. Through April 29. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

Antoni Tàpies—Works from the last three years by a leading Spanish abstract artist. Through May 19. (Jackson, 521 W. 57th St.)

Neil Welliver—Outsize watercolors by a first-rate draftsman whose subjects include Canada geese, cold-water fish, and mountain forests strewn with boulders. Through April 22. (Alexander, 20 W. 57th St.)

Group Show—Paintings of women, including a Cassatt, a Hopper, and an Eakins. Through Saturday, April 8. (Berry-Hill, 743 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Cicely Aikman / Robert Berlind—Interiors, and landscapes that include bicycles and sleeping dogs. / Portraits and paintings of windows. Through April 20. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Opens at noon.)

Jared Bark / Alexis Smith—A walk-in environ-

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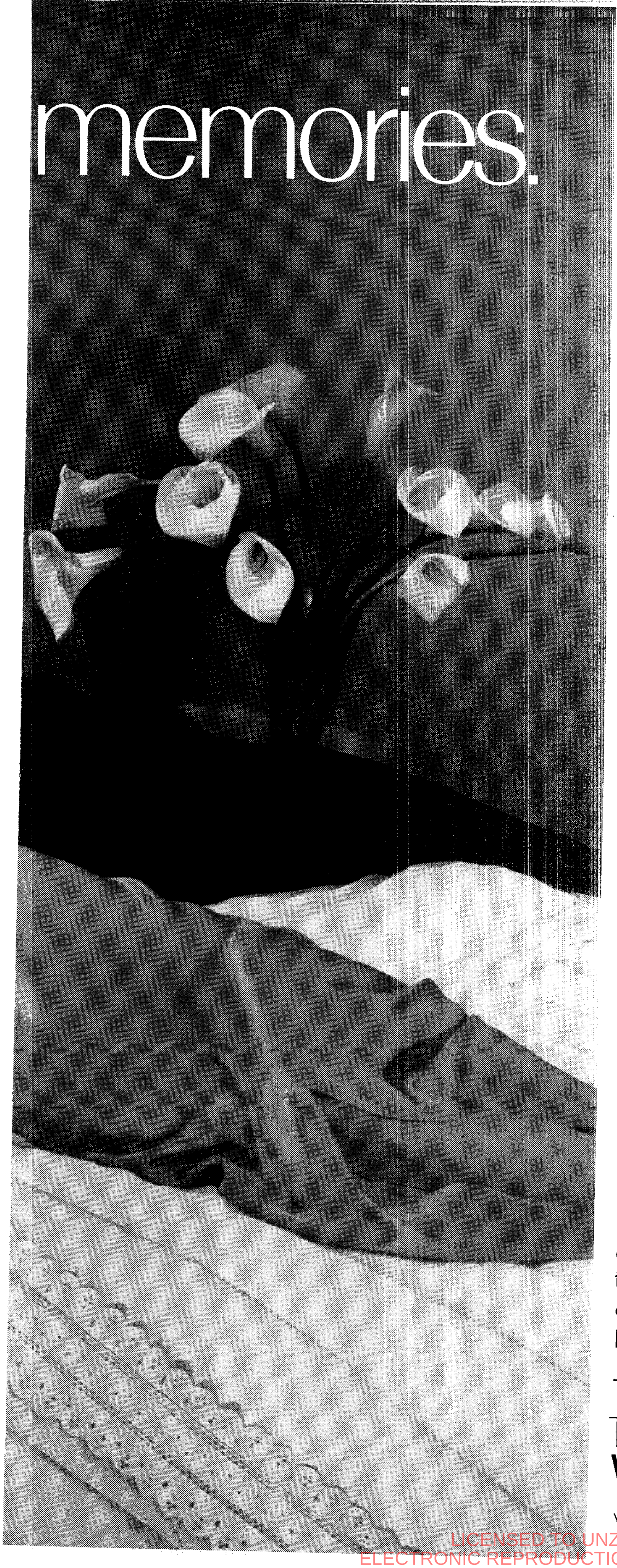

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ment: a little house flooded inside with a pale-green phosphorescent glow, in which the visitor casts no shadow until a strong light goes on and a reassuring shadow appears. Uncannily, this shadow lingers behind on the wall as the visitor exits. Through Wednesday, April 12. / A set of playing cards devised by a collagist. Through April 19. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

Janet Braun-Reinitz—Boxes and collages. Through April 23. (Pleiades, 152 Wooster St. Open Sundays.)

Hanne Darboven—A two-part exhibit by a German conceptual artist. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway. Through April 29. . . . ¶ Sperone Westwater Fischer, 142 Greene St. Through April 22.)

Audrey Flack—Three huge Photo-Realist paintings, eight feet square, in which lockets, beads, skulls, watches, and trompe-l'oeil printed matter are crowded together. Through May 4. (Meisel, 141 Prince St.)

Sandy Gellis—Cement, powdered iron, and sand in an advanced, but incomplete, stage of oxidation. Through April 22. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

Charles Ginnever—Roughly triangular iron plates, somewhat resembling plowshares, strung together on heavy wire. Through April 22. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

George Greenamyer / Jorge Belandria—Large, antic steel sculptures that move on wheels and look as if Ronald Searle had drawn them. / Bright-colored oil paintings by a twenty-two-year-old small-town Venezuelan. Through April 22. (Neill, 136 Greene St.)

Linda Howard—Sculptures consisting of polished-aluminum rods or tubes; one of them is a giant portal almost seventeen feet tall. Through Saturday, April 15. (Sculpture Now, 142 Greene St.)

Cynthia Mailman—More U.S. landscapes seen from the perspective of a van driver. Through April 26. (SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. Opens at noon.)

Lucio Pozzi—Conceptual works shown at three galleries. (Weber, 420 West Broadway. . . . ¶ Pretto, 176 Franklin St., near Hudson St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 3 to 6. . . . ¶ Bromm, 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St. Opens at 1.) All shows through April 22.

Robert Swain—New paintings based on a grid. Through April 29. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

Sam Wiener—Scale-model replicas of Manhattan art galleries and museums with their wares intact. Through April 22. (O. K. Harris, 383 West Broadway.)

Group Shows—At **cuningham-ward,** 94 Prince St.: Nine Australian artists are represented in this diverting show, among them Alun Leach-Jones, who does color abstractions; Lesley Dumbrell, who does striking abstract drawings; and Clive Murray-White, who works in varnished steel with an acetylene torch. Through Saturday, April 15. . . . **the drawing center,** 137 Greene St.: Included in a selection of works on paper by ten artists who have never shown before in New York are imaginative architectural drawings of the various levels of a house by Allan Wexler; some outsize narrative watercolors done in minuscule but unusually clear-cut detail by Robin Lehrer; and a set of small, charming watercolors, illustrating special moments in the history of Portugal, by Mário Botas, who is twenty-six and lives in Lisbon. Through Saturday, April 15. (Open Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.) . . . **gibson,** 392 West Broadway: A captivating film-projection show of a frieze of salmon struggling toward their spawning grounds by James Carpenter, a wall piece containing plays on words by William Childress, and some brooding color photographs of a mysterious stairway seen in various lights by Janet Rifkin. Through April 26.

OTHER GALLERIES

Suzanne Harris / Linda Francis—A single geometric sculpture done in triple-bronze casting; also a related installation. / Leaves cut up and rearranged on paper. Through Saturday, April 15. (Bromm, 90 West Broadway, at Chambers St. Opens at 1.)

Alfred Jensen—Heavily painted mosaic-like abstractions and works on paper from the last

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twenty years. Through April 21. (The New Museum, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St. Opens weekdays at noon; open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

Wallace Putnam—A series of forty Expressionistic oils inspired by the writings of Carlos Castaneda. Through April 28. (Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Weekdays, 9 to 9.)

Group Shows—At the **roy g. biv gallery,** 245 W. 19th St.: Jack Tworkov, William King, Budd Hopkins, and Howardena Pindell are among those represented in a show called the Artists of Chelsea. Through April 28. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.) . . . **union carbide building,** 270 Park Ave., at 48th St.: About forty works by contemporary Austrian painters and printmakers. Through April 28. (Mondays through Fridays, 9:30 to 4:30.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Ansel Adams—Early works. Through May 6. (Helios, 18 E. 67th St.)

Edouard Denis Baldus (1815-82)—This architectural photographer recorded Paris sites (St. Sulpice, the Louvre, the Tuileries palace before its destruction during the Commune), as well as the viaducts and cast-iron stations along the original Paris to Marseilles railway route. Through May 13. (Wolf, 30 W. 57th St.)

Harry Callahan / Joe Deal—Clapboard houses set against cloudless blue skies figure in these color photographs made in Providence, Rhode Island. Also dye-transfer prints. / Sprawling suburban scenes by a California artist. Through April 22. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Baron De Meyer (1869-1946)—Thirty-three photographs of a lithe Nijinsky and some rather sturdy nymphs in the production of "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune" that scandalized Paris in 1912. These rare photographs were reprinted this year by Richard Benson. Through Saturday, April 15. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St.)

Jan Groover and David Haxton—The Whitney Museum is presenting an all-color exhibition of Miss Groover's series on Manhattan buildings and suburban scenes, and of Mr. Haxton's abstractions. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Elaine Mayes—Landscapes; first solo show in New York. Through April 29. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Martin Munkacsi (1896-1963)—A retrospective of works by this Hungarian photographer, who began his career covering news events in Budapest, gained international fame as a photojournalist in Berlin, and eventually altered the pages of *Harper's Bazaar* with his innovative on-location fashion photographs. Through April 30. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Open daily, except Mondays, and Tuesday evenings until 8.)

Nickolas Muray (1892-1965)—Portraits of, among others, Eugene O'Neill, Tallulah Bankhead, Claude Monet, and Babe Ruth, made in the twenties, plus commercial color prints made for Seabrook Farms frozen foods in the latter part of his career. Through Saturday, April 15. (Prakapas, 19 E. 71st St.)

Michael A. Smith—Western landscapes. Through April 29. (Freidus, 158 Lafayette St., near Grand St.)

Group Show—More than a hundred and twenty vintage works by Alfred Stieglitz and members of the Photo-Secession. Through April 19. (National Arts Club, 15 Gramercy Park S. Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"The Arts Under Napoleon" is an exhibit that outlines the influence of Napoleon on French craftsmen of the period, with objects ranging from furniture and firearms to silk and silver. Starts Thursday, April 6. . . . ¶ Fifteenth-century Italian drawings, many of them shown in sixteenth-century frames, from the Robert Lehman Collection. Through June 18. . . . ¶ Views of Rome by Giovanni Battista Piranesi and other prints and drawings constitute a small show called "Artists in Rome in the Eighteenth Century." Through April 30. . . . ¶ An exhibit of about five hundred fancies and frivolities from the costume collection. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A survey of Mexican art. Through June 29. . . . **photography:** Group show of street photography. Through April 30. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—"Willem de Kooning in East Hampton," a show of the noted artist's paintings, drawings, and sculptures executed since 1963, when he moved from New York City to Long Island. Through April 23. . . . ¶ Forty-five paintings and sculptures, chiefly by Europeans (Calder and Archipenko are the exceptions; Léger, Bombois, and Matisse are some of the painters), from the Evelyn Sharp Collection. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A show of Duane Hanson's startlingly realistic polyester and fibre-glass life casts—twenty-nine pieces in all, including "Hard Hat," "Rita the Waitress," and "Photographer." Through April 16. . . . **photography:** Color prints by Jan Groover and David Haxton. Through April 23. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 9, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—Paintings, drawings, prints, sculptures, and photographs (by artists who include Benglis, Dine, Rauschenberg, Warhol) borrowed from fifteen corporation art collections. Through Tuesday, April 11. (Open Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Paintings of indigenous American subjects—the Everglades, New York City playgrounds, Indian reservations—by contemporary artists commissioned by the Department of the Interior during the Bicentennial year. The painters include Richard Estes, Ellen Lanyon, and Neil Welliver. Through May 21. . . . ¶ More than a hundred prints (by Nevelson, Tanguy, Dali, Calder, others) made at Stanley William Hayter's Atelier 17, now observing its fiftieth anniversary. Through May 14. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The Hall of Mexico and Central America, which houses a collection of archeological artifacts dating from 1500 B.C., is but one of a dozen major exhibitions at the museum. (Open daily. Hours: Weekdays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 9; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—More than a hundred paintings and sculptures by twenty-nine contemporary American artists who are candidates for art awards. Through Sunday, April 9. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A new exhibit of decorative objects (a Breuer chair, a Desfosse wallpaper series, Japanese screen samples) from the museum's vast permanent collection. Through May 20. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—Oxford University Press books, type, and type specimens in an exhibit that traces that publisher's five-hundred-year history (1478 to the present). Through May 7. . . . ¶ French and English flower books and drawings, most of them executed by seventeenth- and eighteenth-century naturalists. Through May 14. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tues-

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

days through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830, for Avery Fisher Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

METROPOLITAN OPERA—Final performances of the season—Wednesday evening, April 5: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Tatiana Troyanos, Isola Jones, Jean Kraft, Placido Domingo, and Vern Shinall; and "Pagliacci," with Teresa Stratas, Placido Domingo, Sherrill Milnes, and Allan Monk. James Levine conducting both. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, April 6: "Die Frau Ohne Schatten," with Leonie Rysanek, Ursula Schröder-Feinen, Mignon Dunn, James King, and Walter Berry; Karl Böhm. . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 7: "Don Giovanni," with Anna Tomowa-Sintow, Elizabeth Harwood, Roberta Peters, Sherrill Milnes, Stuart Burrows, Donald Gramm, and Allan Monk; John Pritchard. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, April 8: "Tosca," with Teresa Kubiak, Placido Domingo, Louis Quilico, and Renato Capecchi; James Conlon. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Renata Scotto, Shirley Love, Giuseppe Giacomini, Theodor Uppman, and James Atherton; Richard Woitach. (A nonsubscription performance.). . . ¶ Monday evening, April 10: "Die Frau Ohne Schatten," with Leonie Rysanek, Ursula Schröder-Feinen, Mignon Dunn, James King, and Walter Berry; Karl Böhm. . . . ¶ Tuesday evening, April 11: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Tatiana Troyanos, Isola Jones, Jean Kraft, Placido Domingo, and Cornell MacNeil; and "Pagliacci," with Teresa Stratas, Placido Domingo, Cornell MacNeil, and Allan Monk. James Levine conducting both. . . . ¶ Wednesday evening, April 12: "Don Giovanni," with Anna Tomowa-Sintow, Elizabeth Harwood, Roberta Peters, Sherrill Milnes, Stuart Burrows, Donald Gramm, and Allan Monk; John Pritchard. . . . ¶ Thursday evening, April 13: "Tosca," with Teresa Kubiak, Giuseppe Giacomini, Louis Quilico, and Renato Capecchi; James Conlon. . . . ¶ Friday evening, April 14: "Die Frau Ohne Schatten," with Leonie Rysanek, Ursula Schröder-Feinen, Mignon Dunn, James King, and Walter Berry; Karl Böhm. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, April 15: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Tatiana Troyanos, Isola Jones, Jean Kraft, Placido Domingo, and Cornell MacNeil; and "Pagliacci," with Teresa Stratas, Placido Domingo, Cornell MacNeil, and Allan Monk. James Levine conducting both. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, April 15: "Tosca," with Teresa Kubiak, Giuseppe Giacomini, Louis Quilico, and Renato Capecchi; James Conlon. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

NEW YORK CITY OPERA—Wednesday, April 5, at 8: "The Merry Widow," with Beverly Sills, Glenys Fowles, Alan Titus, and Bruce Reed; conducted by Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 6, at 8: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Judith Ehrlich, Faith Esham, Enrico Di Giuseppe, and Charles Long; and "Pagliacci," with Diana Soviero, Ermanno Mauro, and Pablo Elvira. Cal Stewart Kellogg conducting both. . . . ¶ Friday, April 7, at 8: "The Merry Widow," with Beverly Sills, Glenys Fowles, Alan Titus, and Bruce Reed; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 8, at 2: "The Turn of the Screw," with Eileen Schauler, Ellen Faull, John Lankston, and Martha Thigpen; Christopher Keene. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 8, at 8: "Le Coq d'Or" (in English), with Gianna Rolandi, Richard McKee, and Abram Morales; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Sunday, April 9, at 1: "The Merry Widow," with Beverly Sills, Glenys Fowles, Alan Titus, and Bruce Reed; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Sunday, April 9, at 7: "Mefistofele," with Carmen Hernandez, Sandra Walker, Eunice Hill, Samuel Ramey, and Kenneth Collins; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Tuesday, April 11, at 8: "Die Fledermaus" (in English), with Noelle Rogers, Gianna Rolandi, David Griffith, Howard Hensel, David Holloway, Harlan Foss, Irwin Densen, and James Billings; Stefan Minde. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 12, at 8: "The Merry Widow," with Beverly Sills, Glenys Fowles, Alan Titus, and Henry Price; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 13, at 8: "The Saint of Bleecker Street," with Catherine Malfitano, Sandra Walker, Diana Soviero, Enrico Di Giuseppe, and Irwin Densen; Cal Stewart Kellogg. . . . ¶ Friday, April 14, at 8: "The Merry Widow," with Beverly Sills, Glenys Fowles, Alan Titus, and Henry Price; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 15, at 2: "Carmen," with RoseMarie Freni, Sharon Daniels, Jerold Norman, and Richard Fredricks; David Effron. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 15, at 8: "Mefistofele," with Carmen Hernandez, Sandra Walker, Eunice Hill, Samuel Ramey, and Richard Taylor; Julius Rudel. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, April 30.)

JUILLIARD AMERICAN OPERA CENTER—Benefit performances of Janáček's "Jenůfa," in English. Staged by Gerald Freedman, with the Juilliard Orchestra conducted by Peter Herman Adler. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. Thursday and Friday, April 13-14, at 8, and Sunday, April 16, at 3. For information about tickets, call 799-5000, Ext. 235.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Avery Fisher Hall, Eugen Jochum conducting—Thursday through Saturday, April 6-8, at 8:30, and Tuesday, April 11, at 7:30 (all with Lorne Munroe, cello); and an all-Mozart program on Thursday, April 13, at 8:30; Friday, April 14, at 2; and Saturday, April 15, and Tuesday, April 18, at 8:30 (with Clifford Curzon, piano).

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA—Eugene Ormandy conducting. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, April 5, at 8, with Lynn Harrell, cello. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, April 11, at 8, with Mark Kaplan, violin.)

BALTIMORE SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Sergiu Comissiona conducting, with Maureen Forrester, contralto, and John Alexander, tenor. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, April 6, at 8.)

SYRACUSE SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Christopher Keene directing, with the Syracuse University Oratorio Society and soloists. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, April 10, at 8.)

M.I.T. SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—David Epstein conducting. (Avery Fisher Hall. Wednesday, April 12, at 8:30.)

ST. IGNATIUS CHOIR—Johannes Somary directing. (Fuentidueña Apse, The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park. Saturday, April 8, at 3. No tickets necessary.)

CONCORDIA CHOIR—Ralph C. Schultz directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, April 8, at 3.)

ST. CECILIA CHORUS AND ORCHESTRA—David Randolph directing, with Betty Lane, soprano; Michael Best, tenor; John Challener, organ; and others. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 8, at 8:30.)

UNION COLLEGE MEN'S GLEE CLUB—Hugh Allen Wilson directing, with Betty Allen, mezzo-soprano, and Robert Johnson, tenor. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Friday, April 14, at 8:30.)

YALE CONCERT CHOIR—Jon D. Bailey directing. (Fuentidueña Apse, The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park. Saturday, April 15, at 3. No tickets necessary.)

RECITALS

ARTHUR OZOLINS—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, April 5, at 8.)

SALZBURG MOZARTEUM STRING QUARTET—An all-Mozart program. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, April 5, at 8.)

EVENINGS FOR NEW MUSIC—The last in a series of programs prepared by Morton Feldman. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, April 5, at 8.)

CARLOS VILLA—Violin. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, April 6, at 8.)

VLADIMIR SPIVAKOV—Violin. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, April 7, at 8.)

SHURA CHERKASSKY—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, April 8, at 8.)

WAVERLY CONSORT—The final programs in two series of concerts. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, April 8, at 8, music of eighteenth-century France. All

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seats have been sold, and only standing room is left. . . . ¶ Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, April 15, at 8, a program entitled "Music of Eastern Europe, 1350-1700.")

Juilliard String Quartet—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, April 8, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

New School Concerts—Alexander Schneider and Hiroko Yajima, violin; Walter Trampler and Kim Kashkashian, viola; Laurence Lesser, cello; and Cecile Licad, piano, in two Dvořák quintets. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. 741-5689. Sunday, April 9, at 2.)

Frans Brueggen and Alan Curtis—Recorder/baroque flute and harpsichord. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, April 9, at 3.)

Elizabethan Enterprise—A program of English Renaissance music. (Christ and St. Stephen's Church, 120 W. 69th St. Sunday, April 9, at 4. For information about tickets, call 757-8344.)

Clifford Curzon and Murray Perahia—A benefit program of music for two pianos and for piano-four hands, with Leslie Parnas and Ko Iwasaki, cello, and Robert Routch, horn. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, April 9, at 7:30.)

New York Vocal Arts Ensemble—The last in a series of concerts, this one with the American String Quartet. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, April 9, at 8:30.)

Music with Jens Nygaard—The first in a series of one-hour programs entitled "Lest We Forget," this one devoted to the music of Ethelbert Nevin. With Mr. Nygaard and Mary Alderdice, piano-four hand; Lee Schwartz, baritone-narrator; Arturo Delmoni, violin; and a vocal quartet. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, April 10, at 6.)

Joanna Simon—Mezzo-soprano, with a string quartet. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Monday, April 10, at 8.)

Dagoberto Linhares—Classical guitarist. (Alice Tully Hall. Monday, April 10, at 8.)

Joseph Fuchs and Artur Balsam—The first in a series of three recitals presenting the cycle of Beethoven sonatas for violin and piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Tuesday, April 11, at 8.)

Alfred Brendel—Piano, in an all-Schubert recital. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, April 12, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—The final programs in two series of concerts. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, April 12-13, at 8, a varied program, with the Vermeer Quartet. . . . ¶ Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, April 14, at 8, the last of the concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

New Hungarian Quartet—The first of two recitals presenting the Bartók cycle. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, April 12, at 8.)

Margaret Price—Soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, April 13, at 8.)

Seth Kimmelman—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, April 13, at 8.)

Ralph Votapek—Piano. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, April 14, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—The Amadeus String Quartet, with Walter Trampler, viola, and Laurence Lesser, cello. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, April 14, at 8, and Sunday, April 16, at 5.)

League-ISCM—The fifth in this season's series of seven concerts of contemporary music, this one performed by the New Repertory Ensemble, Dinu Ghezzo conductor. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, April 14, at 8.)

Yo-Yo Ma—Cello. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, April 15, at 8.)

MISCELLANY

Metropolitan Opera National Finals—Eleven singers chosen at the semifinals will appear in the final audition of the 1978 competition sponsored by the Metropolitan Opera National Council. (Metropolitan Opera House. Sunday, April 9, at 1:30. For information about tickets, call 799-3100, Ext. 409.)

Qawwali Music from Pakistan—The Sabri Brothers and their ensemble of singers and musicians in a program of devotional music of the Sufis. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 15, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Baseball—First league games here—**Mets** at Shea Stadium: Vs. Montreal, Friday and Saturday, April 7-8, at 2:05, and Sunday, April 9, at 1:05 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Chicago, Monday through Wednesday, April 10-12, at 2:05. . . . **Yankees** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Chicago, Thursday, April 13, and Saturday, April 15, at 2.

Professional Basketball—Knicks vs. Detroit. (Madison Square Garden. Thursday, April 6, at 8:30.)

Hockey—At **Madison Square Garden:** Rangers vs. Atlanta Flames, Wednesday, April 5, at 8:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Chicago Black Hawks, Sunday, April 9, at 7:35. . . . **Nassau Coliseum:** Islanders vs. Rangers, Saturday, April 8, at 1:15. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 516 794-9100.)

Racing—At Aqueduct: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 1:30; through Monday, May 22. The Gotham, Saturday, April 8; the Gravesend Handicap, Sunday, April 9; and the Excelsior Handicap, Saturday, April 15.

Trotting—At **Roosevelt Raceway,** Westbury: Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, April 29. . . . **Meadowlands Racetrack:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 5.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 755-4100.)

Poetry Readings—Margaret Atwood reading from her own works. (Guggenheim Museum Auditorium, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St. Tuesday, April 11, at 7:30. Tickets at the museum on the night of the reading.)

New York Botanical Garden, Bronx Park—The newly renovated Conservatory includes among its exhibits a fern forest with a waterfall; a tunnel featuring moss and aquarium plants as well as mushrooms; a children's greenhouse, showing the relation between grocery goods and growing plants; and a section devoted to parterre gardening. (Daily, except Mondays, 10 to 4.)

Auctions—At **Sotheby Parke Bernet,** 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Wednesday, April 5, at 2: Twentieth-century Mexican paintings, drawings, sculptures, and prints; from a number of sources. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, April 7-8, at 2: Oriental rugs, from many owners. . . . ¶ Tuesday, April 11, at 10:15: Printed books, drawings, and engravings; from the library of David Borowitz. Exhibition starts Thursday, April 6. . . . ¶ Tuesday, April 11, at 2: Musical instruments, including violins by Antonio Stradivari, Andrea Guarneri, and Nicolo Amati; from various owners. Exhibition starts Thursday, April 6. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 12, at 10:15: English literature from the sixteenth century to the nineteenth, from the library of David Borowitz. Exhibition starts Friday, April 7. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 12, at 2: Modern first editions, plus one hundred Hemingway letters and other autograph material, collected by Jonathan Goodwin. Exhibition starts Friday, April 7. . . . ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, April 12-13, at 2: Jewelry, from the estate of Helen Huntington Hull and from other sources. Exhibition starts Friday, April 7. . . . **Christie's,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Weekdays, 10 to 5.) Thursday, April 6, at 11: Russian enamels and other works of art, from many owners. . . . ¶ Friday, April 7, at 10:30 and 2:30: Books and manuscripts, from several owners. Friday, April 7, following the morning sale: A copy of the Gutenberg Bible. . . . ¶ Tuesday, April 11, at 10:30: Jewels, from a number of owners. Exhibition starts Friday, April 7. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 12, at 10:30 and 2: Japanese and other Oriental works of art, from many sources. Exhibition starts Saturday, April 8.

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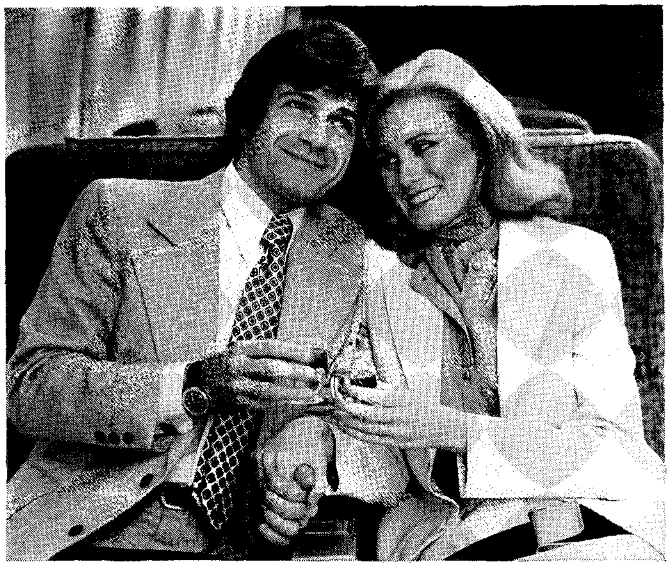

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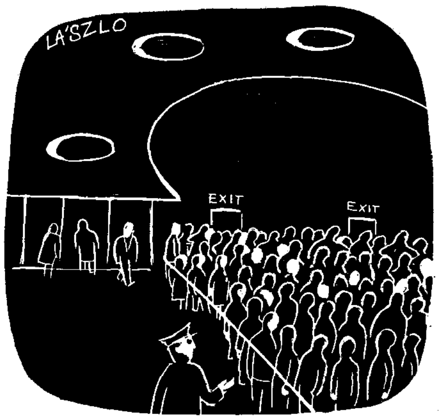
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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9	10	11	12	13		

THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"That Obscure Object of Desire."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
"Saturday Night Fever."

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
"The Turning Point."

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Straight Time."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"An Unmarried Woman."

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through April 6: "American Hot Wax."
From April 7: "Rabbit Test."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Word Is Out."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"High Anxiety."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Goodbye Girl."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Madame Rosa."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Casey's Shadow."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Pretty Baby."

59th St. East, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Savage Is Loose."

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Saturday Night Fever."

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Coming Home."

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"September 30, 1955."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Julia."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"The First Time."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"An Unmarried Woman."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Blue Country."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"House Calls."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through April 11: "The Goodbye Girl."
From April 12: "The Lacemaker."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Coma."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"That Obscure Object of Desire."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Through April 6: "American Hot Wax."
From April 7: "Rabbit Test."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"The Fury."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Straight Time."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"Annie Hall."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"The Turning Point."

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Through April 6: "The Duellists."
From April 7: "The Battle of Chile."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Coma."

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "The Turning Point."
Theatre 2: "Julia."
Theatre 3: "Sebastiane" (X-rated).
Theatre 4: Through April 6: "The Children of Theatre Street." From April 7 (tentative): "Saturday Night Fever."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"The Goodbye Girl."

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
Through April 12: "Crossed Swords." (The final showing that night, starting at 7:30, will be a benefit. For information about tickets, call 247-5588.)
From April 13: Theatre closed, possibly forever.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Close Encounters of the Third Kind."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Straight Time."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Saturday Night Fever."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The Turning Point."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands."

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
Through April 6: "Summer Paradise."
From April 7: "An Unmarried Woman."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"An Unmarried Woman."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"1900."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"Annie Hall."

Loews 83rd Triplex, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: "Coma."
Theatre 2: "Straight Time."
Theatre 3: Through April 13 (tentative): "Saturday Night Fever."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
"That Obscure Object of Desire."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through April 11: "A Special Day" and "Roseland."
From April 12: "A Hero Ain't Nothin' but a Sandwich" and another feature, to be announced.

REVIVAL HOUSES

(These theatres are showing revivals exclusively, and for abbreviated runs. For reasons of space, or lack of it, only the films marked with a dagger are described in our "In Brief" section, further along.)

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
April 5: "The Scarlet Letter" (1973) and "Summer in the City" (1970), both films in German, directed by Wim Wenders.
April 6: "Taxi Driver" (1976), directed by Martin Scorsese, with Robert De Niro; and "Force of Evil" (1948), directed by Abraham Polonsky, with John Garfield and Beatrice Pearson.
April 7-8: "Orpheus" (1949) in French, directed by Jean Cocteau, with Jean Marais, Maria Casarès, and François Périer; and "Les Enfants Terribles" (1950), in French, directed by Jean-Pierre Melville, with Nicole Stéphane, Edouard Dermithe, Renée Cosima, and Jacques Bernard.
April 9: "Summer Interlude" (†) and "Monika." (†)
April 10: "Three Strange Loves" (†); and "To Joy" (1950), a Swedish film, dubbed in English, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Maj-Britt Nilsson, Stig Olin, and Victor Sjöström.
April 11: "Ugetsu" (†); and "Ballad of Narayama" (1958), in Japanese, directed by Keisuke Kinoshita, with Kinuyo Tanaka.
April 12: "Knife in the Water" (1962), in Polish, directed by Roman Polanski; and "L'Avventura" (1959), in Italian, directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Monica Vitti and Gabriele Ferzetti.
April 13: "Senso" (1955), in Italian, directed by Luchino Visconti, with Farley Granger and Alida Valli; and "Conversation Piece." (†)

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
April 5: "Cavalcade" (1933), directed by Frank Lloyd, with Diana Wynyard, Clive Brook, Frank Lawton, Herbert Mundin, and Una O'Connor; and "In Which We Serve" (1942), directed by Noël Coward and David Lean, with Mr. Coward, John Mills, Celia Johnson, Kay Walsh, Michael Wilding, and Richard Attenborough.
April 6: "Wings" (1927), directed by William A. Wellman, with Clara Bow and Buddy Rogers; and "Reaching for the Moon" (1931), directed by Edmund Goulding, with Douglas Fairbanks, Bebe Daniels, Edward Everett Horton, and Bing Crosby.
April 7: "The Group" (†); and "The Women" (1939), directed by George Cukor, with Norma Shearer, Rosalind Russell, Joan Crawford, and Paulette Goddard.
April 8: "Cat on a Hot Tin Roof" (†) and "Suddenly, Last Summer." (†)
April 9: "Julius Caesar" (1953), directed by Joseph L. Mankiewicz, with James Mason, Marlon Brando, John Gielgud, and Edmond O'Brien; and "Caesar and Cleopatra." (†)
April 10: "Sundays and Cybèle" (1962), in French, directed by Serge Bourguignon, with Hardy Krüger and Nicole Courcel; and "Forbidden Games" (1952), in French, directed by René Clément, with Brigitte Fossey and Georges Poujouly.
April 11: "Tristana" (1970), in Spanish, directed by Luis Buñuel, with Catharine Deneuve and Fernando Rey; and "The Garden of Delights" (1971), in Spanish, directed by Carlos Saura.
April 12: "Bitter Sweet" (1933), directed by Herbert Wilcox, with Anna Neagle, Fernand Graavey, and Ivy St. Helier; and "Brief Encounter" (1946), directed by David Lean, with Celia Johnson and Trevor Howard.
April 13: "M" (1932), in German, directed by Fritz Lang, with Peter Lorre; and "Mad Love." (†)

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through April 6: "Cría!" (1977), in Spanish, directed by Carlos Saura, with Geraldine Chaplin and Ana Torrent; and "The Spirit of the Beehive" (1973), in Spanish, directed by Victor Erice.
April 7-8: "The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz" (1974), directed by Ted Kotcheff, with Richard Dreyfuss, Jack Warden, and Joseph Wiseman; and "Inserts" (1976), directed by John Byrum, with Richard Dreyfuss, Jessica Harper, and Veronica Cartwright (X-rated).
April 9-10: "Valentino" (†); and "Women in Love" (1970), directed by Ken Russell, with Glenda Jackson, Alan Bates, and Oliver Reed.
April 11: "That Cold Day in the Park" (†); and "The Long Goodbye" (1973), directed by Robert Altman, with Elliott Gould, Nina van Pallandt, Sterling Hayden, and Mark Rydell.
April 12-13: "Between the Lines" (†) and "I. F. Stone's Weekly." (†)

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
April 5: "She" (1935), directed by Irving Pichel and Lansing C. Holden, with Randolph Scott, Helen Mack, and Helen Gahagan Douglas; and "Isle of the Dead" (1945), directed by Mark Robson, with Ellen Drew, Boris Karloff, Katherine Emery, Alan Napier, and Jason Robards, Sr.
April 6-8: "What Price Hollywood" (1932), directed by George Cukor, with Constance Bennett, Lowell Sherman, Neil Hamilton, and Gregory Ratoff; and "Too Many Girls" (1940), directed by George Abbott,

Bill and Susan Fine,
President and Creative Director
of Frances Denney

INTERLUDE

"There are
times
when nothing
will do
but a
memorable
perfume—

"Wearing a fine perfume is more important to me than wearing a piece of marvelous jewelry. Interlude has a rare quality …a mysterious, oriental bouquet, that lingers… and lingers. For special occasions. It's provocative and elegant at the same time.
Bill loves it.
(Most men do.)"
Susan Fine

FRANCES DENNEY

The Real Beauty in the crowd.

with Lucille Ball, Richard Carlson, Ann Miller, and Desi Arnaz.

April 9-10: "The Informer" (†) and "A Woman Rebels." (†)

April 11-12: "Macao" (†) and "Out of the Past." (†)

From April 13: "Suspicion" (1941), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Cary Grant and Joan Fontaine; and "Notorious" (1946), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Cary Grant, Ingrid Bergman, Claude Rains, and Louis Calhern.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. *(222-3370)*

Through April 6: "Criss Cross" (1949), directed by Robert Siodmak, with Yvonne De Carlo, Burt Lancaster, Dan Duryea, Stephen McNally, and Richard Long; and "Cry of the City" (1948), directed by Robert Siodmak, with Richard Conte, Victor Mature, Hope Emerson, Fred Clark, and Shelley Winters.

April 7-8: "The Last Picture Show" (1971), directed by Peter Bogdanovich, with Timothy Bottoms and Jeff Bridges; and "Red River" (1948), directed by Howard Hawks, with Montgomery Clift and John Wayne.

April 9-10: "His Girl Friday" (1940), directed by Howard Hawks, with Rosalind Russell, Cary Grant, and Ralph Bellamy; and "Twentieth Century" (1934), directed by Howard Hawks, with John Barrymore and Carole Lombard.

April 11: "Mandabi" (1968), in Wolof, directed by Ousmane Sembène; and "Antonio das Mortes" (1970), in Portuguese, directed by Glauber Rocha.

April 12-13: "Brute Force" (†) and "The Naked City." (†)

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

April 5: "Valiant Is the Word for Carrie" (1936), directed by Wesley Ruggles, with Gladys George, Arline Judge, John Howard, and Dudley Digges; and "The Way of All Flesh" (1940), directed by Louis King, with Akim Tamiroff, Gladys George, and William Henry.

April 6: "The Bride Wore Boots" (1946), directed by Irving Pichel, with Barbara Stanwyck, Robert Cummings, Diana Lynn, Robert Benchley, and Natalie Wood; and "The Lady Gambles" (1949), directed by Michael Gordon, with Barbara Stanwyck, Robert Preston, and Stephen McNally.

April 7-8: "The Lady Vanishes" (1938), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, Michael Redgrave, Paul Lukas, and Cecil Parker; and "The 39 Steps" (1935), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Madeleine Carroll, Robert Donat, Peggy Ashcroft, John Laurie, and Godfrey Tearle.

April 9: "Another Part of the Forest" (1948), directed by Michael Gordon, with Fredric March, Dan Duryea, and Florence Eldridge; and "The Searching Wind" (1946), directed by William Dieterle, with Sylvia Sidney, Robert Young, Ann Richards, and Dudley Digges.

April 10: "Bulldog Drummond in Africa" (1938), directed by Louis King, with John Howard; and "Bulldog Drummond's Secret Police" (1938), directed by James Hogan, with John Howard.

April 11: "Lady in a Jam" (1942), directed by Gregory LaCava, with Irene Dunne, Ralph Bellamy, Patric Knowles, and Eugene Pallette; and "Invitation to Happiness." (†)

April 12: "Written on the Wind" (†) and "Madame X." (†)

April 13: "Chinatown Nights" (1929), directed by William Wellman, with Wallace Beery, Warner Oland, Florence Vidor, and Jack Oakie; and "A Star Is Born." (†)

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—April 6 at 2:30: "Poil de Carotte" (1935), in French, directed by Julien Duvivier, with Harry Baur; no English subtitles. . . . ¶ April 6 at 6: "La Petite Lise" (1930), in French, directed by Jean Gremillon, with Pierre Alcover and Nadia Sibirskaia; no English subtitles. . . . ¶ April 6 at 8:30: "La Ronde" (1950), in French, directed by Max Ophuls, with Simone Signoret and Anton Walbrook; English subtitles. . . . ¶ April 7 at 2: "Le Silence Est d'Or" (1947), in French, directed by René Clair, with Maurice Chevalier, Marcelle Derrien, and François Périer; English subtitles. . . . ¶ April 8 at noon: "The Thin Man" (1934), directed by W. S. Van Dyke, with William Powell, Myrna Loy, and Maureen O'Sullivan. . . . ¶ April 8 at 2:30: "Hiroshima, Mon Amour" (1959), in French and Japanese, directed by Alain Resnais, with Eiji Okada and Emmanuèle Riva; English subtitles. . . . ¶ April 9 at noon: "The Thin Man.". . . ¶ April 9 at 2: "An Anthology of the Italian Cinema: The Sound Film, 1929-43" (1960), a documentary, with an English narration. . . . ¶ April 10 at noon: "Never Give Up" (1975), directed by Imogen Cunningham, with Ann M. Hershey; and "Millay at Steepletop" (1970), directed by Kevin Brownlow. . . . ¶ April 10 at 2:30: "La Ronde.". . . ¶ April 11 at noon: "Never Give Up" and "Millay at Steepletop.". . . ¶ April 11 at 2:30: "Hiroshima, Mon Amour.". . . ¶ April 13 at 2:30: "Beauty and the Beast" (1946), in French, directed by Jean Cocteau, with Jean Marais and Josette Day; no English subtitles. . . . ¶ April 13 at 6: Five short films by and about women. . . . ¶ April 13 at 8:30: "Orpheus" (1949), in French, directed by Jean Cocteau, with Jean Marais, Maria Casarès, and François Périer; no English subtitles. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through April 8: A video installation by Peter Campus. Continuous showings from noon to 5:45. . . . ¶ Starting April 11: "Running Fence" (1978), directed by David Maysles, Charlotte Zwerin, and Albert Maysles. Showings at noon, 1:30, 3, and 4:30 (plus 6:15 and 8 on Tuesday evenings). Call desk (794-0630) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Cocteau, Dovzhenko, Richter, Dreyer, Eisenstein, Hoover, Flaherty, Cornell, Chaplin, and others. Showings April 5-7 at 7 and 9; April 8 at 2:30, 7, and 9; April 9 at 8; and April 11-13 at 7 and 9.

Film Forum, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—"Calm Prevails Over the Country" (1975), in German, directed by Peter Lilienthal; English subtitles. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:45.

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-6350)—"High Street" (1976), in French, directed by André Ernotte, with Annie Cordy and Mort Shuman; English subtitles. Showings Fridays at 8 and 10; Saturdays at 7:30, 9:30, and 11; and Sundays at 3, 6, and 8.

Metropolitan Museum, American Cinémathèque, Junior Museum Auditorium, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (879-5674)—A series of international films made in 1935, together with short features, newsreels, animated films, documentaries, and experimental films. April 5: "The Revolt of the Fisherman," directed by Erwin Piscator; in Russian with English subtitles. . . . ¶ April 6: "Jalna," directed by John Cromwell, with Kay Johnson, Ian Hunter, C. Aubrey Smith, and Peggy Wood. . . . ¶ April 11: "Divine," directed by Max Ophuls, with Simone Berriau, Catherine Fonteney, and Georges Rigaud; in French with no English subtitles. . . . ¶ April 12: "The Steel Beast," directed by Willy Zielke; in German with no English subtitles. . . . ¶ April 13: "The Whole Town's Talking," directed by John Ford, with Edward G. Robinson and Jean Arthur. Showings Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8.

Film Society of Lincoln Center—The first programs in a twelve-day festival of new films by new directors. April 7 at 6: "North Star: Mark di Suvero" (United States; Francois de Menil) and "Roger Corman: Hollywood's Wild Angel" (United States; Christian Blackwood). . . . ¶ April 7 at 8:30: "To an Unknown God" (Spain; Jaime Chavarri). . . . ¶ April 7 at 11: "Jane Is Jane Forever" (West Germany; Walter Bockmayer). . . . ¶ April 8 at 6: "Mother and Daughter" (Italy; Giovanna Gagliardo). . . . ¶ April 8 at 8:30: "The Baker's Bread" (West Germany; Erwin Keusch). . . . ¶ April 8 at 11 and April 9 at 6: "Barocco" (France; André Téchiné). . . . ¶ April 9 at 8:30: "Jane Is Jane Forever.". . . ¶ April 10 at 6: "To an Unknown God.". . . ¶ April 10 at 8:30: "North Star: Mark di Suvero" and "Roger Corman: Hollywood's Wild Angel.". . . ¶ April 11 at 6: "The Baker's Bread.". . . ¶ April 11 at 8:30: "Mother and Daughter.". . . ¶ April 12 at 6: "The Bus" (Turkey/Sweden/Switzerland; Bay Okan). . . . ¶ April 12 at 8:30: "Torre Bela" (Portugal/Italy; Thomas Harlan). (Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. For information about tickets, call 765-5100, Ext. 311.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

American Hot Wax—As played by Tim McIntire, the disc jockey Alan Freed is a martyr to the cause of rock 'n' roll; he's so righteous he's Buford Pusser in the world of pop music. The moviemakers (the director Floyd Mutrux, the producer Art Linson, the screenwriter John Kaye) should have had more trust in the fifties rock milieu and in their own talents, because everything about the movie *except* this pious morality-tale aspect of it is cheerfully, trashily enjoyable. Freed's shrill secretary, Sheryl (Fran Drescher), might have had Jean Harlow for a voice teacher; his shovel-faced chauffeur, Mookie (Jay Leno), teases her and keeps her shrieking in outrage. This is a super-B movie. With Laraine Newman, Chuck Berry, and Jerry Lee Lewis, and Moosie Drier as the twelve-year-old president of the Buddy Holly Fan Club (five thousand members). The lively cinematography is by William A. Fraker. (Reviewed in our issue of 3/20/78.) (34th St. East, and Loews Orpheum; through April 6.)

Annie Hall—Woody Allen's newest film—very funny, very close to his own bone. The hero, called Alvy Singer and played by Mr. Allen, is a skinny redhead whose anxieties are not small ones. His beguiling girl is played by Diane Keaton, for whom Mr. Allen has written a splendidly funny and loving part. (4/25/77) (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1, and Embassy 72nd St.)

The Battle of Chile—A great three-hour-and-ten-minute documentary about the events leading to the fall of Allende; this cross-section view of a collapsing government is surely unprecedented—we actually see the country cracking open. The young director, Patricio Guzmán, and his team have put a strict Marxist vise on the material; the film is structured to demonstrate that workers have to be prepared to use force of arms to defend their legally won gains, and much of what is presented as fact is highly questionable. But as a piece of epic filmmaking it is superb, and the editing is so subtle and fluid that the second half has the effect of one long, continuous shot. (1/23/78) (Waverly; starting April 7.)

Between the Lines—Directed by Joan Micklin Silver, from a screenplay by Fred Barron, about a spirited underground Boston weekly called the *Back Bay Mainline*. Mrs. Silver's film is anecdotal and illustrative, crammed with good characters. The plot is engagingly unaggressive and unsystematic, leading to a climax in which the newspaper is bought by a ruthless smoothie in a tie and a suit who is ready to sack and replace the whole raffish staff. The rebel, nicely, is the receptionist, whose habit is to be courteous to everybody, but who knows a rank herring when she sees one. An endearing picture. (5/9/77) (Cinema Village; April 12-13.)

Blue Country—*With Brigitte Fossey, Jacques* Serres, and Ginette Garcin; directed by Jean-Charles Tacchella. In French. (68th St. Playhouse.)

Brute Force (1947)—The title is accurate: this is a crudely powerful prison picture, produced by Mark Hellinger, written by Richard Brooks, and directed by Jules Dassin. The essentially old-fashioned material was modernized by the use of sadistic scenes and such devices as having the power-mad warden (Hume Cronyn) suggest a home-grown Hitler. This is the kind of movie that

On the Town. Bells Are Ringing. Singin' in the Rain. Wonderful Town. Peter Pan. Auntie Mame. Applause. On the Twentieth Century. Comden and Green's lyrics and librettos for these and other Broadway and Hollywood productions have always been among the American musical's best.

This week, the Broadway team of Betty Comden and Adolph Green bring their special magic to "Previn and The Pittsburgh." In warm and funny conversation—and with songs like "The Party's Over," "Make Someone Happy," and Green's villainously hammy "Captain Hook"—Comden and Green once more cast the spell that has enchanted audiences for over 30 years.

Later in the season, "Previn and The Pittsburgh" will bring you "Two Concerti" (April 16), "A Gathering of Players" (April 23), "Alpine Symphony" (April 30), "Dame Janet Baker" (May 7), and "Brahms' Requiem" (May 16). Be sure to join us, and enjoy.

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APPLAUSE
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SINGIN' IN THE RA
R Mahoney

Sunday April 9 at 8:00 PM EST PBS
Check local listings for stations and times in your area.

ALCOA

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

is often called a man's picture; that is, fast, action-packed, pseudo-realistic. With Burt Lancaster, Charles Bickford, Roman Bohnen, Ella Raines, Yvonne De Carlo, Ann Blyth, Anita Colby, Sam Levene, Howard Duff, John Hoyt, Jeff Corey, Whit Bissell, and Vince Barnett. (Thalia; April 12-13.)

CAESAR AND CLEOPATRA (1946)—Despite its resonant title, Shaw's play is a minor comedy—a slight, sly conceit—and it was blown up out of proportion in this extravagant, Shaw-adoring version directed by Gabriel Pascal. The pomp overpowers the parody and the playfulness. Vivien Leigh romps about as the cruel, deceiving kitten who is to become a passionate, tragic queen, while Claude Rains—as her lover and mentor, the amused, dispassionate Caesar—displays a world-weary wisdom that is more smugly shallow than Shaw could have intended. With a fabulous celebrity-show cast that includes Flora Robson, Stewart Granger, Francis L. Sullivan, Basil Sydney, Michael Rennie, Cecil Parker, Stanley Holloway, Leo Genn, Anthony Harvey, and the invaluable Ernest Thesiger. Music by Georges Auric. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 9.)

CASEY'S SHADOW—Walter Matthau, full of his usual wit and humor, and with his appealing crumpled face, in a horse movie that is one of the nicest things in a long time to take a child to. And he isn't overshadowed even by the horses. (Baronet.)

CAT ON A HOT TIN ROOF (1958)—The Tennessee Williams play about the girl (Elizabeth Taylor) whose husband (Paul Newman) doesn't want to have sex with her. Much hocus-pocus about the reasons; when the "true" reason is revealed it sounds the hokiest. But Taylor looks very desirable indeed, and the cast is full of actors whooping it up with Southern accents (Burl Ives, Judith Anderson, Madeleine Sherwood). Directed by Richard Brooks. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 8.)

THE CHILDREN OF THEATRE STREET—An American production team gets behind the scenes at Leningrad's historic ballet school (on Theatre Street), and then loses sight of its subject—the way the pupils are trained to become dancers. Colorful sidelights and some good performance shots of young dancers and old ballets, but, by and large, a wasted opportunity. (Quad Cinema; through April 6.)

CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE THIRD KIND—This celebration of the wonders up there in the skies is the best-humored of all technological-marvel fantasies. It has visionary magic, along with a love of surprises and a skeptical, let's try-it-on spirit. Written and directed by Steven Spielberg. (11/28/77) (Ziegfeld.)

COMA—Geneviève Bujold as a surgical resident in a Boston hospital. She discovers that large numbers of young healthy patients have gone into irreversible comas while undergoing minor surgery, and then—vegetablized—have been packed off to a facility that provides long-term life-support systems. The story glides along smoothly, as if computer-operated, but it doesn't give you a lift. Michael

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13		

Crichton directed. With Michael Douglas, Richard Widmark, Rip Torn, and Elizabeth Ashley. (2/6/78) (Trans-Lux 85th St., Greenwich, and Loews 83rd Triplex.)

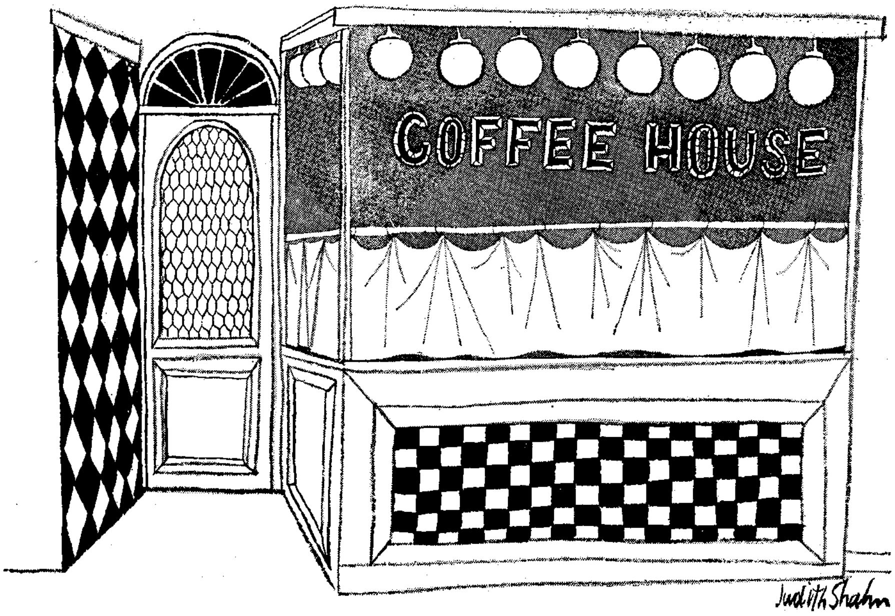
COMING HOME—The time is 1968; the place is Los Angeles. Jane Fonda plays the proper, repressed wife of a hawkish Marine captain (Bruce Dern); after her husband leaves for Vietnam she volunteers for work in a veterans' hospital and meets a paraplegic (Jon Voight), who is in a rage of helplessness. Hal Ashby directed this intuitive yet amorphous movie, which falls apart when he resorts to melodramatic cross-cutting. (2/20/78) (Cinema I.)

CONVERSATION PIECE—The theme is "Death in Venice" all over again, with Burt Lancaster playing Aschenbach to Helmut Berger's garish, grownup Tadzio, but the director, Visconti, is in a jovial mood, and the dignified older man—a retired American professor—isn't destroyed; on the contrary, he is recalled to life. Visconti pictures have often had an undercurrent of silliness, and in this one the silliness is very close to the surface; however, there's something admirable about the director's allowing his sexual and political obsessions to be displayed so openly. As the Tadzio figure, Konrad, who moves into an apartment in the professor's house, Berger flaunts the mannerisms that many other actors avoid. A petulant little nymph, Konrad is being kept by a venomous, tantrummy Countess (Silvana Mangano). In Visconti's view, Konrad is a victim of those to whom he sells his favors, and at the end he stands revealed as a saint. It's an idiosyncratic film—an old man's film (partly directed from a wheelchair)—but it is spirited and very likable. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 13.)

CROSSED SWORDS—With Oliver Reed, Raquel Welch, Mark Lester, Ernest Borgnine, George C. Scott, Rex Harrison, David Hemmings, and Charlton Heston; directed by Richard Fleischer. (Music Hall; through April 12.)

DONA FLOR AND HER TWO HUSBANDS—Directed by Bruno Barreto. In Portuguese. (Paris.)

THE DUELLISTS—An adaptation of Joseph Conrad's Napoleonic-period story "The Duel," about a cavalry officer's sudden flare-up of rage over a trifling, imagined insult by another officer, which grows into a private war. The hussars (Harvey Keitel and Keith Carradine) go on fighting for over fifteen years, and the origin of the quarrel becomes lost in legend. This English production—a first film by the director Ridley Scott—is consistently entertaining and eerily beautiful; its special quality is in its Géricault-like compositions.



The mixed American and British cast includes Cristina Raines, Albert Finney, Alan Webb, Edward Fox, Diana Quick, Jenny Runacre, Robert Stephens, Tom Conti, and Meg Wynn Owen. (1/23/78) (Waverly; through April 6.)

THE FIRST TIME—With Alain Cohen and Charles Denner, directed by Claude Berri. In French. (Columbia II.)

THE FURY—Brian De Palma's visionary, science-fiction thriller is the reverse side of the coin of Spielberg's "Close Encounters." With Spielberg, what happens is so much better than you dared hope that you have to laugh; with De Palma, it's so much worse than you feared that you have to laugh. The script (John Farris's adaptation of his novel) is cheap gothic espionage occultism involving two superior beings—spiritual twins (Andrew Stevens and Amy Irving) who have met only telepathically. But the film is so visually compelling that a viewer seems to have entered a mythic night world; no Hitchcock thriller was ever so intense, went so far, or had so many "classic" sequences. With Kirk Douglas, Carrie Snodgress, and John Cassavetes. (3/20/78) (Loews Ciné.)

THE GOODBYE GIRL—The prolific Neil Simon is at it again; this time it's a tearful comedy with Marsha Mason and Richard Dreyfuss. She says gratuitously abrasive things to him, and he prisses his lips and tells her off. Herbert Ross directed. (1/16/78) (Trans-Lux East, and Guild. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; through April 11.)

THE GROUP (1966)—Sidney Lumet turns Mary McCarthy's novel about the Vassar girls of '33 into a carelessly busy, likable, energetic film. In the big cast are Joan Hackett, Shirley Knight, Joanna Pettet, Elizabeth Hartman, Candice Bergen, Kathleen Widdoes, James Broderick, Larry Hagman, and Hal Holbrook. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 7.)

A HERO AIN'T NOTHIN' BUT A SANDWICH—With Cicely Tyson, Paul Winfield, and Larry Scott; directed by Ralph Nelson. (Olympia; starting April 12.)

HIGH ANXIETY—Mel Brooks' rehash of some of Hitchcock's most famous thriller effects. This is a child's idea of satire—imitations, with a funny hat and a leer. There isn't a whisper of suspense, and there are few earned laughs; all Brooks does is let us know he has seen some of the same movies we have. With Madeline Kahn, Cloris Leachman, Harvey Korman, and Ron Carey. (1/9/78) (Sutton.)

HOUSE CALLS—Walter Matthau and Glenda Jackson in a carefree pairing of splendid comic talents and of equally matched intelligences. Miss Jackson's first encounter with her future lover, a doctor, looking lugubrious in mustache and beard, is over a hospital bed. She has been clamped into a football-helmet sort of brace by a testily inept old doctor (Art Carney) to mend a broken jaw. (4/3/78) (Loews Tower East.)

I. F. STONE'S WEEKLY (1973)—Mr. Stone's tenacity in investigative reporting and in studying open government records has been our good fortune for many years. This is a wonderful documentary, by Jerry Bruck, Jr., about one of the great mavericks that American politics sometimes throws up. Narrated by Tom Wicker. (Cinema Village; April 12-13.)

THE INFORMER (1935)—Victor McLaglen in his Academy Award-winning role as Gypo Nolan, the Dublin drunkard who turns stool pigeon and betrays his friend (Wallace Ford) to the police for the reward. The period is 1922, during the Sinn Fein rebellion. This John Ford film, taken from Liam O'Flaherty's fine novel, is perhaps too pure and diagrammatic for modern tastes—Gypo's frenetic, desperate squandering of the reward money, his spasms of fury, of pleasure, of terror, are more clarified than we require now. But if the scenarist, Dudley Nichols, and the director clinched their points, they also had the discipline to keep the work all of a piece—naïve yet powerful. With Preston Foster, Heather Angel, Una O'Connor, Margot Grahame, Joe Sawyer, and J. M. Kerrigan. The score is by Max Steiner. (Regency; April 9-10.)

INVITATION TO HAPPINESS (1939)—Irene Dunne as a mournful heiress, and Fred MacMurray as a heavyweight boxer whom she marries. They have a nasty little snob of a child, and their marriage seems to be a groan from the start—an uninspired and very long groan.

Wesley Ruggles directed, from Claude Binyon's screenplay. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 11.)

JULIA—Jane Fonda as Lillian Hellman, Jason Robards as Dashiell Hammett, and Vanessa Redgrave as Julia in the film version of Hellman's story about her smuggling bribe money into Nazi Germany, from her book of memoirs "Pentimento." Directed by Fred Zinnemann, from a script by Alvin Sargent, it has been made in conservative—classical humanist—style. The film's constraint is frustrating, because Jane Fonda has the power and invention to go further in the character. (10/10/77) (Columbia 1 and Quad Cinema.)

THE LACEMAKER—With Isabelle Huppert and Yves Beneyton, directed by Claude Goretta. In French. (72nd Street East; starting April 12.)

MACAO (1952)—One of the less amusing of the steamy melodramas that Howard Hughes produced. Jane Russell is a sultry, philosophical chanteuse who works at the Club Quick Reward. She's romantically involved with Robert Mitchum, and involved in other ways with Brad Dexter, Gloria Grahame, William Bendix, and Thomas Gomez. Joseph von Sternberg started this one, and Nicholas Ray finished it up. (Regency; April 11-12.)

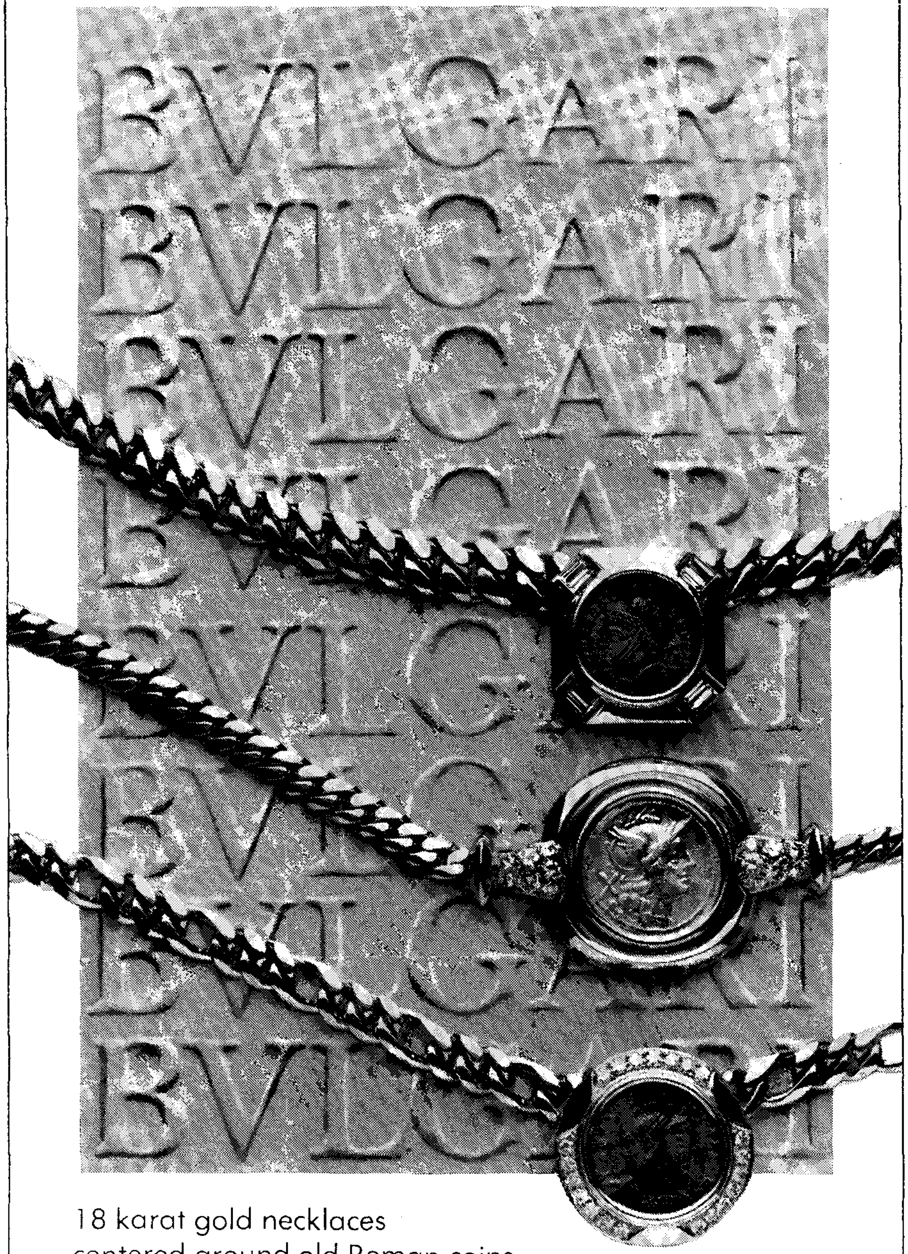
MADAME ROSA—Simone Signoret giving a magnificent performance as an ex-whore of the Belleville *quartier* of Paris. Now too old and puffy to practice her job, she makes a meagre living by taking in the abandoned children of younger prostitutes. She is a Jewess who survived Auschwitz; her favorite foster child is the offspring of an Arab father, and she has faithfully brought the boy up an Arab. The film was directed by Moshe Mizrahi, himself a Jew, who was brought up in Alexandria; he has made a firm, astute picture with an understanding of the Arab-Jewish predicament that may be unique, not only because of his upbringing but also because of his fairness. In French. (3/27/78) (Plaza.)

MADAME X (1966)—A woman is forced to abandon her baby and, years later, having committed a murder, is defended by . . . her very own son, who does not know that . . . she is his very own mother. Alexandre Bisson's courtroom melodrama melted hearts in silent-movie houses in 1916 and again in 1920; Ruth Chatterton had a personal triumph in the first talkie version, in 1929; and in 1937 Gladys George gave it the benefit of her gin-and-tears voice. It requires an actress who knows how to get into a broken-down vehicle and get some mileage out of it, but in this Ross Hunter production, spiritually dedicated to the glossy woman's-picture style of the nineteen-forties, Lana Turner hasn't the power or the technique—she isn't Madame X, she's Brand X. Turner, at the start, is supposed to be a ravishing young newlywed, and the production is designed like a cocoon to protect her. There isn't a young actress in the cast, not even among the bit players. This "Madame X" isn't about mother love; it's about mummy love. Ross Hunter was addicted to lavish wardrobes, and so the outcast heroine keeps changing her clothes, and to compensate for all those swell dresses, she keeps suffering: not one moment of fun in twenty years. With almost every line a howler, this is a camp special. David Lowell Rich directed. With Constance Bennett (in her last film appearance), Keir Dullea, John Forsythe, Ricardo Montalban, Burgess Meredith, Kaaren Verne, Virginia Grey, and Joe De Santis. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 12.)

MAD LOVE (1935)—Karl Freund, the famous UFA cinematographer, directed this version of the horror story "The Hands of Orlac" for M-G-M, starring Peter Lorre, with Gregg Toland (who was later to shoot "Citizen Kane") in the camera crew. Freund's direction is disappointingly static, but the film is of considerable visual and historical interest. Peter Lorre's mad doctor might almost be an early sketch for Orson Welles' performance as the elderly Kane; the gothic sets of the two pictures have many similarities, and a white cockatoo turns up in both of them. With Frances Drake, Colin Clive, Ted Healy, Isabel Jewell, and Harold Huber. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 13.)

MONIKA (1952)—Harriet Andersson in a great performance early in her career, in one of Ingmar Bergman's most interesting, least-seen movies. In Swedish. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 9.)

THE NAKED CITY (1948)—After the success of



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

their "Brute Force," the producer Mark Hellinger and the director Jules Dassin returned with this fast-jabbing, empty, Manhattan-set melodrama about the Homicide Squad. The drab script is by Albert Maltz and Malvin Wald; the film is visually impressive only. (William Daniels is the cinematographer.) With Barry Fitzgerald, Howard Duff, Don Taylor, Ted De Corsia, Frank Conroy, and Tom Pedi. (Not to be confused with an infinitely superior film Dassin made in London in 1950 called "Night and the City.") (Thalia; April 12-13.)

1900—Bertolucci tried to write a nineteenth-century novel on film; the result is appalling, yet it has the grandeur of a classic visionary folly. Next to it, all the other new movies are like something you hold up at the end of a toothpick. The cast includes Robert De Niro, Gérard Depardieu, Dominique Sanda, Burt Lancaster, Sterling Hayden, and Donald Sutherland. Four hours and five minutes, plus intermission. (10/31/77) (Cinema Studio.)

Out of the Past (1947)—A thin but well-shot suspense melodrama, kept from collapsing by the suggestiveness and intensity that the director, Jacques Tourneur, pours on. It's empty trash, but you do keep watching it. Kirk Douglas, a gangster, hires Robert Mitchum to find Jane Greer, who has run away from him. Predictably, she gets Mitchum (at his most somnolent-sexy droopy-eyed) in her clutches, and there are several killings before matters are resolved. The screenplay is by Geoffrey Homes (a pseudonym of Daniel Mainwaring), from his novel "Build My Gallows High." With Rhonda Fleming. (Regency; April 11-12.)

Pretty Baby—With Keith Carradine, Susan Sarandon, and Brooke Shields; directed by Louis Malle. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Coronet.)

Rabbit Test—With Billy Crystal, directed by Joan Rivers. (34th St. East, and Loews Orpheum; starting April 7.)

Roseland—Three stories set inside the famous, still functioning dance hall on Fifty-second Street off Broadway, now a haven for nostalgic, aging people. In its hushed concern for their dignity, the movie denies them any spirit. Christopher Walken and Don De Natale are the only performers who manage to transcend the film's faded genteel sensitivity. James Ivory directed, from Ruth Prawer Jhabvala's script. (12/5/77) (Olympia; through April 11.)

Saturday Night Fever—How the financially pinched seventies generation that grew up on TV attempts to find its own forms of beauty and release. John Travolta plays Tony, a nineteen-year-old Italian Catholic who works selling paint in a hardware store in Brooklyn's Bay Ridge; on Saturday nights, he's off to the local disco dream palace, where he's the champion dancer. Karen Lynn Gorney plays opposite Travolta as Stephanie, who is trying to climb out of Brooklyn and onto Manhattan, which is seen as the magic isle of opportunity—not ironically but with the old Gershwin spirit. John Badham directed. (12/26/77) (St. Marks Cinema, D. W. Griffith, and Playboy.... ¶ Loews 83rd Triplex; through April 13, tentative.... ¶ Quad Cinema; starting April 7, tentative.)

The Savage Is Loose (1974)—George C. Scott, Trish Van Devere, and John David Carson, as their son, are shipwrecked on a jungle island, and so is the audience. Agonizing. Scott directed. (59th St. East.)

September 30, 1955—With Richard Thomas, directed by James Bridges. (Cinema II.)

A Special Day—A schematic romance that takes place in Rome on May 8, 1938, during Hitler's visit with Mussolini. Sophia Loren is an oppressed working-class housewife, the mother of six children, and Marcello Mastroianni is a suspected homosexual who has just been dismissed as a radio announcer and is about to be interned in Sardinia. Their humiliation draws them together. Directed by Ettore Scola. In Italian. (10/17/77) (Olympia; through April 11.)

A Star Is Born (1937)—The first version, starring Janet Gaynor and Fredric March. The director, William Wellman, had a hand in the story, and Dorothy Parker, Alan Campbell, and Robert Carson devised the script, which purports to tell the true inside story of Hollywood and the perils of fame—how Vicki Lester becomes a great star, while her spoiled, big-headed husband, Norman Maine, sinks via alcoholism and despair. (John Barrymore's actual experiences in a sanatorium were said to have been incorporated into the script.) The film is a peculiar sort of masochistic, self-congratulatory Hollywood orgy. The cast includes Adolphe Menjou, Lionel Stander, May Robson, Edgar Kennedy, Andy Devine, and Owen Moore. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 13.)

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Straight Time—Dustin Hoffman as a newly released convict with six years of San Quentin behind him, and a long history of juvenile delinquency, and a strong wish to get back into jail. Under Ulu Grosbard's direction, Hoffman's performance is as sharp as a diamond cutter. His eyes generally wander from meeting anyone else's; when they do, it is generally in hatred, during one of the wild thieveries he embarks on in his unconscious wish to be re-imprisoned. The wish is abetted by the unbearable complacency of a parole officer, admirably played by M. Emmet Walsh. There is a bow to sentimentality in the casting of an improbably credulous and improbably posh girl who goes along with the Hoffman character and asks no questions; she is played by Theresa Russell, a good actress who seems to belong to a different picture. (4/3/78) (Bay Cinema, 86th St. East, Festival, and Loews 83rd Triplex.)

Suddenly, Last Summer (1959)—One of Tennessee Williams' feverous fantasies, padded out by Joseph L. Mankiewicz, the director, and by Williams and Gore Vidal, who did the screenplay. They should never have allowed the audience so much time to think about what's going on: the short play turns into a ludicrous, lumbering horror movie. Katharine Hepburn is rather amusing as the Southern-belle dragon lady whose homosexual poet-son, Sebastian, was killed and partly eaten by the North African boys he'd preyed upon. Elizabeth Taylor is her distraught niece, whom she's trying to get lobotomized so that the girl won't be able to tell the story. Taylor works hard at her big monologue, trying to give us the shudders, but Mankiewicz has delayed her revelations too long. Montgomery Clift, in possibly his worst performance, is the dim-witted neurosurgeon who can't seem to get anything into his eminent head. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 8.)

Summer Interlude (1951)—This rapturous study of a ruined summer romance was Ingmar Bergman's first great breakthrough. Maj-Britt Nilsson plays the tired ballerina who has been emotionally dead since her adolescence. In Swedish. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 9.)

Summer Paradise—A Swedish first film, made by a woman director, Gunnel Lindblom, about the lassitudes and flares born of boredom among a four-generation family on holiday in the long Swedish summer. The picture at its best is about the failure of the middle class to comprehend its role in a changing world, and it is especially good on what the subtitles translate as "latch-key children"—children who go home to empty houses because their parents are both working—but a lot of women's-lib motifs of too much sensibility and not enough sense dribble into the film. In Swedish. (Cinema 3; through April 6.)

That Cold Day in the Park (1969)—It is certainly well directed (by Robert Altman), it's well written (by Gillian Freeman), and it is beautifully shot (by Laslo Kovacs). But does anybody want to see a movie about a spinster (Sandy Dennis) who traps a young man (Michael Burns) and walls him up in her home? There may be something in the film medium itself that works against these stories of obsessional incarceration ("The Collector" also failed): we are trapped along with the prisoner, and we long to get away. One can admire the film for its craftsmanship; it has a cold brilliance. But that's all. From a novel by Richard Miles; music by Johnny Mandel. (Cinema Village; April 11.)

That Obscure Object of Desire—Luis Buñuel's style here is peerlessly urbane, but the film is a little monotonous. Fernando Rey plays a rich, wordly French widower of perhaps fifty, who loves a young Spanish girl; she alternates between promises and postponement—she teases him, fleeces him, enrages him. She is played by two actresses—Carole Bouquet, a tall French girl, and Angela Molina, a shorter, more rounded Spanish girl. This doubling-up stunt doesn't add any meaning: perhaps there's less than if there were a single actress who could capture our imaginations. In French. (12/19/77) (Art, U.A. East, and New Yorker.)

Three Strange Loves (1949)—Originally called "Thirst," this is one of the finest and most original of the early Ingmar Bergman films. With Birger Malmsten and Eva Hennings. In Swedish. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 10.)

The Turning Point—A backstage-ballet milieu, with Anne Bancroft as a gallant, aging ballerina and Shirley MacLaine as her friend and rival, who quit to raise a family. The script is by Arthur Laurents, who writes sodden expository dialogue in which these two are forever revealing truths to each other. We get a glimpse of something great in the movie—Mikhail Baryshnikov dancing—and these two harpies out of the soaps block the view. Herbert Ross directed, unassertively and unexcitedly. With Leslie Browne, Tom Skerritt, Alexandra Danilova, Anthony Zerbe, and Martha Scott, and Suzanne Farrell, Peter Martins, and other dancers. (11/21/77) (Gramercy, R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Quad Cinema, and Little Carnegie.)

Ugetsu (1953)—Kenji Mizoguchi's complex, violent, and at times magical fable of an artist-potter (Masayuki Mori), a phantom lady (Machiko Kyo), and the family he left behind. Heavy going in spots, but with marvellous passages that are worth a bit of patience. In Japanese. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 11.)

An Unmarried Woman—Paul Mazursky wrote and directed this buoyant enormously friendly comedy about Erica (Jill Clayburgh) and her attempt to get back into "the stream of life" after her marriage of sixteen years breaks up. It's a tenderhearted feminist picture. With Michael Murphy, Lisa Lucas, Pat Quinn, Kelly Bishop, Linda Miller, Cliff Gorman, Mazursky himself, as Hal, and Alan Bates, whose fine comic, expansive performance as Saul Kaplan, a famous painter, overpowers the movie. (3/6/78) (Murray Hill, Beekman, and Paramount.... ¶ Cinema 3; starting April 7.)

Valentino—There is no artistry left in the director Ken Russell's work, but by attaching the names of actual people to his sadomasochistic fantasies, he gives the picture a nasty inside-joke appeal. The only redeeming element is Rudolf Nureyev in the title role; he doesn't evoke Valentino, but from time to time he has a captivating, very funny temperament of his own. His eagerness to please is at war with Russell's spitefulness—Russell turns the camera *against* his own performers. (11/7/77) (Cinema Village; April 9-10.)

A Woman Rebels (1936)—Arguably Katharine Hepburn's worst picture (most serious rival: "Mary of Scotland"), and the central issue—the freedom of women—is made to seem tired, dated, and convictionless. This time Hepburn is Pamela Thistlewaite, daughter of an autocratic judge (Donald Crisp). After an affair (with Van Heflin), she has an illegitimate child; though she's the crusading editor of a women's magazine and a campaigner for women's rights, she fibs about the baby. After much suffering, she realizes she's in love with her longtime faithful suitor (Herbert Marshall). Mark Sandrich directed, from Netta Syrett's "Portrait of a Rebel." (Regency; April 9-10.)

Word Is Out—A documentary based on conversations with twenty-six homosexual men and women. (Eastside Cinema.)

Written on the Wind (1957)—A Texas oil millionaire (Robert Stack) sweeps a secretary (Lauren Bacall) off her feet, marries her, and then gets to wondering whether the baby that she's going to have is really his or if it's the child of his best friend, a geologist (Rock Hudson). The Texan's nympho sister (Dorothy Malone) encourages his suspicions while trying to trap the geologist, who is, indeed, in love with the wife. The director, Douglas Sirk, shows his unpleasant talent for whipping up sour, stylized soap operas in posh settings. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 12.)

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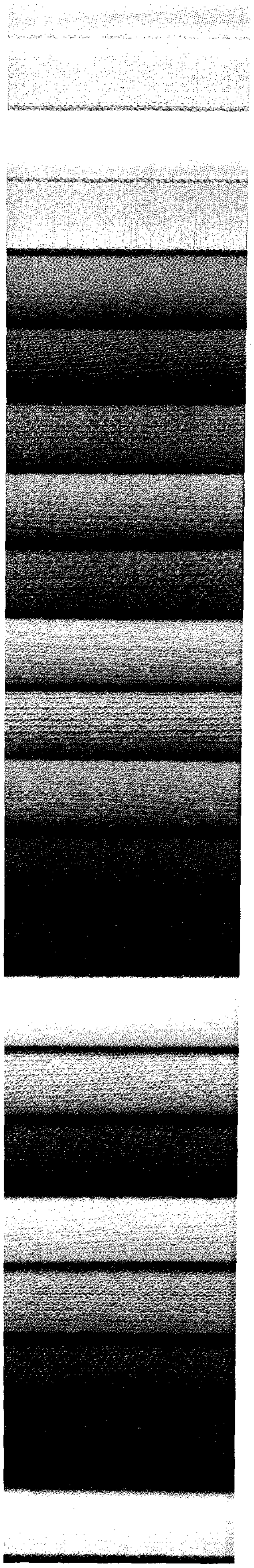

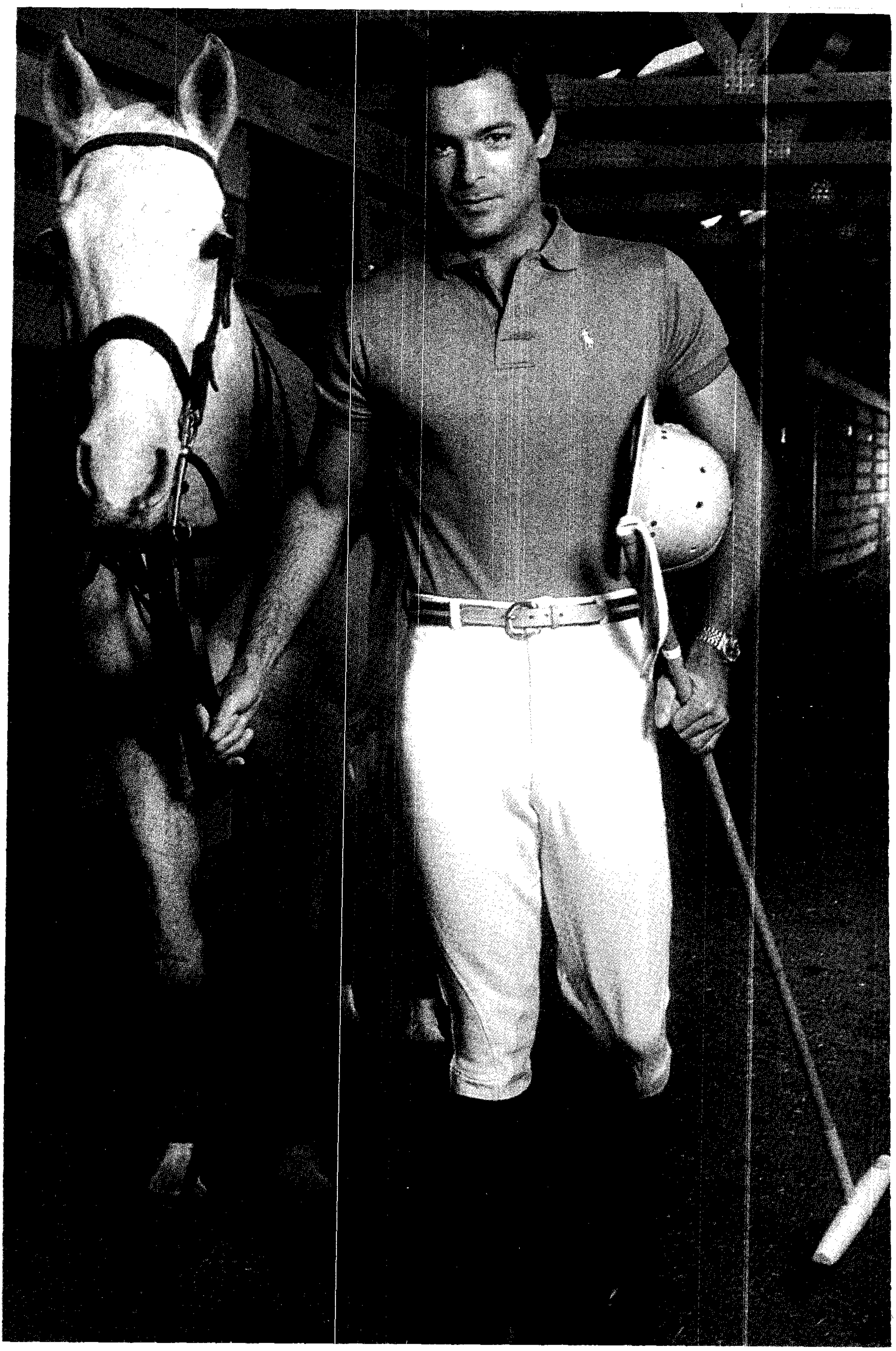

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THE NEW YORKER

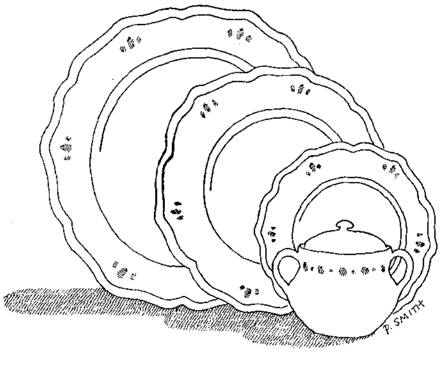
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

LETTER from a friend:

Boy, am I honked off. I mean, my hide is fried. I mean, *really* mad. Ten o'clock this morning—get this, ten in the ay em—they close my personal entrance ramp to the West Side Highway, at Nineteenth Street. Permanently. Barricaded. Stay off. Twenty-four-hour security. Detour. Go find another place to play. The Karl Koch Erecting Company, of Carteret, New Jersey, has begun to demolish twelve more blocks of the abandoned part of the highway, from Fourteenth to Twenty-sixth. Incredible. You know what this means? It means why bother. It means what difference does it now make that two and a half years ago I discovered that I could run from my front door, east of Sixth Avenue, in the Village—start moving at a steady seven-minute-mile pace—and cross six avenues and never hit a red light, snake uptown a few blocks, approach the elevated roadway, check the traffic, O.K. now, hurdle a low concrete wall, then up the entrance ramp, onto the highway, relax, breeze up the road to Fifty-eighth Street, nothing in my way, slow down, reverse direction, head south, cruising along now, maybe chase one of the ocean liners as it moves down the Hudson, maybe pass a couple of other runners, give 'em the fraternal salute (a two-finger wave and a fake-modest nod), then back down the ramp at Nineteenth Street. Across town again: the traffic-light sequence is not in my favor, neither are the kids on the streets who start singing the theme from "Rocky" when they see me, not to mention the wise guys asking whether I'm getting in shape for the fire fighters' physical exam, but I'm almost home now—down the last long block, sweep under the awning outside my apartment building, and it's all over for the day. Whew! Six miles plus. I've got hamstrings like anvils.

Meanwhile, let's take a peek at Vincent Landers. He's the Karl Koch Erecting Company superintendent on the demolition. Pleasant, nice-looking fellow, fortyish, blond hair gone gray, tinted aviators. He's in his office trailer on a pier near the work site, blueprints on the drafting table, sleepytime "beautiful music" coming over the FM radio. He's sitting back with his work boots propped up on the desk. He's smoking a cigarette. This job's going to take his crews about eight months. Two-point-oh-seven million dollars to the Karl Koch Erecting Company, of Carteret. In come the trucks—big flatbeds—and then cranes, and men with acetylene torches. First, they use the torches to take down the street-lamp posts, and then they use the cranes to lift the lamp posts onto the trucks. Next goes the cobblestone road surface, then the roadway. Then the cranes do the big work, lifting out the structural steel. And then—goodbye West Side Highway chunk! Ask Landers about the condition of the highway and he says, "It's a disaster." Disaster is right—a personal disaster, as far as I selfishly am concerned. From now on, either I have to run an extra twenty-one blocks uptown, underneath the highway, then get on a ramp at Fortieth Street and enjoy a paltry eighteen blocks of traffic-free movement up to Fifty-eighth or I can throw away my Adidases and let the hamstrings revert to mush. What a dilemma. Giving up the battle would mean that I would no longer be in a position to collect trophies like the blister that I just developed on my heel—the largest in the history of my left foot. I think I picked it up because I'd begun to move with an awkward stride—might be connected to the chondromalacia in my right leg. Laymen call that "runner's knee." I also have two wounded toes. They're called "runners' toes." Then, there's the stitch I get in my right side sometimes when I'm trying to beat a traffic light. Plus a slight strain in my right Achilles. I love every bit of it. And shinsplints. You wanna talk shinsplints? I could talk shinsplints all night long.



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Zoo News

IMPATIENT for tangible signs of spring, we went up to the Bronx Zoo the other day and saw the following: a baby king cobra, a baby anaconda, and a pair of emerald-green baby Pope's pit vipers; a blackboard in the reptile nursery on which someone had chalked "ST PATRICK WAS ANTI-SNAKE;" a pair of red-shouldered hawks that do not belong to the zoo but live there anyway, nesting a hundred feet up in an oak tree; a big Roosevelt elk rubbing his antlers against another tree; a pair of double-toothed barbets mating; a Ross's violet touraco with nesting material in his beak; a great hornbill who knows Mrs. Vincent Astor; two Andean condors' eggs that are expected to hatch any day now, and one kookaburra egg (the kookaburra, or Australian laughing kingfisher, is a bird whose spectacular call is used on the sound track of every jungle movie you've ever seen); a day-old crested-tinamou chick, weight 34.2 grams, who had recently ingested three worms (according to his chart), and who looked entirely satisfied with the Bronx, although his natural habitat is Patagonia.

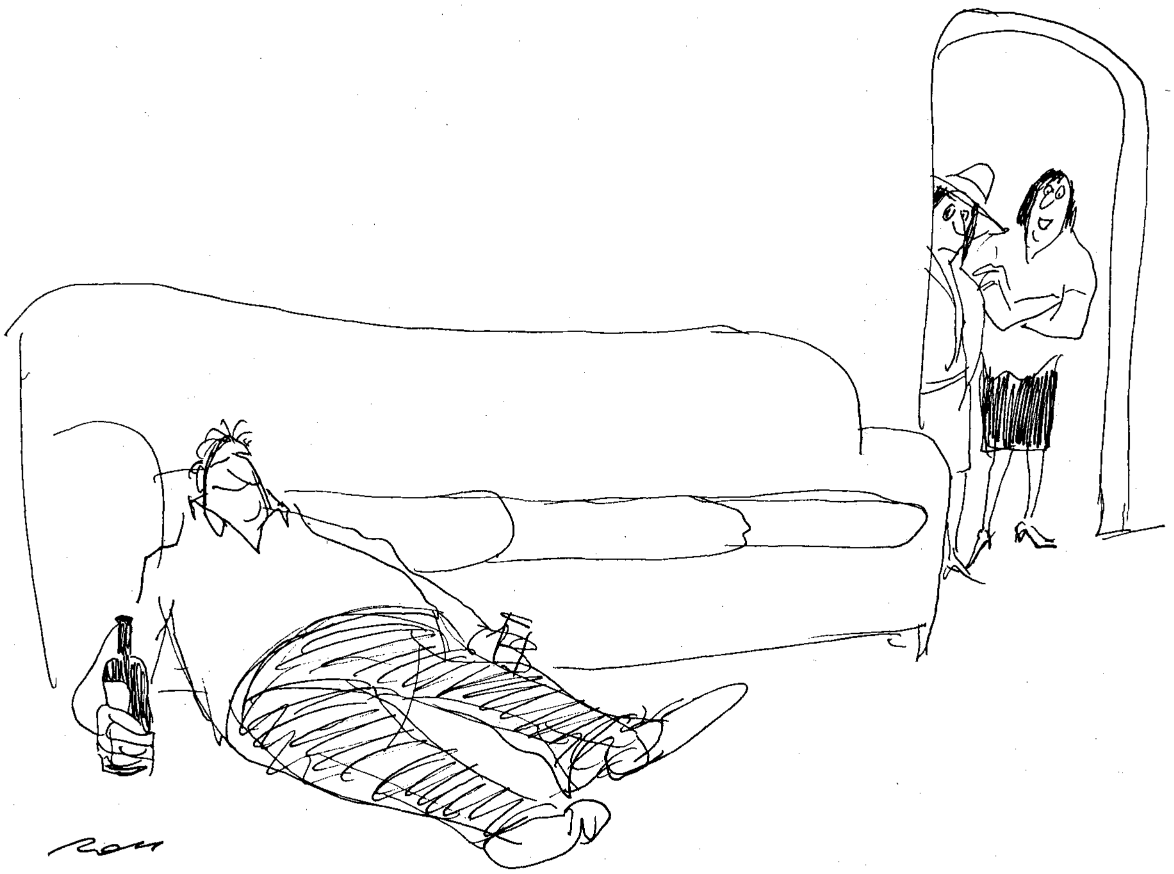
We saw all this and much more in

the ebullient company of William G. Conway, the general director of the New York Zoological Society and a man who clearly enjoys his work. "It's been a three-ring circus around here this morning," he informed us cheerfully when we went to call on him in his office in the administration building. "First, I got a phone call from our research station on St. Catherines Island, in Georgia, to say they'd just had the first hatching of a Leadbeater's cockatoo. It's a magnificent Australian bird, white and Shocking pink, with a huge erectile crest; not yet an endangered species but close to it. Then we had a meeting on the plans for our new Children's Zoo, which is really exciting. One of the features we're discussing is a prairie-dog colony, with a cutaway section so you can see them in their burrows, and right alongside that we plan to have a series of tunnels so the kids can crawl around and pop their heads above ground and see the prairie dogs pop theirs up a few feet away. And I've just come from a meeting about our Uganda project, which is in serious difficulties. Because of the political situation in Uganda, the State Department wants the United States to withdraw its support for the project, but I think we're going to manage to keep it going anyway. We've got twenty man-years of research invested there."

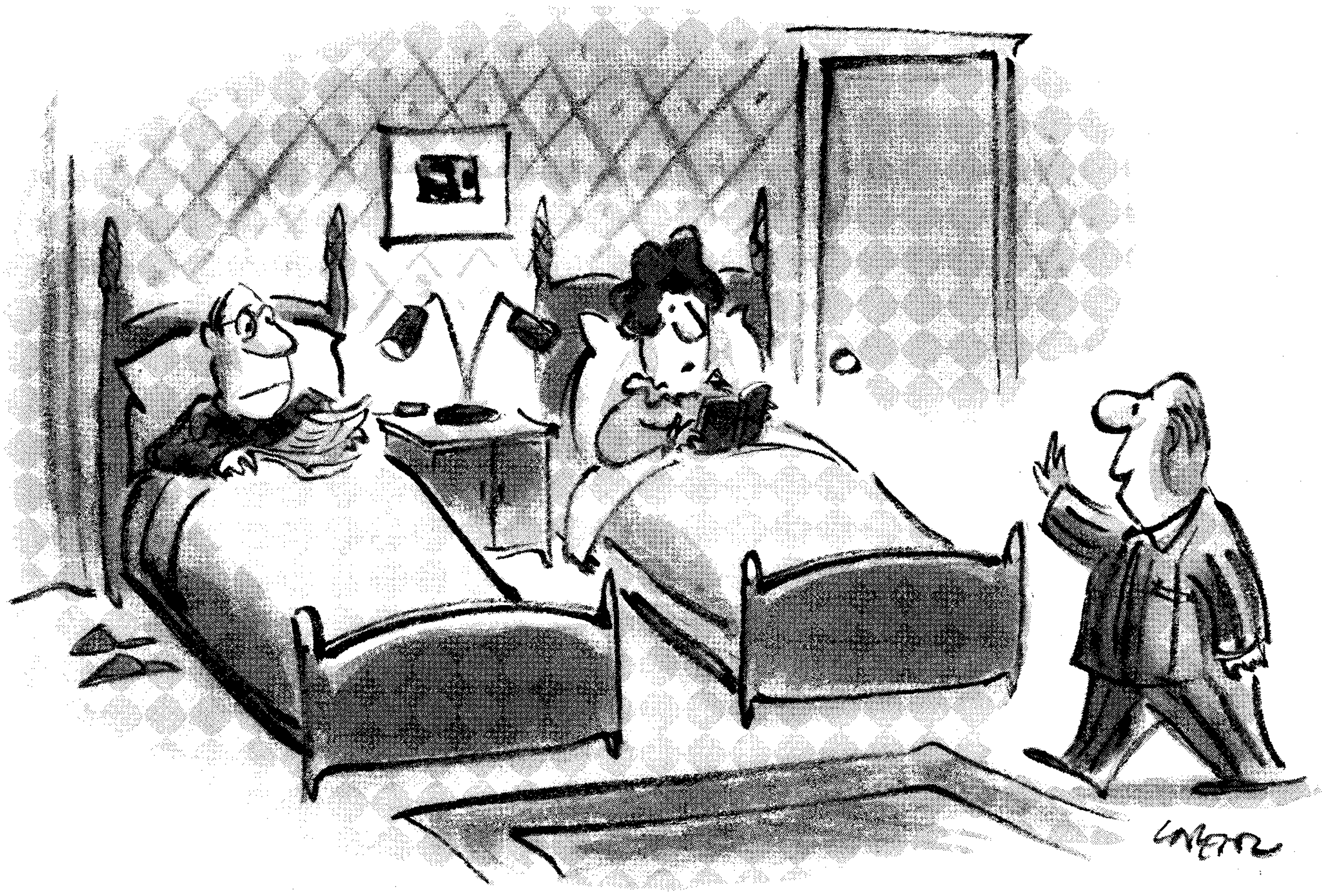
Georgia? Uganda? Mr. Conway sensed a gap in our knowledge of the Zoological Society's widespread operations, and, over a sandwich and soup in the staff dining room, he did not hesitate to fill it. The society, which runs the Bronx Zoo and the New York Aquarium, on Coney Island, is the oldest zoological conservation organization in existence, he told us, and it operates the most extensive research, conservation, and preservation programs of any zoo in the world. The society maintains permanent research stations on St. Catherines Island, where rare or vanishing species of mammals and birds are brought in to breed under controlled conditions; in Argentine Patagonia, where Roger Payne, the man who first made phonograph records of whale songs, is in charge of a project to study whales and dolphins; in Brazil, where the society's most famous field zoologist, George Schaller, is currently consorting with jaguars of the Mato Grosso; and in the Kibale Forest Reserve in Uganda, where Thomas Struhsaker and his colleagues are learning a great deal about wild primates. Last year, the society had long- or short-term projects going in twenty-seven countries. "The main thrust of all of them is to learn enough about wildlife so that rational decisions can be made about the relation of man to the wild, and also to help found conservation programs," Conway said.

"Actually, we started doing fieldwork even before the zoo opened, in 1899," he went on. "The society became interested in the problems of the bighorn sheep in Alaska and did a lot to help them. We've been involved in Africa in a major way since 1950, but we were there as early as 1921, trying to save the white rhino. And you know about the bison? No? Well, around the beginning of the century it was discovered that they were down to a few hundred individuals in our American West—down from more than sixty million. The society formed a small pressure group that got Congress to pass legislation establishing reserves where they could be protected, but by then so many had been shot that there weren't any on the reserves. So we started breeding them right here. And eventually we began shipping bison back to Oklahoma, Montana, South Dakota—some of the places they'd been. We got them firmly established again. There are more than forty thousand in the United States today."

After lunch, we walked over to the Reptile House, where Mr. Conway took us behind the public areas to the keepers' working area, and, finding no one immediately at hand, pushed a button that set off a very loud alarm. Since the alarm is intended for use only when someone has been bitten by a venomous snake (the last such occasion was in 1963), a couple of keepers appeared *very* quickly. Robert Brandner, the senior keeper, then showed us around the nursery, a bright, warm room with a lot of glass-fronted boxes housing infant reptiles. He removed the top of one of these and, using a metal rod with an L-shaped tip, prodded a two-and-a-half-month-old, twenty-two-inch-long king cobra into most convincing action, which ended up with the baby



"It's the one indulgence he allows himself."



"No cause for alarm, folks. I'm Morey Kranshaw, from down the block, and I'm having an out-of-body experience."

• •

snake's head erect, hood flaring. "If he comes out, just move back," Mr. Brandner advised us. Ten years ago, he told us, breeding snakes in captivity was a pretty chancy business, one reason being that nobody was quite sure how to tell a male from a female. "We've learned a lot more about sexing, and about eating habits, temperature needs, parasites, and other things," he said. "We do a lot better now."

Most of the animals in zoos today are zoo-bred, Conway told us a bit later, en route to the World of Birds. "Last year, the Bronx Zoo bred more animals than there are in all the other New York zoos put together—we had some eight hundred and thirty-five births. This is mostly a matter of necessity, considering the decreasing market in wild animals. Every minute of every day, fifty acres of rain forest is destroyed—twenty-seven million acres a year. And, of course, that sort of pressure just ordains the extinction of species. When I first started in the zoo field, there was almost no such thing as an animal in captivity that didn't exist in nature. Now there are plenty, and the number of species keeps growing. All of which means an extraordinary new commitment on the part of the big zoos. Zoos can't save the animals, of course. All the zoos in the world would fit into the borough of Brooklyn, and they contain a total of about six hundred and fifty thousand animals—pitifully few. The most we can hope to do is to step in and try to keep a species going that's endangered in the wild, in the hope that eventually we can get it going in the wild again—if there is any wild left—as we did with the bison. Down at St. Catherines, we're building a herd of sable antelope, which are declining in southeast Africa. We'd like to build a herd of giant sable antelope, which are just about extinct in their native Angola. Maybe, when the trouble dies down in Angola, we can get some breeding stock there, and eventually send some animals back. Animals can modify their behavior more easily than we used to think, and not only in zoos. We're learning that they can do it in the wild as well. This may be the salvation of the whooping crane and the peregrine falcon, and it may even prove to be the salvation of the California condor, although its condition is so desperate—there are so few left—that it may be too late."

Conway fell in love with wildlife when he was growing up, in St. Louis. He came to the Bronx Zoo, from the St. Louis Zoo, in 1956, was named general director of the Zoological Society in 1966, and since then has built a reputation as an innovator, with new facilities such as Wild Asia, which opened last summer—a natural habitat where the animals run free and the spectators are encased within a car moving along a monorail—and the World of Birds, opened in 1972, which is probably the most advanced aviary anywhere. The World of Birds has several habitat rooms with no partition between birds and human beings; it has a "rain-forest" environment that is fifty feet high; it has an extremely productive nursery; and for Conway, who came to the zoo as an associate curator of birds, it is obviously a source of delight. We watched him identify a great many of its inhabitants, among them a black-and-white Chilean torrent duck, who chased his finger back and forth across the glass of his pen, swimming at top speed and kicking up a torrent. The most astonishing-looking bird we saw, though, was the great hornbill, who is named Vera. Vera is enormous, with a serpentine black neck, a great, downcurving yellow bill, and a bony yellowish protrusion on top of the bill which is called a casque and whose use, according to Conway, is not well understood (by people, that is). Vera used to live in the Central Park Zoo. She got loose one day some years ago, flew up Fifth Avenue to the balcony of Mrs. Vincent Astor's apartment, and was later recaptured. Mrs. Astor went to see her in the Central Park Zoo soon afterward and decided that she needed more space and a suitable mate. As a member of the board of the New York Zoological Society and a major benefactor of the Bronx Zoo (she financed Wild Asia, among other things), Mrs. Astor was able to arrange with August Heckscher, the Parks Commissioner at the time, to have Vera transferred to the Bronx and provided with a mate who showed every sign of being suitable. As yet, the pair have not succeeded in rearing a chick, but Conway retains high hopes. Vera is the official mascot of the Women's Committee of the Zoo, every one of whose members is extremely well bred. A very strange-looking bird, Vera, and we wish her all kinds of luck.

Bread Store

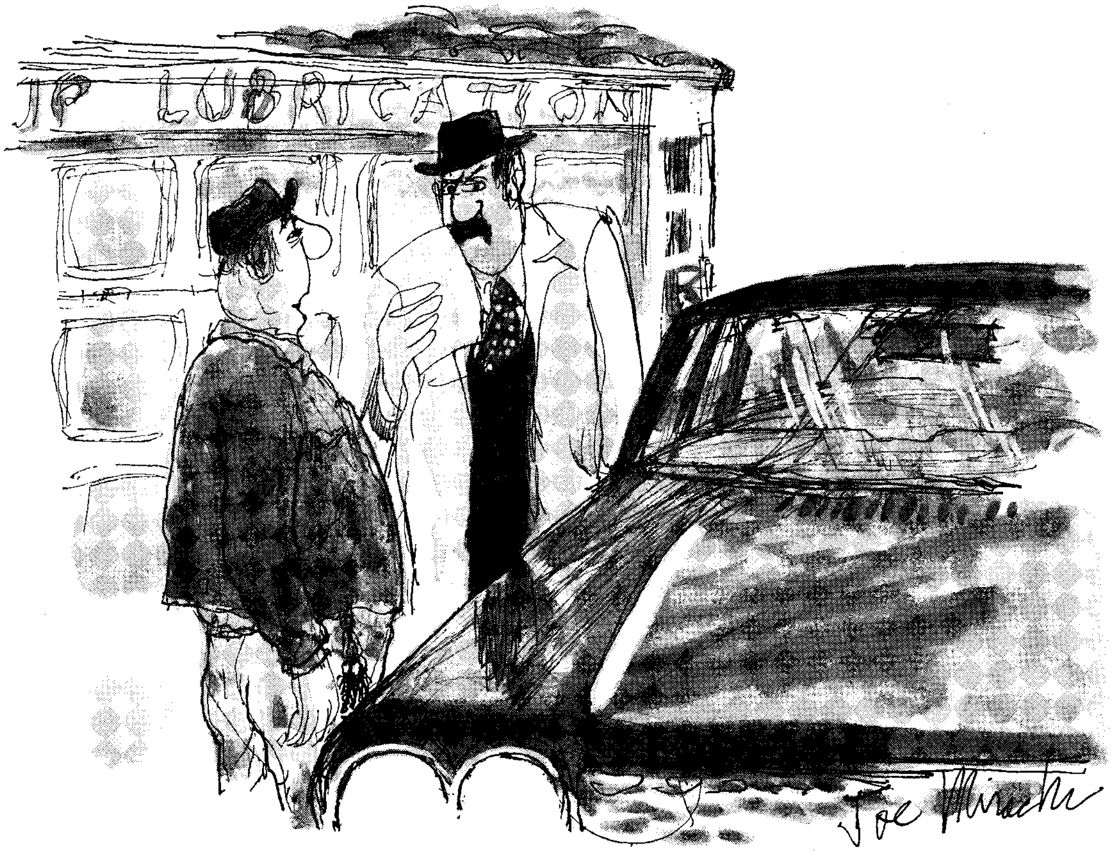
THE A. Zito Bakery, in Greenwich Village, is a regular stop for many shoppers in that area. As some of them probably know, the bakery is the subject of a 1937 photograph, titled "Bread Store, 259 Bleecker Street," by Berenice Abbott which is in the permanent Federal Art Project collection of the Museum of the City of New York. That photograph shows the outside of what appears to be a typical neighborhood Italian bakery; through the plate-glass front window—carrying the name A. Zito—one can see the commanding figure of a woman framed by picketlike rows of bread standing on end and by two bold signs reading "5c." We decided to pay a visit to the store—still at the address one can read in the photograph, No. 259—to find out what the price of its bread is now and to see what other changes have occurred at the Zito Bakery. Standing behind the counter when we went in was Charles Zito, who told us that he and his sister Frances and his brothers Julio and Jimmy had inherited the store from their parents, Anthony and Josephine Zito, who opened it there more than half a century ago. It is Josephine Zito who is seen in the window in the Abbott picture, and Charles said that the family did not know of the picture's existence until after her death. They now have a replica of it displayed on a shelf over the counter.

We began to talk about bread. To say merely that Zito's sells Italian bread is like saying that Tiffany sells diamonds. Zito's Italian bread comes round, oblong, rectangular, small, medium, large, seeded, unseeded, hard, and soft, to list some of the types, and during our visit we observed several customers stymied by the range of choices. Charles Zito told us that Mayor Edward Koch, for one, knows what he likes; just as he's done for years, he still comes in on Saturday mornings to buy a fifty-four-cent whole-wheat loaf. How much longer will the Mayor do this? Perhaps—like Frank Sinatra, who has Zito's Sicilian bread with seeds sent to his hotel when he's in town—he'll eventually have his bread delivered. Mr. Zito invited us downstairs to see the bakery's ovens in operation. There are two large brick ovens, and in front of one of them two white-clothed bakers were shovelling out cooked loaves with long wooden paddles; a third baker was loading uncooked loaves into the other oven with the same kind of paddle. These brick ovens, which hold a hundred and fifty loaves apiece and produce bread six times a day—between 5 A.M. and 6:30 P.M.—are the source of what some hold to be the perfection of the Zito bread. Had the ovens been in the store when Berenice Abbott took her picture, we asked. Charles Zito nodded, smiling. The ovens had been there for more than a hundred years, having been taken over from an older bakery when Zito's opened, in 1922, he said, and he handed us a large, round loaf of freshly baked bread.

As we climbed up from the sweet-smelling basement, clutching the warm loaf, we felt comforted that in a world of change this small store, whose business is, after all, the staff of life, has re-

"I know exactly what you mean. Sometimes I just turn the radio on FM and think, think, think."

mained the same. Except, understandably, for the prices. The nickel loaf advertised in the Berenice Abbott picture is now forty cents.



"If you recall, I didn't give you an 'estimate.' I gave you a 'ballpark figure.'"

• •

Whistling

KENNETH LEVINE, a lapsed civil engineer who has been selling skateboarding equipment wholesale for the past couple of years and will soon open a shop on East Eighty-third Street called City Skateboards, does not believe in the economic feasibility of whistles. Because he makes a solid-enough living carrying a standard line of goods—stuff like Z-Flex and Tony Alva boards, at thirty-three dollars each; Gull Wing HPG IV axle trucks, at twenty-seven dollars a pair; and Power Flex four-color 91-durometer wheels, at thirty dollars a set—Mr. Levine recently turned away a jobber who asked whether he would like to stock nickel-plated whistles that would sell for only a dollar. However, from some observations that we've been making in Central Park—along a five-block stretch of roadway extending from Seventy-ninth Street down to Seventy-fourth Street and known among skateboarders as Highway Hill—we would like to offer the following constructive suggestion: *Rethink whistles*, Mr. Levine. A couple of weeks ago, Mr. Levine's fourteen-year-old son, Mark, fractured a bone in his right foot while skateboarding. Apparently, the Levine family doesn't realize that the vogue for being disabled by skateboarding injuries has lost its glow. Or that the vogue for aerosol noisemakers has lost *its* glow. Or that the vogue for whistling skateboarding has arrived.

To say that the skateboarders and the bicyclists who share Central Park on weekends resent each other's presence is to understate the antipathy that exists between the two groups. At various times, the skateboarders have petitioned the Department of Parks and Recreation for a lane of Highway Hill all to themselves, and the bikers have tried to get the skateboarders banned from the Park entirely. Both groups have been unsuccessful. In the face of this unfriendly stalemate, a few of the skateboarders began coming to the Park several months ago with aerosol-powered foghorns, which they used to beep traffic out of the way. These devices grew unwieldy and passé, however, when it became popular to ride downhill while doing a handstand. Their decline paved the way for bite-size nickel-plated whistles, which seem to be here to stay.

Whistling skateboarding works like this: On a weekend afternoon, a group of twenty or so fearless adolescents and pre-adolescents slowly masses at the top of Highway Hill. The early arrivals wait for the stragglers—those who are slow making the uphill walk from the previous run. Someone passes around an adjustable wrench that is kept handy to tighten the bolts on the trucks, just to make sure that no one loses a wheel at thirty miles per hour. The congenitally leery check the surrounding landscape, hoping not to spy a certain bold and accomplished young skateboard thief who is alleged to do his mugging in the Park. A skateboarder named José, who has just finished eating a hot dog, notices that he has dropped sauerkraut and mustard on his skateboard, and looks sheepish. A couple of teen-age girls wearing goose-down vests, one green and the other blue, pass by. The girl in green has a plaster cast on one foot and is riding in a shopping cart, which is pushed by her friend. She says to the gawking skateboarders, "Stop looking at me like I'm crazy or something. I'm not riding around in this shopping cart for looks, you know." The girls move on. Someone asks an eleven-year-old skateboarder called Phil, who has appeared in some television commercials, whether his agent will be waiting at the bottom of Highway Hill.

"No, my agent's in California," says Phil.

"I thought you fired that agent," the other person says.

Finally, there is a moment of silence. It is broken when a voice in the crowd announces, "O.K., tighten up, now. Everybody without a board, outa the way. We're gonna juice this hill!"

Then, with running-push starts, they are off—an almost-flying wedge, crouched low for aerodynamic efficiency, whistles shrilling, juicing the hill. From below, the approaching horde appears about as benign as an invasion of high-octane banshees. At the bottom, the skateboarders regroup, begin the long trudge back up to Seventy-ninth Street, and prepare to juice Highway Hill once more, whistling.

SERENADE

Saturday. Why are we here? There are twenty-five of us in one room, with bath. The room is locked from the outside and is unfurnished, except for low cushioned benches along the walls, where we sleep, and twenty-five Venetian-glass bonbon services. We wear at all times the regulation blue negligee, and most of our personal belongings have been confiscated, particularly those items good for hollow displays of independence: our horn-rims, compacts, step-ins, carryalls.

We arrived here, one by one, the night before last. We have not seen him since, the man we were taken by, yet so great is the power of his indifference that we are able to make only the smallest, most circumscribed movements, such as twining a strand of hair around one finger.

I was taken around midnight, in the garden just beyond my kitchen door. I had gone out to investigate a sudden fear that something unusual would never happen to me, and there he was, in the dark, a figure. He was wearing either all black or all white—I could not be sure, for the authority of his form against the tangled, familiar shrubbery caused him to read as featureless surface and I was not able to tell whether he absorbed or reflected light. He carried a thin glittering object in one hand.

"What do you want?" I said.

He made no reply.

"Why so withdrawn?" I said.

With a savagery that bordered on total inattention, he said nothing.

"Fine!" I screamed. "Don't bother to draw me a diagram! I'm boring! I'm of no interest! You put me at naught! Well, for your information, you don't know anything about me yet! What do you want—the dance of the seven espadrilles? What is it you want?" (One partner always cares a little more than the other.)

I must have fainted then. What followed: The chloroformed hankie? The wrist bonds? Freedom glimpsed one last time through the black tulle curtains of a limousine rolling away? I cannot remember. When I came to my senses, I was in a limousine with black tulle curtains, rolling away. No point in mincing words here: I was definitely not driving. To shirk the truth in one's own journal is like going to a dinner party and letting cigarette ash drift down one's décolletage and coming home afterward and saying to oneself, "Thank goodness I did not let cigarette ash drift down my décolletage, and thank goodness, too, that I have the courage not to deceive myself about it."

Sunday. So far, very little interaction among the women—only shared confusion and a growing consciousness that whoever bought these negligees paid for a designer name while settling for inferior materials and workmanship.

Monday. Today, our first discussion:

"What does he want?"

"He has no use for us. He doesn't like us."

"But he's kept us for three days."

"Maybe he believes in long engagements."

"He just wants us to play hard to get."

"Maybe it's a test. We guess what he wants."

"Outreach?"

"What if every one of us writes him a note explaining why she's interesting?"

"What would you say?"

"Well, I'm not a good example."

"No way to talk. Besides, you're with me, we're with them, as an ensemble we have a certain geometric charm."

"Maybe he's a prude."

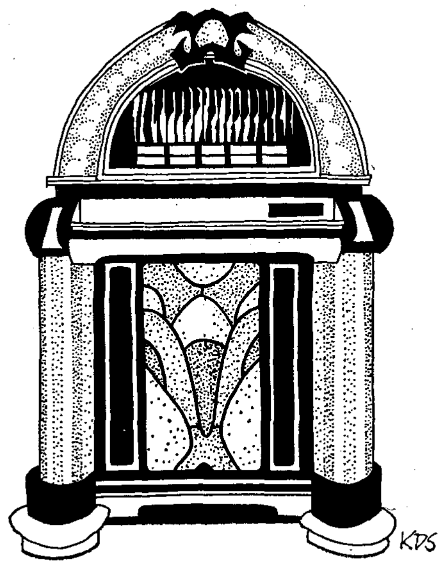
"Or a eunuch."

"Doubtful. From what little I saw . . ."

"He doesn't exactly have hair-trigger responses."

"If he loses interest this easily, he's going to dump us and import some new talent to leave alone. Younger talent, whose perfect breasts rise with equal curves on every side and equally terminate in their apexes, whose—"

"The way he ignores us—I see it as kind of a higher form of interest."



"What evidence do we have of that?"

"We're here, aren't we?"

Wednesday. We still have not laid eyes on him. He's not rushing us: that's clever of him. I shudder to think of the passion that lies beneath his absence. . . .

Why am I keeping this journal? (a) Because I am different. (b) Because I hold the conviction that as the centuries march on, and civilization advances, and the relations between men and women become more interesting on account of our not knowing, now, what they will be, women like me will be recognized as extraordinary marginal curiosities. (Such, I believe, is already the case in Scandinavia.) And yet, now that I am having an experience whose unusualness is commensurate with my own, I wonder: With two dozen other women inhaling the same privileged air, is the experience unusual *enough*?

Monday. Today we played "Lifeboat."

"O.K., you have ten survivors. The nun, the pregnant woman, the majorette, the ninety-year-old lady, the little girl, the waitress, the nurse, the robber—how many is that? Oh, and the little girl's mother and Helen Frankenthaler. Who do you throw off?"

"The robber is a man?"

"Yes. Come on. Which one?"

"You can't throw off the pregnant woman, because that's taking two lives instead of one. You can't throw off the little girl, because she has her whole life—"

"Is it a male nurse?"

"No."

"Throw off the waitress."

"Élitism."

"Throw off Frankenthaler. What's art anyway? Somebody making some little something."

"This is disgusting."

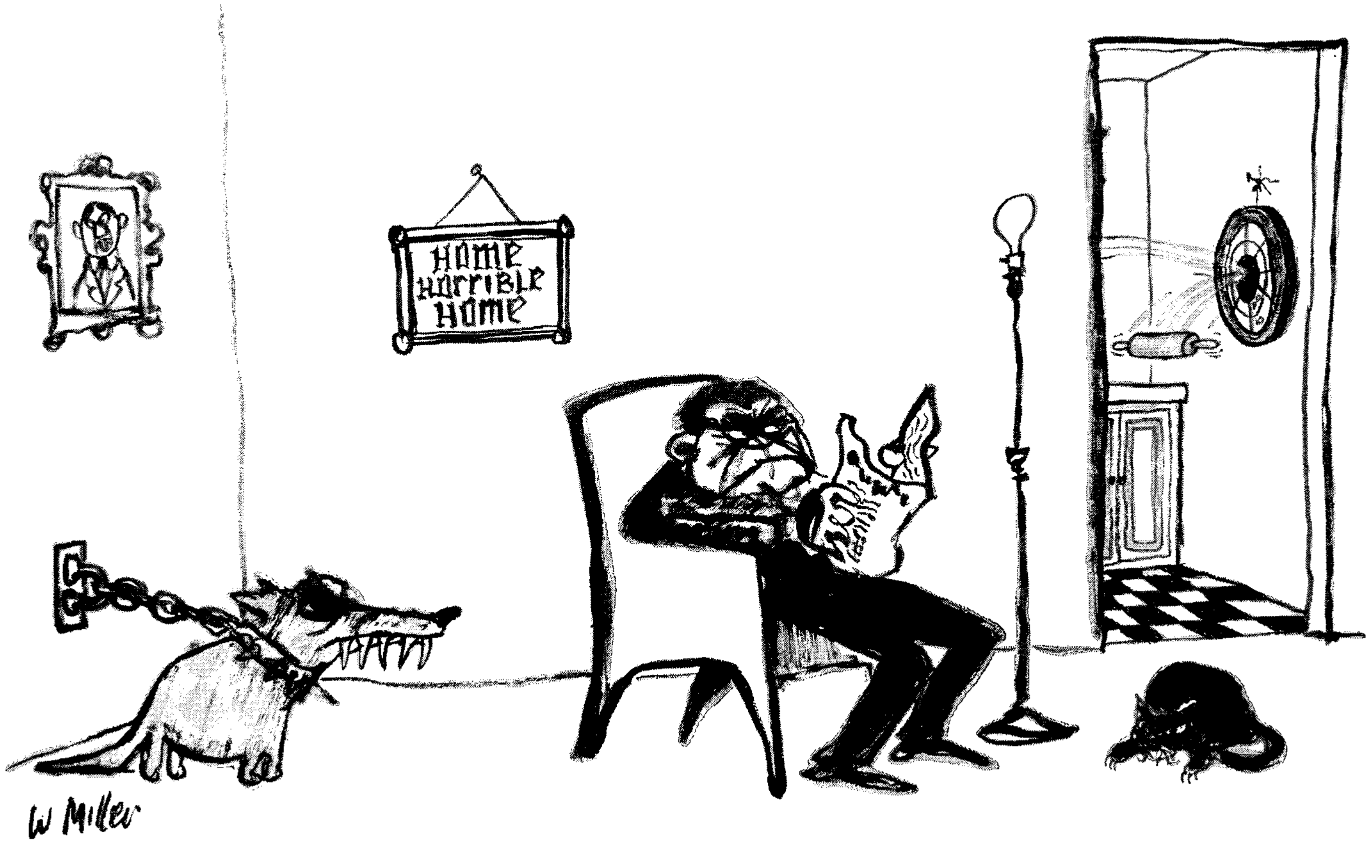
"I don't want to play."

"Can't we change it to a *male* nurse?"

"No."

"An orderly?"

Some Weeks Later. We are slowly recovering the use of our limbs. Twenty-five women have an amazing number of limbs. There are problems of collision and entanglement, especially for me, the tallest. Somebody else is walking around with my pedicure. Twenty-five women take an incredibly long time to get ready for bed, and at night, Flavia, who sleeps at my feet, grinds her teeth on her bite plate. To-



day, though, I cheered everyone up by pretending to be a barmaid—taking orders and serving imaginary drinks. More discussion as we sipped our slings, toddies, and shrubs.

"I don't ask much of a man, but there must be something a bit more variegated than this."

"He's boring in every way."

"His life is a mess and he had no right to involve us in it."

"Get serious. We came here on our own fifty feet."

"But remain under duress."

"Reread your Millstonecraft and De Beauwoolf. Duress is no one-way street."

"Well, it ain't the Boulevard of Dreams."

"All I know is, this situation is his fault and I'm not leaving here till he does something about it."

SUMMER. Over the past months, impatience has driven us to accumulate some power, mostly by mail-order. Flavia has obtained, under a false name, membership in the St. Vincent Ferrer Boys' Club, from a membership mill in Alabama. Rufa has gained possession of a quantity of information, which she carries in a briefcase of quality leather. Narcissa has become adept at power-yoga and sits cross-legged three hours a day, intoning, "I won't knuckle under to the marketing arm." Chloe is making a knife. I am a matriculant in a correspondence school and have learned to draw pie graphs with the largest wedge labelled Fossil Fuels. I'm not sure we're getting this stuff right.

LATE SUMMER. The lack of food is, to me, one of the most unfortunate features of

Just as I was starting to write, an astonishing thing happened. I was staring up at the only window, which is high in the wall opposite the door and covered with a stout latticework of nylon rope that looks as if it was knotted by some person mad with pain. Through the window I could see patches of bright green against a background of gray cement that I know to be the west façade of the Port Authority Building. From here, the gray has a sparse, dry quality, devoid of physical presence, and I was seized by the inexplicable sense of remoteness that is a feature of life in confinement. Then I noticed that the patches of green were moving, falling. They looked like hunks of lawn or artificial turf. Divots! That can mean only one thing: he lives directly above us and is none other than the Midnight Ambler, the international outlaw who asserts his lack of interest in women by flaunting his preference for a form of miniature golf played on a mined course, roaming the dark streets with his diminutive putter in search of an all-night game.

We decided to confront him with what we know. We composed the letter collectively:

"We know who you are," I began. "We know you are the Midnight Ambler, a man believed to be Georges Distrait, a.k.a. Karl Ludwig von Blas, who was detained by the police in Geneva in 1968 on charges of failure to attend a compulsory educational film on the estrogen cycle."

"We know you are the enemy of women everywhere, and so we are no longer at the mercy of your every move—"

"Or should we say your every failure to move. Love us or leave us, we could care less. Your behavior is wrong."

"Grievously wrong."

"More wrong than you'll ever know."

"Wrong and then some."

"We are leaving. We have the power to do that now, because we have come to care less about you than you care about us—"

"If that is possible."

"If it is not possible, we have the power anyway. Until we get it together to leave, we demand regular meals. We also demand free beer and soda, and all other drinks at half price."

I believe that some of the women see our ultimatum as a ploy and hope it will penetrate his heart. The rest study the rope latticework at the window and practice neck-craning in an effort to work out some means of escape.

We all show signs of nervousness. Earlier, Flavia's bite plate fell onto the floor with a tiny *click* and we stampeded for forty-five minutes.

The Next Morning. When we awoke, the bonbon services were filled with scrambled eggs. At each place was a demitasse of hot coffee and a small gold-tipped cigarette. Under each cup was a letter, folded many times. The letters were all handwritten but in content identical:

"Darling: I have been wrong. I offer no excuses for my crimes of disdain, but try to understand. I was a middle child. I was a planned child, and because I was planned I thought I must seek a perfection that I now realize is hateful, for it leaves others with nothing to forgive, which is too little, or everything to forgive, which is too much. I was arrested for peeping at the age of six. Of the rest of my career, you know the essentials. I am overtired. The point is, I have changed. Last year, I sought out twenty-five of you at random, in the hope that one or two of you might work out. I have been watching you through a hole in the floor of my room. This has been a healing experience for me. You have all worked out. You have not hurt me, and until now you have asked for nothing in return. I have fallen in love with you. I am prepared to trust you. I am prepared to give up my freedom, for freedom is an idea so nearly perfect that the only thing left to do is renounce it. I have ordered mother-of-pearl wainscoting for your room, and for the bath a Steri-Matron, which dries the hands in antiseptic waves of ultraviolet light and electrically generated hot air. I have had twenty-five canvas carryalls printed up with my photograph on them, and I wish to present one to each of you personally, tonight at midnight, when the silk-screening is dry. At that time I shall ask you to marry me and remain here so that I can worship you forever. Truly I am a worshipper of women. Could I be otherwise with such an anguished past?

"XXXXX
"XXXXX
"XXXXX
"XXXXX
"XXXXX
"The Midnight Ambler."

Many of us cried. But the discussion was brief:

"It's not enough. What he's offering."

"Do we *have* to hold out for enough?"

"I believe he loves me. But he took too long."

"Too long for what?"

"He did take a long time. Still, a lot of that time he was writing out these letters."

"I kind of empathize. Is that crazy?"

We agreed to go.

That Afternoon. We have been talking over the problem of the favorite. We know, from our reading in the literature of harems, that there is always a favorite. We also know, from our reading in the literature of favoritism, that the favorite is not always the best. That she may have advanced herself by perfidy, pregnancy, or willingness to take on administrative tasks. That even when she is the best, she will, at the whim of the favorer, be supplanted by a new favorite, who may have advanced herself by currying, cowrie-shell amulets, or willingness to transcend mere administrative tasks. We know that the system can accommodate only one favorite at a time. We know that the favorite will high-hat the others, and that the others will wish to blow the favorite to kingdom come.

We are determined that if we stay—which we won't—there must be no favorites.

That Evening. It is almost time to put away this journal. I have attempted to explore here the dualities in my own nature, which, when I look into the mirror, I see even in my face: the upper half all eyes and nose, the lower all mouth and chin. The eyes and nose of an ordinary woman, the mouth and chin of a favorite.

Later. We found that we could lift the smallest of us up to the window and hold her by her ankles while she cut the ropes with Chloe's knife. By this time it was full night. In the dark room, women were raised to the window, one by one. I could hear the soft rending of blue chiffon as they dropped to the street below. I, the tallest, was left for last. The others tied the bits of rope together and tossed one end back to me through the window. I took it. I wanted to see the Midnight Ambler.

I must have been standing there for a few minutes, barely hearing the whispered instructions from outside, when a fold of satin gleamed in the room: the Ambler. He was all in white and looked exactly as I wished him to look—a good build dominated by a single head. In one hand he carried a silver putter.

"What do you want?" I asked, trembling.

"It is you who want," he said. "I have viewed the escape through my floor. You waited."

"I wanted to find out what you want."

"Polygamy is on the way out," he said, "and not only among the masses. Even members of the National Security Council now content themselves with one wife. Someone must take up the slack. This is the moment I have been waiting for. It coincides with some change in myself. I love all of you. Persuade them to stay. You can do it. They respect you, you are cultivated, you are tall. What do I want? Call it an extended family. An ordinary man and ordinary women living an ordinary life."

"What do you know of ordinary life?" I said. "Do you know the difference between an infant and a newborn baby? What are the three hidden signs of charm and personality in a spouse? In a society not dependent on subsistence production and in which the inside of a gal's purse is not considered an index of character, how do you decide which wife will be the favorite?"

"I don't want to hurt anybody's feelings."

"Maybe you should favor Flavia. She's O.K.—almost a virgin and not quite a dunce. Or Narcissa—not quite ugly and almost sane. Or Chloe—almost decent and not quite dead."

"Or you," he said. His cologne was subtle and deranging.

"It's difficult to know," I said, "whether to ruin everything just to satisfy one's own erotic curiosity."

"Ruin?" he said. "Ruin is par for the course."

I wasn't ready for this. I took the rope and, struggling, began to climb. I felt him moving quickly toward me, and then I felt a rung beneath my foot. I looked down: the silver putter.

"Thank you," I said.

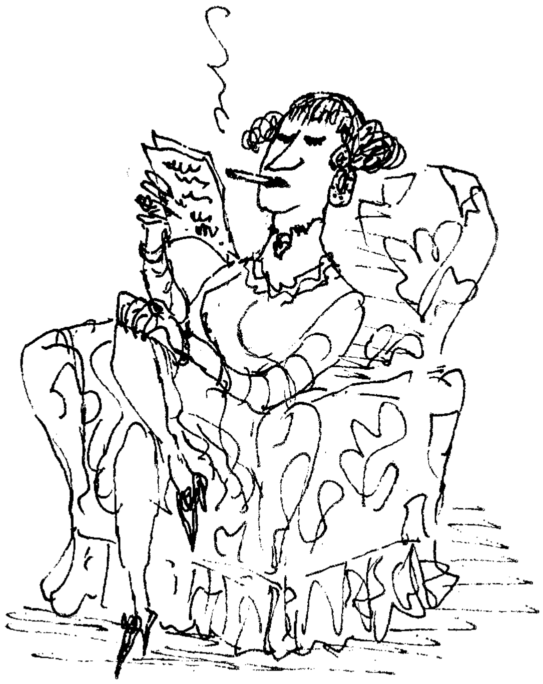
"You must love freedom," he said.

"Some of it."

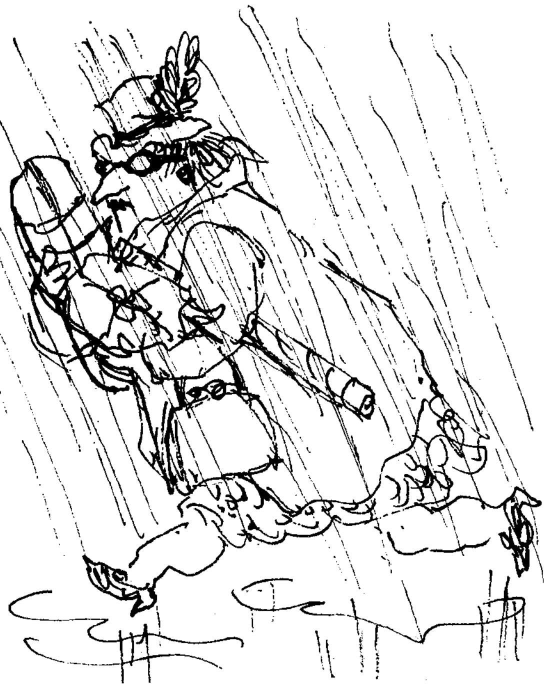
I settled the arch of my foot firmly on the putter and pushed myself up and through the window. What seemed at that moment like forever turned out to be a relatively long time.

—Veronica Geng

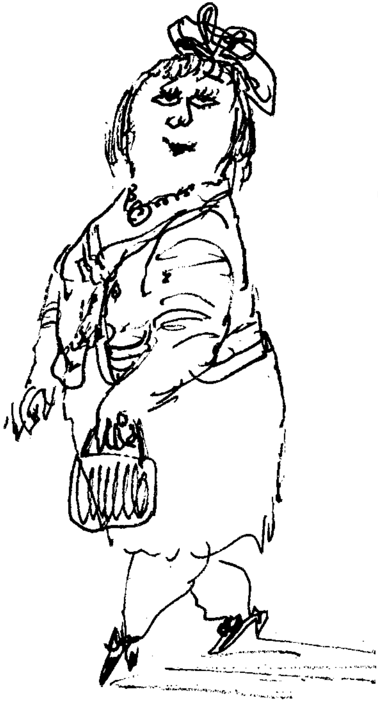
FELLOW MEN



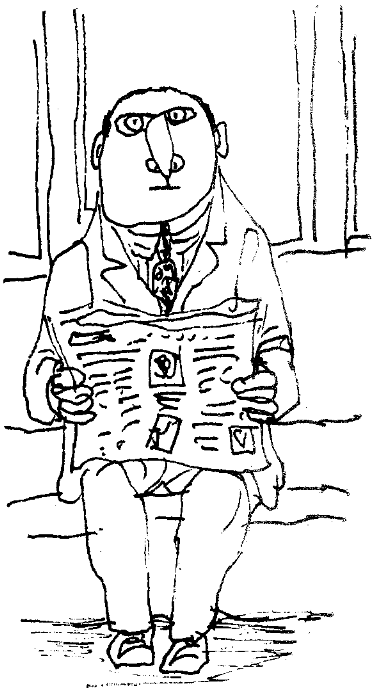
Woman Reading Love Letter



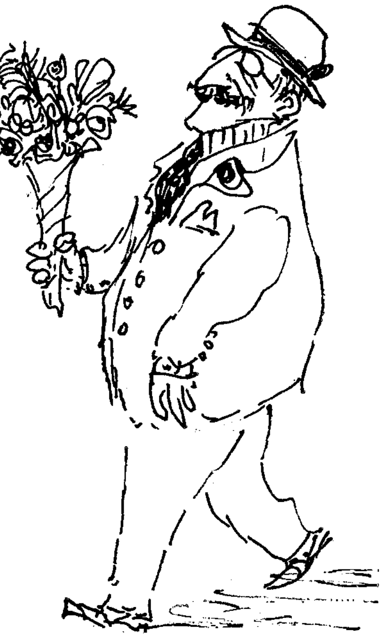
Freighter Headed for Nearest Port



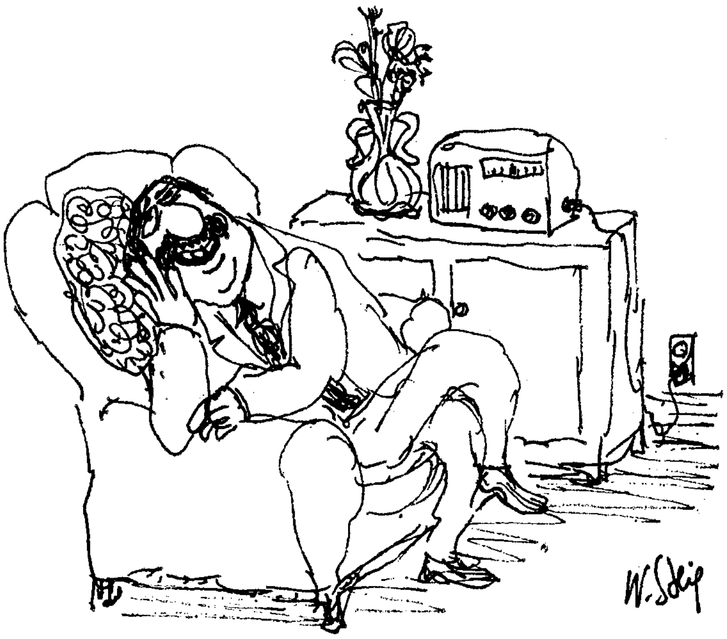
Pedestrian Catching Reflection in Store Window



Subway Rider in a Staring Duel



The Elderly Suitor



Connoisseur of Coloratura Sopranos

DOWN ON THE FARM

THERE were footsteps inside the house. There was a shadow coming up behind the screen door, but Elvin looked overhead and saw the wasps. He was standing on the old home-poured concrete step, with his wife and his son, and his fingers pressed against the screen. The day was cooking hotter and hotter, and the wasps drifted alongside the house and hung upside down under the eaves. Then they unfolded their wings, let go, and some more came. The black wasps were packing a mud nest in a crack between the eaves and the wall of the farmhouse.

Mother came out the door to place kisses on the family. "This is joy," she said. "Give Grandma some sugar." She kissed Bobby, Elvin's son, calling him Bob this time. She kissed Lois, his wife, and she kissed Elvin on the forehead.

"Doesn't your mother look wonderful," Lois said to Elvin. She kissed Mother again. "Your skin color is so good. Your hair is fixed so nice."

"Oh, it's gray hair," Mother said. Daddy came out the door and Elvin pointed up. He told Daddy what the wasps were doing. Daddy let go of the door and looked.

"As long as they don't get inside the house again," Daddy said. He was wearing the trousers that he always wore to church, his white church shirt, and a bright, skinny tie. "A while back, I called a colored man out. He climbed in the attic and sealed between those rafters and the dry wall. Then I sent him around the foundation. The crazy things got inside the walls somehow this year."

"Daddy, for twenty years they've been nesting in the walls," Elvin said. He tried to make Daddy remember all the times that the buzzing in the wall by his pillow had scared him awake. Come morning, Mother would climb the stairs and find Elvin asleep in the middle of the floor, on top of the rag rug she had made, with a white sheet pulled all the way over his head. Surely Daddy had to remember that. Daddy remembered some bees and having to smoke them out of the walls, but he could not place any wasps in his mind. He said he did think it was pretty hot standing on the porch with a tie on.

They went inside. The heat wave had moved in there, too—at least as far as the kitchen. Mother talked about the morning weatherman predicting that the whole state would be dry as the bottom of a bucket for another two weeks. He was calling for some soaring temperatures. "But we're saved," Mother said. She pointed to the new air-conditioner in the living room. She said Daddy had got it in Oklahoma City at a good price.

Then, as he was supposed to do, Elvin saw his sister Janie and her husband, Curtis, sitting on straight-back chairs in the corner by the bookcase.

"You're here. We didn't see your car," Elvin said.

"We beat you guys," Curtis said. "You bet we did. We have a vacation and we don't mess around on the road. Look how far we came, and we beat you."

Everyone shook hands and kissed. Elvin and Janie stood toe to toe, and said nice things about each other's state of preservation. Janie turned to Lois and said that Lois was so tan and happy-looking, and that Bob was getting to be as big as Elvin now.

"Big Bobby, do you know where your cousins are?" Curtis said. "At the barn—making hay in the hay probably. Ha."

"I'll go out there," Bob said.

"You should see Betty Lynn," Curtis said. "All you guys should. She's grown, too." He put his hands in front of his chest. "She grew where it counts," Curtis said, and laughed and looked at Bob.

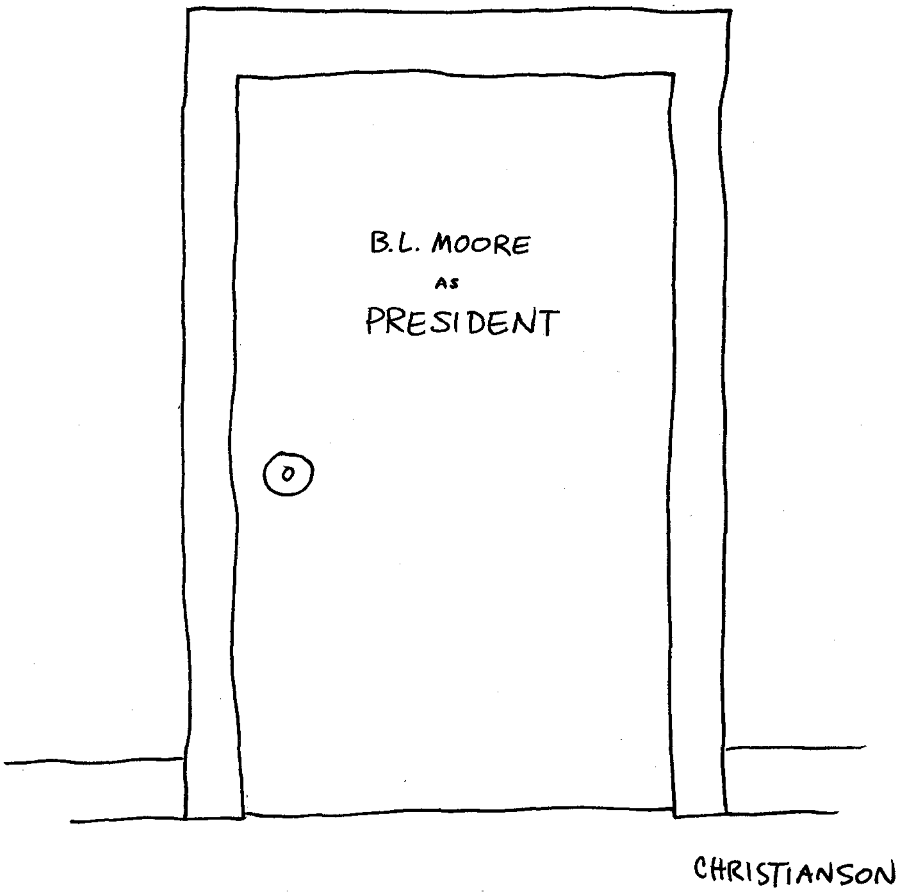
"Lois and I are going to be helping Mother in the kitchen, Curt," Janie said.

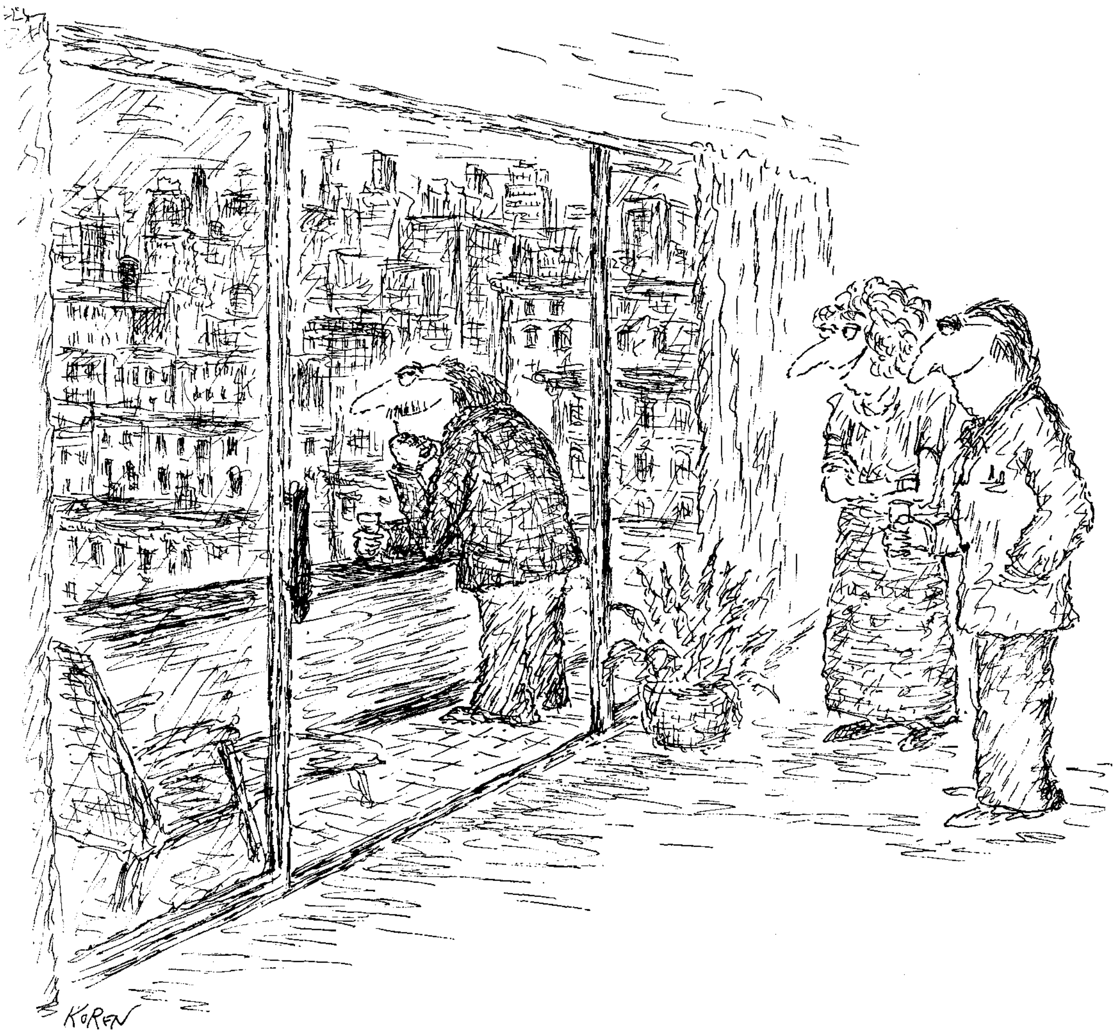
"Yes, you be a good girl and help someone." Curtis smiled at Janie, and when Janie did not smile back at all he smiled at everyone else. "She told me to be nice today," he said.

Daddy sat in his recliner, which was as close as it could be to the air-conditioner. The hairs on the side of his head blew around, and Elvin kidded Daddy about letting the rest of his hair blow away. Daddy did not hear Elvin the first time. Curtis was looking over the television set, seeing how many controls it had. It was a color set Elvin had given to Mother and Daddy the year Daddy worried about the farm going broke or the milk cows drying up. Or Daddy worried that a cow might kick him and he would be laid up and what would Mother do. Daddy was afraid to go near a cow. When Elvin gave him the television, Daddy watched the news and then he started watching everything. Next he started liking his cows again. Daddy stopped rubbing his chin all the time. He wasn't crazy anymore.

"See they bought themselves color de-luxe since I was here last," Curtis said. "Those rich farmers cry they're so dirt poor, and all of them have their luxuries."

"Daddy needs that to watch the farm report," Elvin said.





"New York is a constant nourishment for Daniel."

"Sure," Curtis said. "I should have the government pay me to be rich." Then he said he wanted everyone to take a look at the new ring he had got Janie. "It was a sentimental wedding-anniversary present," Curtis said. "And I don't care if it wasn't a big anniversary. It was number nineteen. But I think big. When you see that ring you'll see what I mean. You'll see what diamonds are all about."

In the kitchen, Mother took down eleven plates and said, "All my daughters are sweet." Mother hugged Lois. Mother squeezed Janie's hand. Janie bent over to light the pilot on the stove. Lois looked at Janie's face, not at her big ring.

THE plates were set at the long table in the side room. In the kitchen, Curtis and Janie's little ones—two girls and a boy—sat at the old white enamelled table. But Bob and Betty Lynn got to sit across from each other at the adults' table. Curtis stood the teen-agers back to back before he would let them take their seats. Betty Lynn was probably half an inch taller, and she was sun-blond. Bob felt the curves of his cousin's back, her pink dress pressed against his shirt. "See," Curtis said to Elvin.

Dinner was pot roast on a platter, with boiled potatoes and carrots piled around the meat, and there was brown gravy, corn on the cob, corn bread, green beans from the garden by the well, homemade bread-and-butter pickles, and sweet pickles. The butter had gone soft by the time Daddy finished a special grace. "Thank you, Lord, for bringing us from our homes safely so we can fellowship together," Daddy said. Then they helped themselves to the food. Everyone drank ice tea with sugar except Daddy, who had chocolate milk with ice cubes in it, and Mother, who drank buttermilk. Curtis went outside after he had filled his plate. He brought back a beer.

"Betty Lynn was Junior Prom Queen," Janie said. Betty Lynn made a face and kept eating. Elvin saw Bob look across the table.

Mother said she was so proud of her pretty granddaughter. Daddy said, "Betty Lynn's looks take naturally after her mother." Curtis laughed, but Janie let it slide. She did not look at him.

"Let's hear how many girlfriends Bobby has," Curtis said.

Bob raised his head from eating. "I guess I've had as many as you had, Uncle," he said, making Elvin smile.

"How many was that? Tell us, Curt," Janie said.

Curt did not tell. He finished the beer. "Bob, I keep reading in those polls that all the girls your age today aren't virgins," he said. "Is that right, Bobby? Do you know a lot of girls who can't stay on their feet? Would that be true of your generation, too?"

Betty Lynn pressed her lips together and shook her head. Janie said for Curtis to please shut his mouth.

"Don't be getting into a position to tell me what to do," Curtis said. "Just stick with that one position of yours."

Janie's face went flat. Elvin's chair squeaked when he was halfway out of it. Elvin told Curtis, quietly, to mind his tongue in Mother and Daddy's house. Curtis said it was all joking, but when Elvin sat down Curtis said nothing. He only looked mean. Mother asked Janie how the other grandchildren had done in school this year. Curtis looked only at Janie.

The three young children were eating, and watching flies in the kitchen. The flies were caught in between the bottom double panes of glass in the big kitchen window. The boy reminded his sisters about the firecrackers their father had in the car. They had bought them as soon as they drove into the Panhandle, where firecrackers were legal and were sold at roadside stands. The boy said, "If we can't blow up these flies around here, we could blow up anthills. What do you think?" His sisters said yes, he could do that.

JANIE and Lois cleared the table and washed the china plates. Mother said she had to lie down on the davenport for a spell. The water coming out of the sink faucet was rust-orange color, and it smelled rotten from the sulphur in it. "Has your well water always been this bad?" Lois asked. Janie said sometimes it had been worse. After the war, the water table had fallen and the water had been brownish. Before the war, before the farm had indoor plumbing and an electric pump, they had a better well. But the hand pump was always a lot of work for Elvin and Janie. They had to go out and push and pull on the handle. "We were stuck with it," Janie said. "Every day, it was one of our chores and they made us do it."

Elvin and Daddy had taken a walk to the barn. Elvin unbuttoned the top of his shirt, but Daddy kept his tie on, and the collar of his shirt covered his sunburned neck. The red paint on the outside of the barn was fading and peeling. The inside of the barn was as light as the elm-tree shadows back at the farmhouse. The sun fell through a hundred holes far up in the roof and the rest of the dim light came from between the boards on the side. Daddy had filled the barn with new bales of hay, stacking them like green blocks as high as they would go. The hay had the dry, sweet smell it got when the door was closed on it for a few hot weeks.

"I really don't see what's holding your barn up anymore," Elvin said. He was checking two boards in the wall. They were strapped together with baling wire, but still there was a space between the boards and the ground big enough for a cat to crawl under. "How can you let it get like this?" he said. "It'll get worse. Then it will be harder to fix. I could take a week off and help you tin the roof."

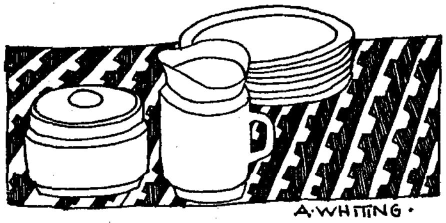
Daddy was leaning over a corner pen and feeding a cow from a busted bale of hay. He had hay stuck to his trousers, and sweat was running off his face and from his armpits. The cow took hay from Daddy's hands, and when she chewed she moved her head from side to side. The chewing noise was a swish. "See this cow—she's fresh," Daddy said. Then Daddy asked Elvin if he knew what had got ahold of that Curtis.

Elvin said he didn't think it was serious. He didn't think it could be Curtis's job. Maybe the heat at this time of the year bothered Curtis, since where he was from was not like Oklahoma. "And me? Don't ask about me. Lois and I are living the good life," Elvin said. "It's this barn you better worry about, Daddy."

"She does leak like a whore," Daddy said.

IN back of the farmhouse, under the elms, the trunk lid of Curtis's car was up and all of Curtis's children were looking inside. Bob and Betty Lynn were there, because Janie had said they were supposed to keep the little ones from blowing themselves up with firecrackers. She could not stop Uncle Curt.

The firecrackers were in a grocery sack, and Curtis set the sack on the ground. Curtis also had hard liquor in his trunk—several different bottles—and there was beer, too. Curtis took out a bottle and asked Bob if he wanted any. "Be a man," he said. "Kill some time before it kills you. Come on, Bobby."



"No," Bob said. Betty Lynn, on the other side of the car, looked away from her father again.

"I'll tell you, this is the only way I can stomach these family deals," Curtis said, and he shut the trunk. He told his boy to take his paws off of the car. The boy said he had not been touching; the side of the car was too hot to keep your hand on. "Give me back talk, back talk, all of you," Curtis said. He walked over to the silver propane tank, under the trees. He leaned against an elm trunk.

Bob took his cousins behind the milk house to the burning pit and the tin-can pile. Betty Lynn told Bob that he didn't

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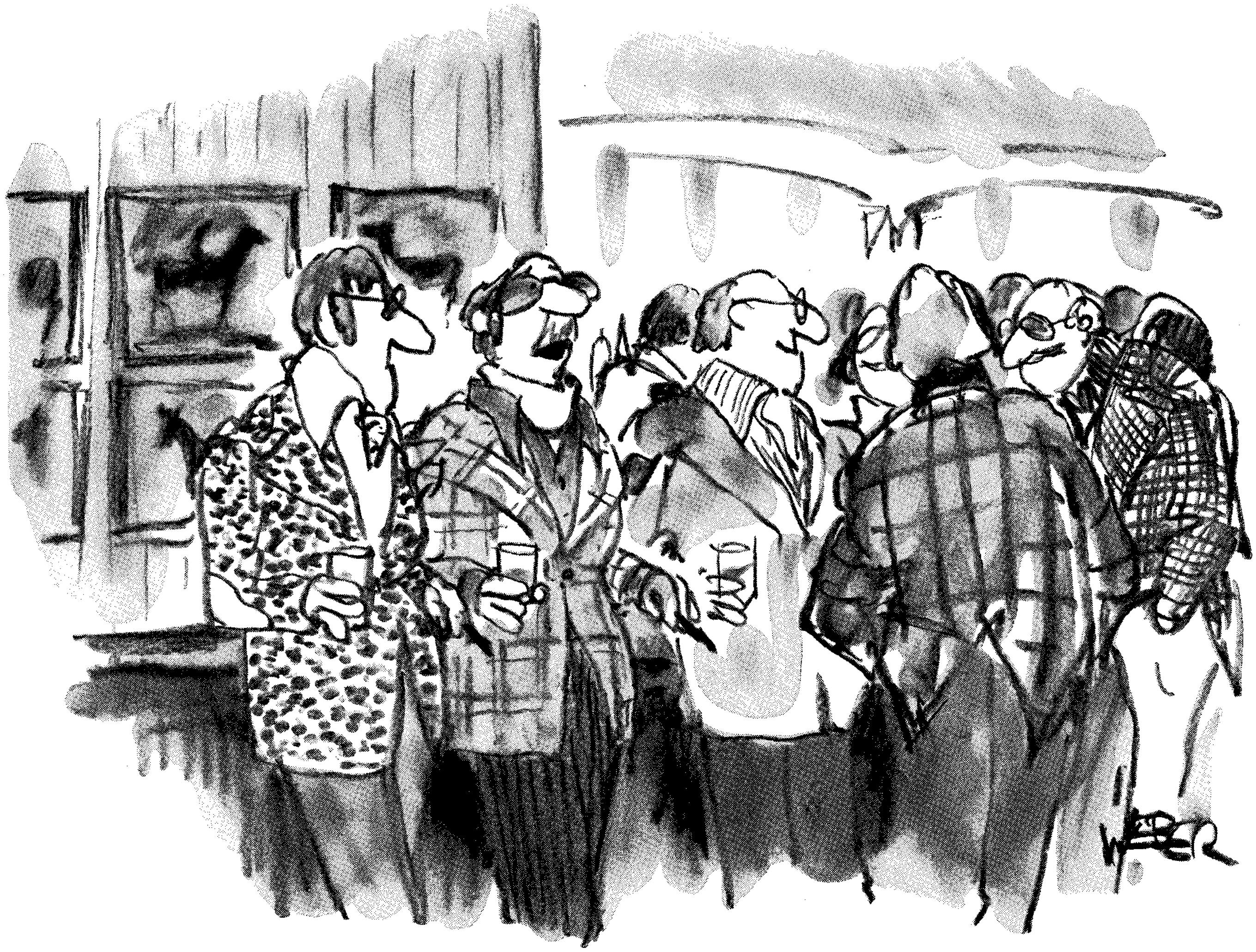
IMPATIENS

Your current pain no longer divides you
From the world of pain, bringing with it
Impatiens: pots of it, pink, red, white—
Plants glimpsed on a sill. Your pain
Lessens not by division but fattens
On earlier pain, those filaments and dredges
And tons of sand bottomed in a bag,
Sunsets staged in the curves of chairs,
Penitent clouds that do not argue
With the best intentions, and friends who desire
Both your health and the destruction of it,
Who love you, but love your pain as well.

There are those who have traced its trace on air;
Walking across their territories like kings,
They have sensed imperial gore somewhere,
Across the seas or beyond the mountains,
Staking out new sites, endlessly repeating
The warrior's success, colonies and tracts,
Landfalls, and even the ruin of grandeur
Beheld one night in an English dream.
Your pain is crossing the borders of patience,
Worse at night in a hospital room
Plastered with the cries of those who died there.

Your pain. It is intolerable. It is
Hardly, though, the anguish of the tortured
Beaten on cement, sleepless, raving,
Fingernails ripped out by skillful priests,
The grim surgeons who enjoy inflicting
The international instruments of torment,
The rack, restraints, electric currents,
Truncheons, all ready there for use,
For the vomit, urine, and feces of the cell.
So in all ways you are illustrated
And diminished, though you suffer at the sight
Of a small clay pot of thriving impatiens,
Pink, because it reminds you of someone,
A child waking up to the horror of love.

—Howard Moss



"All my life I've worked and struggled to be somebody, and now I am somebody. But it isn't me."

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have to walk way out in front; she remembered where the place was, too. Garbage was burned there in a hole in the ground and cans were dumped in the weeds. Bob lit three sticks of punk, and the punk smoked and glowed orange at the tip. He gave the punk to the kids, who began lighting firecrackers and throwing them into the cans. The short bangs sent up shredded paper and gray smoke. The cans clanged, jumped around in the sun. The girls screamed and put their hands over their ears.

"Don't let them blow up any bottles or glass," Betty Lynn said. Bob said they ought to move out to the fields then, because it would be a lot safer to blow up ants. The little kids ran down the hill to the wheat field. Bob and Betty Lynn walked down. The sun pushed on their backs and necks and on the backs of their heads. The air close to the ground was hot and felt like dry steam, except it did not move.

"This isn't like home," Betty Lynn said as they walked. "At home it rains almost every day. Everybody in the neighborhood has big evergreen trees in their yards. We get pinecones all over our lawn. It smells so different compared to here. It's damp and cool."

"You had a long ways to drive, all the way from Oregon."

"I know," Betty Lynn said. "It was a bitchy drive."

"Does your mom like it there?" Bob said.

"Like what?" The steepest part of the hill made them walk with shorter steps. The Johnson grass and weeds were tall.

"Aunt Jane grew up on the farm with my dad," Bob said. "I was wondering how she likes such a different place now."

"I guess we all like it," Betty Lynn said. "How do you like where you live?"

Bob had not thought about it. He said he liked it better than the other places they had lived, because in the summer you could swim every day, play golf, play tennis, go to movies. In the winter you could take a bus to the mountains and learn to ski. The high school was brand-new. They were living in a big city, not a hick town where there might be nothing to do.

They came to a single length of electric fence at the bottom of the hill. "Don't let my dress get dirty," Betty Lynn said. Bob pushed the fence down with his tennis shoe so Betty Lynn could step into the wheat field.

"Do you like my dress?"

"Yes, I do," Bob said. Betty Lynn squeezed his arm and looked down the field. Her sisters and her brother were running away from the bang of a firecracker, and a red dog had come up and was running with them. Betty Lynn and Bob sat in the field, on top of the wheat stubble, with their knees drawn up. They picked at yellow straws. Bob remembered other summers and playing on the farm. Betty Lynn had been there a couple of times, too, and she said she remembered the same things. It was when they were small and their parents were on vacation. The parents sent them outside and the parents sat around at the farmhouse and mostly talked.

“WE couldn’t waste money on birdseed,” Daddy said inside. Janie had begun remembering a story about some baby crows she and Elvin had found once. Mother was on the davenport with a pillow under her head and a pillow under her feet. Daddy leaned all the way back in his recliner. Elvin, Lois, and Janie sat beside each other on the wooden chairs. Curtis had Elvin’s Army scrapbook, which he had found when he was wandering upstairs, and was looking at the black-and-white snapshots. He interrupted to show them one of Elvin behind a machine gun on a practice range in California. Elvin smiled with a dark, sunburned face under his camouflaged helmet. “The mighty soldier,” Curtis said, and turned more pages.

“Do you remember? They were too small to eat wheat,” Mother said, picking up the crow story. “Janie picked grass seed and they wouldn’t eat that, either.”

“Why did you take baby crows out of their nest?” Lois said.

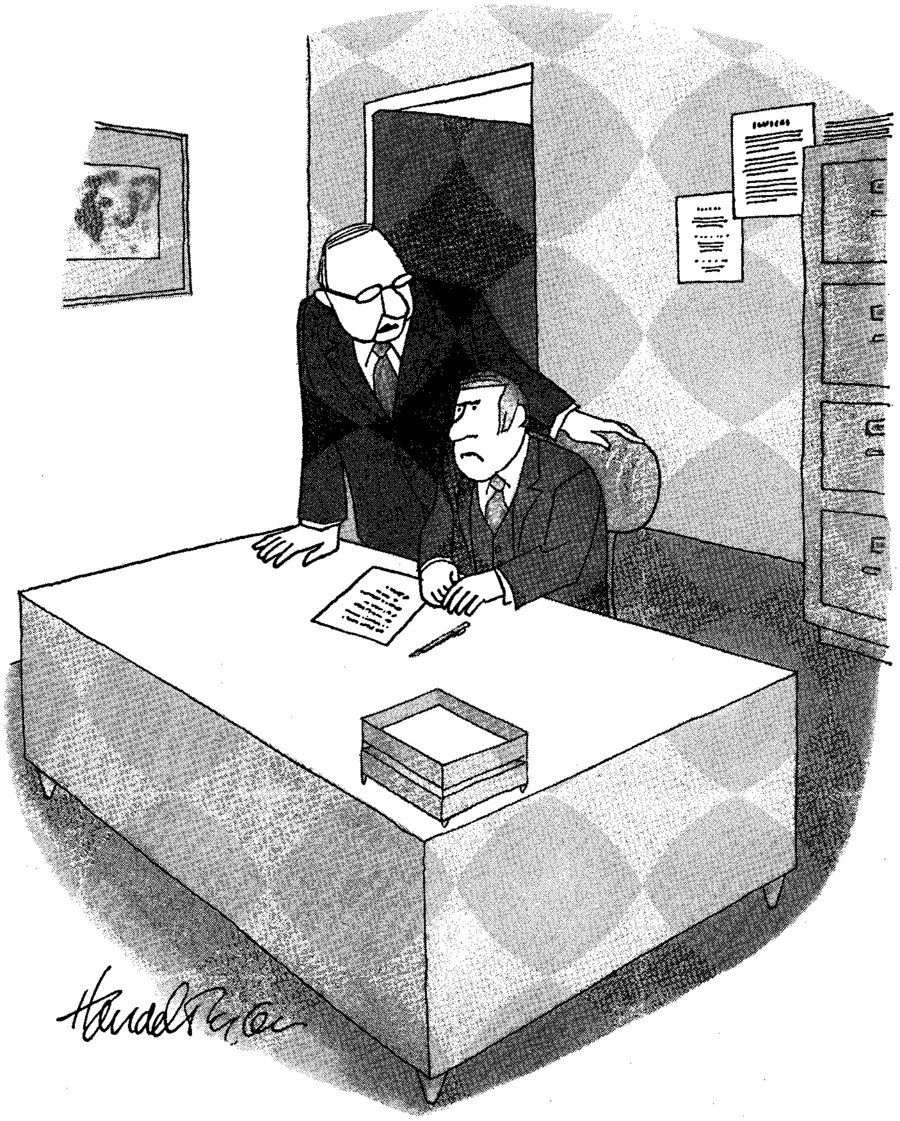
“They were in the pecan grove making noise after someone went in there and shot their mother,” Elvin said.

“There’s still people shooting in our woods,” Daddy said. “Nowadays they park their cars in the open and run through here like they think the place don’t belong to someone else.”

“The crows were crying their eyes out,” Janie told Lois.

“Birds don’t cry,” Curtis said across the room.

Lois wanted to hear the rest of the story. Daddy told it. “The kids wanted to keep those birds in the house and Mother would not hear of it. So I let them put the crows inside the shed, right by the icebox. Then Janie was afraid that all the wasps in there would sting the crows.”



“Yes, I know, Munger. But Wallace Stevens didn’t scribble his damned verses on company time.”

“Daddy put them in the lid of my granddaddy’s old trunk,” Mother said. “He lined the trunk with newspapers and rags.”

“I’d forgotten that,” Elvin said. “I do remember digging worms in the garden, a whole coffee can full. The crows wouldn’t touch worms.”

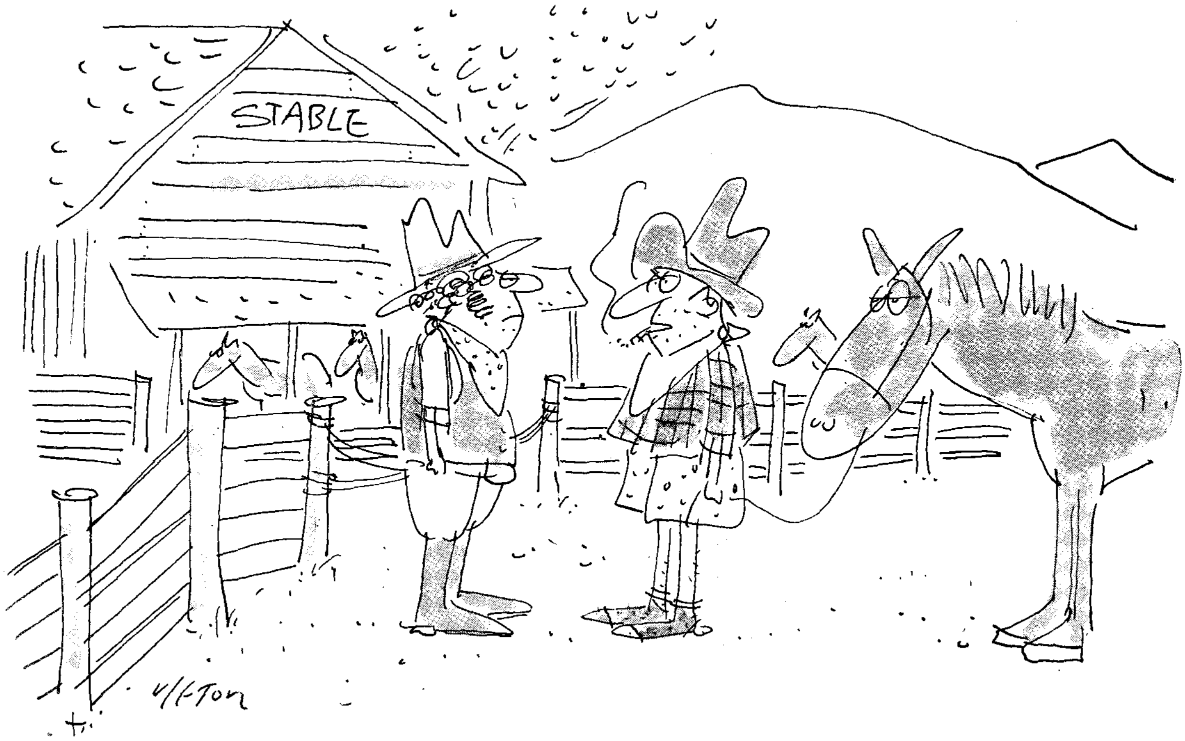
“Then they starved,” Janie said.

Mother knew the whole story of the funeral. Elvin and Janie carried the crows between them in a bushel fruit basket, and Elvin put a shovel over his shoulder. In the middle of the field, they spilled the basket.

THE little girl had a terrific idea. At the pond, they floated old boards on the water, set firecrackers on the boards, lit the fuses, pushed the wood to the middle of the pond. Bob took off his tennis shoes and rolled his pants to the knee. He made the cousins fetch more wood, and they went away from the pond and searched for boards in the mud under the tall cottonwoods and by the dark, shaded creek. Betty Lynn called them back into the light. She had not been able to see them.

Bob showed his cousins how to set off two firecrackers at once by twisting their fuses together. He bent down at the edge of the pond. The water touched his knees and felt warm. The red dog was paddling in the deep end of the pond with only its head out of the water. The nose was tipped up and the long ears floated on the water. Betty Lynn shouted down from the bank that Bob was acting like a little kid with his navy, but she laughed, too. She took off her shoes, walked down slowly through the weeds, and sunk her toes in the red mud under the water. Her dress did not go to the knees. Bob watched her fix the ribbon in a little sister’s hair. When Betty Lynn leaned over, the little girl’s head touched her stomach.

“Forget the water, you kids. Watch this,” Bob said. His hands were hidden in the weeds. The fuse hissed. Bob ran back and had to shade his eyes. The explosion sent green and yellow-green grasshoppers right and left and directly up. The dog climbed out of the pond, pouring water and barking. Bob unbuttoned his shirt, shrugged his shoulders, then handed the shirt to Betty Lynn. He turned over the last stick of punk to the kids and climbed up the bank with Betty Lynn. He looked hard at her until she looked back. The color of her eyes matched his exactly. Then she said, “Bobby, don’t look like that. I’m not a virgin, Bobby,” and started laughing. She did not stop until Bob



"Bring me my boots and saddle. And pants."

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got his shirt and walked away in the general direction of the creek.

JANIE had been the one who picked up the dead crows. Elvin had said that since she spilled them she had to go ahead and pick every one of them up.

"No," Janie said.

"Don't stand there," Elvin said. "Now you pick up that other one, too."

When Janie did, Elvin told her that she had got germs on her hands. She had better not touch him.

Janie started crying. "You're dumb," Elvin said. "It won't kill you." Then they dug a hole by the first fence post, buried the birds fast, and carried the empty basket back to the house. Afterward, they told Mother everything, and now it was Mother who finished telling the story, because she remembered it best.

"That *is* sad," Lois said, and patted Janie on the arm.

Curtis closed Elvin's scrapbook. "Do we have to listen to these sentimental crap stories?" Then, when Janie gave him a look, he said to her, "Crap. I used the word 'crap,' didn't I? What do you want?"

"Act decent in front of my folks, Curt," she said. Mother and Daddy were sitting with their backs made stiff.

"I can't act for you flatland hicks," Curtis said, and he went into the kitchen, and next he went out the screen door. Janie disappeared into Mother and Daddy's bedroom. She left Mother and Daddy just sitting.

"Go get him. Make him come back and apologize," Lois said to Elvin. "Go out there and do something about him."

"I'm not going," Elvin said. The air-conditioner was moving cool air. That was all that was moving.

"He has no right." Lois kept talking, and said Elvin had to stand up for them, but Elvin sat.

Mother said, "It's all right, Lois."

Daddy said that however anyone felt, bygones had to be bygones, it would all be water. Elvin got up and walked into the bedroom. Janie was sitting on the bed they were born in. She was looking at her feet or at the dark floorboards. Elvin sat down and put his arm around Janie. Then he got up again.

"I want to help us, Sister," Elvin said. There were pictures of the family over Mother and Daddy's bed. Daddy used to point at the yellowed ones of the great-greats and say to Elvin and Janie, "Looks like they know something we don't." The faces in the round pictures were old and serious, and the clothes were pulled tight enough to choke a person to death. Then Elvin and Janie would ask Daddy to tell them one of the stories that had been passed down.

Now Janie said, "We have to leave."

Janie got together the kids and Betty Lynn, and Curtis drove them away. The little boy said he liked the farm better than where they were going back to, and Betty Lynn said nothing, her cheek and ear touching the car window. Bob straggled into the farmhouse. "You've been rolling in dirt like when you were three," Lois said, but she fixed him a sandwich and warmed some dinner scraps. Bob said he wasn't hungry, but when Lois brought the cake he had a slice of that. Lois sat down and told Bob that his father was angry with her. "He's disappeared," she said.

Elvin was on top of the barn. He straddled the ridgepole and hung on. He had some sheets of tin with a rope tied around them and fastened to the lightning rod, in case he bumped them and they began to slide. A handful of nails was between Elvin's teeth. Daddy was on the ground, standing in the middle of cow ruts and dried manure. He wore his straw hat and looked up and yelled, "Why don't you come down here?" Every other minute he yelled, "Don't fall. Take that one easy."

Elvin could not yell back. He was biting hard on the nails, tasting the metal with his tongue, and he felt the hot sun on his head. He centered a piece of tin over a hole in the roof and set up a nail. Then he raised the hammer. All the muscles in the arm stretched out and the hammer rang on the nail and the nail pushed ahead through wood that was aged enough to be dry and soft but not rotten. Elvin bit, and hammered again and again. He worked and saw the fence shadows cut across the fields until the farm got dark.

—ALBERT HALEY

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What the women's tour needs desperately are young players who can shake up the Establishment with an occasional upset. Lea Antonoplis, who admits to being "very, very Greek," is convinced that she is one of those young players.

Antonoplis, who celebrated her 79th birthday two weeks ago, was the youngest performer to reach the second round of the Virginia Slims tournament now playing the International Amphitheatre.—*Chicago Sun-Times.*

You've come a long way, baby.

REFLECTIONS

SECRETS

On February 7, 1973, the Senate Foreign Relations Committee convened to consider President Richard Nixon's nomination of Richard Helms to be Ambassador to Iran. At the time, Helms was fifty-nine years old and had just left his post as the Director of Central Intelligence. He had been in the intelligence business most of his life—first in the Office of Strategic Services during the Second World War, and after the O.S.S. was replaced by the new Central Intelligence Agency, in 1947, as an agent there. He had become head of the agency's covert-operations section in the early nineteen-sixties, had then become deputy director, and had been director for six and a half years. In many ways, Helms was a logical choice for an ambassadorship. He was wellborn, gregarious, and engaging (the most popular man in his class at Williams), at home in the highest social circles, and familiar with how things are done in the seats of power around the world.

At the time of Helms's confirmation hearing, about the only negative information that members of the committee appear to have had about the nominee were press reports that the C.I.A. had tried to prevent the Marxist candidate for the Presidency of Chile, Dr. Salvador Allende Gossens, from winning an election held under the Chilean constitution in 1970. For about nine months preceding Helms's appearance before the committee, Chile had been stumbling toward social chaos, pushed by its contending political factions, grave food shortages, rumors of rebellion, economic collapse, and widespread strikes. Most of the members of the Chilean Congress were up for reelection the following month, and if Allende's opponents won two-thirds or more of the seats in Congress they could veto all his legislative proposals and perhaps even impeach him. In such a politically uncertain situation, the members of the Foreign Relations Committee must have known, the C.I.A. could have had a decisive effect—if, indeed, it was active in opposing Allende, as rumored. And if it was shown that the agency, under Helms's direction, had so drastically interfered in the internal affairs of a constitutional democracy, that, too, could have had a decisive effect: it might have made some key senators on the committee reluctant to recommend to the full Senate that it send Helms off to represent the United States in *any* country.

Unless there is great public concern about a Presidential nomination or enough senators have a political axe to grind, Senate confirmation hearings are usually rather desultory. Except for a few questions, the Helms confirmation hearing—held in a closed session—was, too. At one point, though, Senator Stuart Symington, Democrat of Missouri and an old friend of Helms's, mentioned newspaper accounts that the C.I.A. had become involved in Chile's domestic politics, and asked, "Did you try in the Central Intelligence Agency to overthrow the government of Chile?"

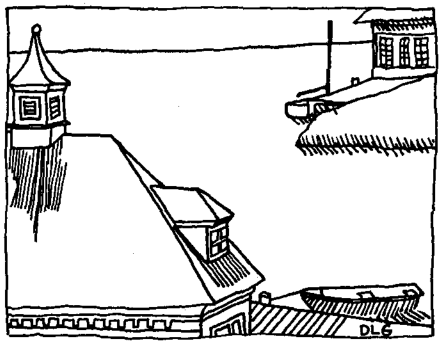
"No, sir," Helms answered, under oath.

"Did you have any money passed to the opponents of Allende?" Symington asked.

"No, sir," Helms answered.

At the end of the brief hearing, the committee advised the Senate that it recommended the confirmation of Helms as Ambassador to Iran, and the next day the Senate consented to the nomination.

On March 6th, Helms appeared again before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee—this time to answer charges that the C.I.A. had acted in concert with the International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation to stop Allende from being elected in 1970. (Apparently, the committee had begun investigating possible C.I.A.-I.T.T. links after Jack Anderson made this charge repeatedly in his widely syndicated column.) Helms's testimony before the committee, again under oath in a closed session, was similar to his previous testimony—a denial that the C.I.A. had attempted to prevent Allende from becoming President of Chile. Subsequently, in hearings before a Foreign Relations Committee subsidiary, the Subcommittee on Multinational Corporations, Helms was backed up on this point by John A. McCone, a predecessor as director of the C.I.A. and now a director of I.T.T., and Harold S. Geneen, the chief executive and chairman of the board of I.T.T. McCone admitted one of Anderson's charges—that I.T.T. had offered the C.I.A. a million dollars for use in Chile—but another officer of the firm denied that it had been earmarked for anything more than alleviating the lot of the poor there. The C.I.A. had turned down the offer, and Edward M. Korry, the United States Ambassador to Chile in 1970, and Charles A. Meyer, Assistant Secretary of State for Inter-American Affairs at that time, stated under oath that the United States had not interfered in Chilean political affairs, even after the Allende government had seized a hundred and sixty million dollars' worth of I.T.T.'s assets.



The day before Helms's second appearance before the Foreign Relations Committee, reports of election returns from Chile showed that Allende's supporters had won enough seats in Congress to keep him in power. But the domestic problems Allende faced made his political survival seem increasingly doubtful. In September of that year, a military junta overthrew his government, and Allende was killed—by his own hand, claimed the rebels; by the rebels, claimed his followers. Whether Allende was murdered or not, at least thirty thousand Chileans are now political exiles, and thousands of other Chileans have been arbitrarily imprisoned, tortured, and murdered by the military regime that runs Chile. The new regime paid I.T.T. a hundred and twenty-five million dollars for its nationalized assets.

In April of 1974, a little more than a year after Helms testified before the Senate, William E. Colby, who had taken over as director of the C.I.A., testified in a closed session of the House Armed Services Subcommittee on Intelligence. He revealed that in the year before Allende was elected President of Chile, in 1970, the C.I.A. had given his opponents a million dollars; that in the period between his election and the time it was confirmed by the Chilean Congress the C.I.A. had approved an expenditure of three hundred and fifty thousand dollars to bribe members of that Congress to vote against his confirmation; that in 1973 the C.I.A. had given a million and a half dollars to

HOTEL
B TOBEY

"Isn't it nice to get out in the fresh air after being cooped up all winter?"

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anti-Allende municipal candidates in Chile; and that between 1970 and 1973 the C.I.A. had spent five million dollars in Chile on "destabilization" (a euphemism for making it impossible for a government to govern). Colby also said that this eight million dollars' worth of covert operations in Chile had been approved beforehand by the National Security Council's 40 Committee, which was assigned the responsibility for authorizing all such operations. At the time, the head of the 40 Committee was Henry Kissinger, who was then Special Assistant to the President for National Security Affairs; the other members were also high government officials, but, according to one of them, the committee was "Kissinger and nobody else." (It was also shown that in 1970 I.T.T. had given Allende's leading opponent three hundred and fifty thousand dollars on the advice and with the help of the C.I.A.)

Representative Michael J. Harrington, Democrat of Massachusetts, saw a transcript of Colby's testimony and was outraged—partly because it proved that the United States had drastically intruded on the democratic political processes of another nation; partly because it demonstrated that the oversight committees of Congress, which were supposed to keep intelligence activities within democratically tolerable bounds, were "a fiction;" and partly because it showed that high government officials had repeatedly and flatly lied to Congress and the public. Harrington wrote a letter containing an outline of Colby's secret testimony to the chairmen of the two committees in Congress that were primarily concerned with foreign affairs and government operations—one of them, of course, the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, before which Helms had given contradictory testimony under oath. A few months later, a copy of the Harrington letter reached Seymour M. Hersh, of the *Times*, and he wrote a long article describing Colby's testimony, which began on the front page of the *Times* on September 8, 1974. In the piece, Hersh quoted former Ambassador Korry and former Assistant Secretary of State Meyer in their congressional testimony, also under oath, stating that the United States had not meddled in Chilean politics. (Members of Congress seemed less outraged at being lied to by the Administration than at being told the truth by a colleague, and in the House a movement was organized to censure Harrington.)

A week later, Gerald Ford, who had been President for a month, held a press conference, most of which was devoted to the subject of his pardon of Nixon eight days before. But a question was asked about the C.I.A.'s intervention in Chile. The President answered, "In a period of time, three or four years ago, there was an effort being made by the Allende government to destroy opposition news media, both the writing press as well as the electronic press, and to destroy opposition political parties. And the effort that was made in this case was to help and assist the preservation of opposition newspapers and electronic media and to preserve opposition political parties. I think this is in the best interest of the people in Chile, and certainly in our best interest." In fact, the Allende government had not censored the press, opposition parties had functioned openly and freely, and elections were conducted in accordance with Chile's democratic constitution. Ford's statement was an astonishing declaration. Although the C.I.A. for at least twenty-five years had been subverting foreign governments (among those known to have been overthrown with its help are the governments of Iran, Guatemala, the Congo, the Dominican Republic, and South Vietnam—not to mention all the attempted overthrows in places like Cuba), strenuous efforts had been made to provide the White House with "deniability" about such dirty business. But now a President of the United States—moreover, a President who had nothing to do with these acts—had defended the C.I.A.'s practices and had virtually approved them as official government policy. As Tom Wicker pointed out in his column in the *Times* a few days later, the President had declared that the United States had a right "to subvert legitimate governments by bribery, trickery, and violence."

Four days after the press conference, another Hersh story on Chile appeared in the *Times*. According to "intelligence sources," Hersh wrote:

> Among those heavily subsidized [by the C.I.A.] were the organizers of a nationwide truck strike that lasted 26 days in the fall of 1972, seriously disrupting Chile's economy and provoking the first of a series of labor crises for President Allende. Direct subsidies . . . were also provided for a strike of middle-class shopkeepers and a taxi strike, among others, that disrupted the capital city of Santiago in the summer of 1973, shortly before Mr. Allende was overthrown by a military coup. At its peak, the 1973 strikes involved more than 250,000 truck drivers, shopkeepers and professionals who banded together in a middle-class movement that, many analysts have concluded, made a violent overthrow inevitable.

THE BIRD IN THE DOORYARD

At my mother's house there is a bird that sings
all night, loud, from deep inside the juniper,
from dusk through the black to the gray to the
light gray to the gray-blue—clear as water or clear
as gin. The following night it begins again.

To go to sleep in my mother's house you must be
stone-deaf, out cold, or covered with glass or
water. You must have no ears. Only open archways
separate the rooms, and the wind collects in pools
in your very corner. High-pitched and varied,

true, the bird's singing in the juniper outside
my mother's door will give you no peace. Gin through
a straw, possibly. Or notes of high drunkenness, tippling
down through the branches.

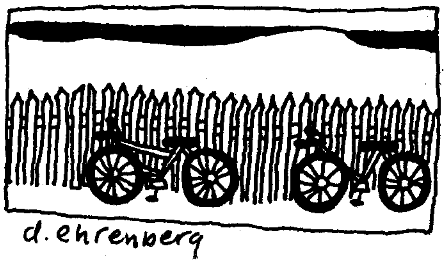
—ELIZABETH MACKLIN

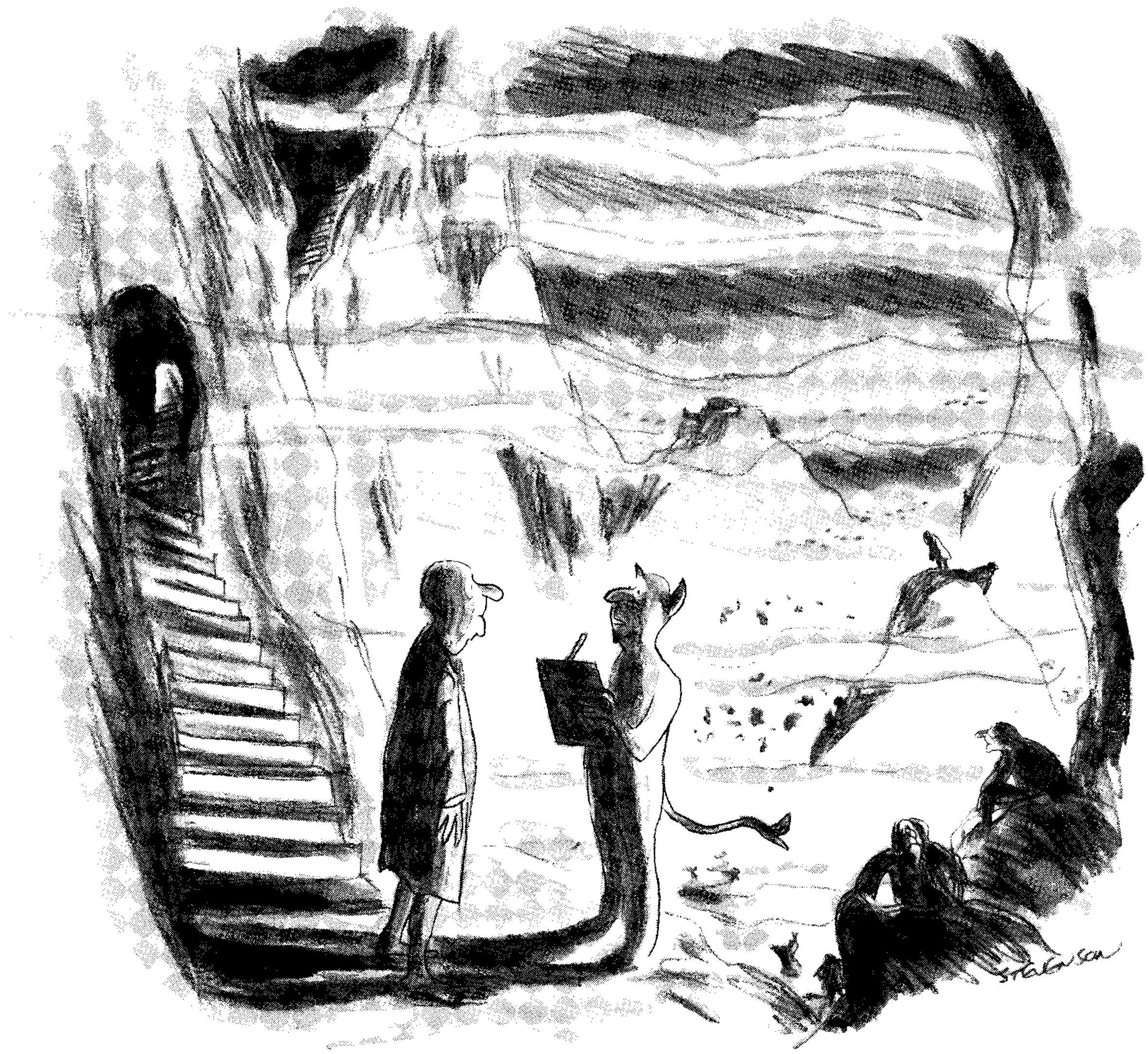
• •

The eight-million-dollar investment in Chile, Hersh reported, had been exchanged on the black market there, and this made the American outlay equivalent to as much as forty million dollars. Even by the spendthrift standards of the intelligence community, that might seem an extravagant sum—especially since, according to what one intelligence official told Hersh, the Administration's policy in Chile had been a failure. "We were not looking for a military takeover," he said.

ON January 22, 1975—four and a half months after Colby's secret testimony about the C.I.A.'s clandestine operations in Chile was made public—Helms was called back before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee to explain his contradictory testimony two years earlier. He was not put under oath, most of the committee's members were deferential to him, and only two of them—Senators Frank Church, Democrat of Idaho, and Clifford P. Case, Republican of New Jersey—pressed him to defend his previous statements. Conceding that he had known that American money was being secretly spent in Chile, Helms now claimed that he had thought the money "went into civic-action groups, supporting newspapers, radios, and so forth," and added, "I did not realize that [it] went into political parties." Although it would have been difficult to explain how the equivalent of forty million dollars could have been passed through civic groups and the media in a country of ten million people without attracting critical attention, none of the senators questioned him further on this claim. Helms did not say that he had lied to the committee at his confirmation hearing—though he assuredly had—but he did concede that he might have handled matters more circumspectly at his confirmation hearing. "I think I made one mistake in the testimony," he told the committee. "Maybe it is a serious mistake, but I should have probably asked either to go off the record or to have asked to discuss this matter in some other forum, because, you will recall, at that time Allende's government was in power in Chile, and we did not need any more diplomatic incidents." At another point, Helms described his general attitude on testifying before congressional committees this way: "I made up my mind that I wasn't going to lie to any congressional committees, that I was going to be forthcoming as I thought I could under the circumstances existing at the hearing, whether I was before an oversight committee or someplace else. And I must say I always had the alternative of going to the senator privately and saying, 'Please, will you pull back on that, we are getting into a very sensitive area.' "

Given Helms's confidence that members of Congress would oblige him





"*What's your choice of salad dressing?*"

if he wished to avoid answering a question, why didn't he avoid answering the troublesome questions he was asked at his confirmation hearing? As a high official of the C.I.A., Helms had had a lot of experience in dealing with Congress. His appearance at the confirmation hearing was the sixteenth time he had testified before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee on all kinds of sensitive matters; he had also testified many times before the House Foreign Affairs Committee and before intelligence-oversight committees in both houses. Helms could easily have avoided a direct answer simply by saying something like "Would you please rephrase that question, Senator?"—a signal that a classified subject is being approached, and usually enough to persuade the interrogator to change the subject. Since the hearing was held in a closed session, he had the further alternative of simply refusing to answer the question unless he was ordered to by the President, thereby leaving it up to the committee and the White House to resolve an issue of executive privilege. And, finally, the C.I.A. oath that Helms and his supporters were later and repeatedly to claim conflicted with his Senate oath took no precedence under law. In fact, the C.I.A. oath authorizes one who takes it to disclose secrets in the performance of official duties and in accordance with the laws of the United States. One of those laws—which pre-dates the laws governing intelligence operations by many years—authorizes each standing committee of Congress "to take such testimony . . . as it deems advisable," and the Senate Foreign Relations Committee was carrying out its specific constitutional mandate to examine Presidential nominations to ambassadorships.

Many of Helms's supporters have claimed that intelligence officers are actually encouraged to lie or misrepresent facts, because members of Congress don't want to know intelligence secrets. For one thing, intelligence agents are believed to often behave illegally, and to know about a crime and not report it is itself a crime; for another, once a national-security secret is revealed publicly, anyone who knew it may be accused of leaking the secret and betraying the nation's best interests. In any event, the claim that members of Congress may not want to know such things is a criticism of members of Congress rather than a defense for a witness who lies to them. Still, the Foreign Relations Committee was certainly remiss in its dealings with Helms—even when it recalled him to explain his contradictory testimony. At one point in the 1975 hearings, Helms himself chided members of the committee for not having asked him more pointed questions in 1973. And though the *Times* reports on affairs in Chile had evidently prompted Helms's recall before the committee in 1975, the senators practically ignored such crucial details of C.I.A. activities as subsidies for Chilean strikers whose work stoppages probably made the coup d'état possible. And no member pressed Helms to explain how the C.I.A. could justify trying to overthrow a constitutionally elected leader and to subvert a legitimate government.

Helms was later to say, through his lawyer, that if he had told the truth to the committee at his confirmation hearing he would have "sacrificed American lives, he would have sacrificed friends of ours in Chile." Of course, no one had asked Helms to reveal the identity of any of our friends in Chile, and no member of the committee had ever been known to leak any secret information.

Helms's lies at his confirmation hearing raised the question whether he had lied to the committee on other matters at other times. At the confirmation hearing, Senator Case brought up the known use of Army intelligence agents

"I bought a bag of crushed limestone today, for you to do something with on the lawn. It was only a dollar thirty-seven."

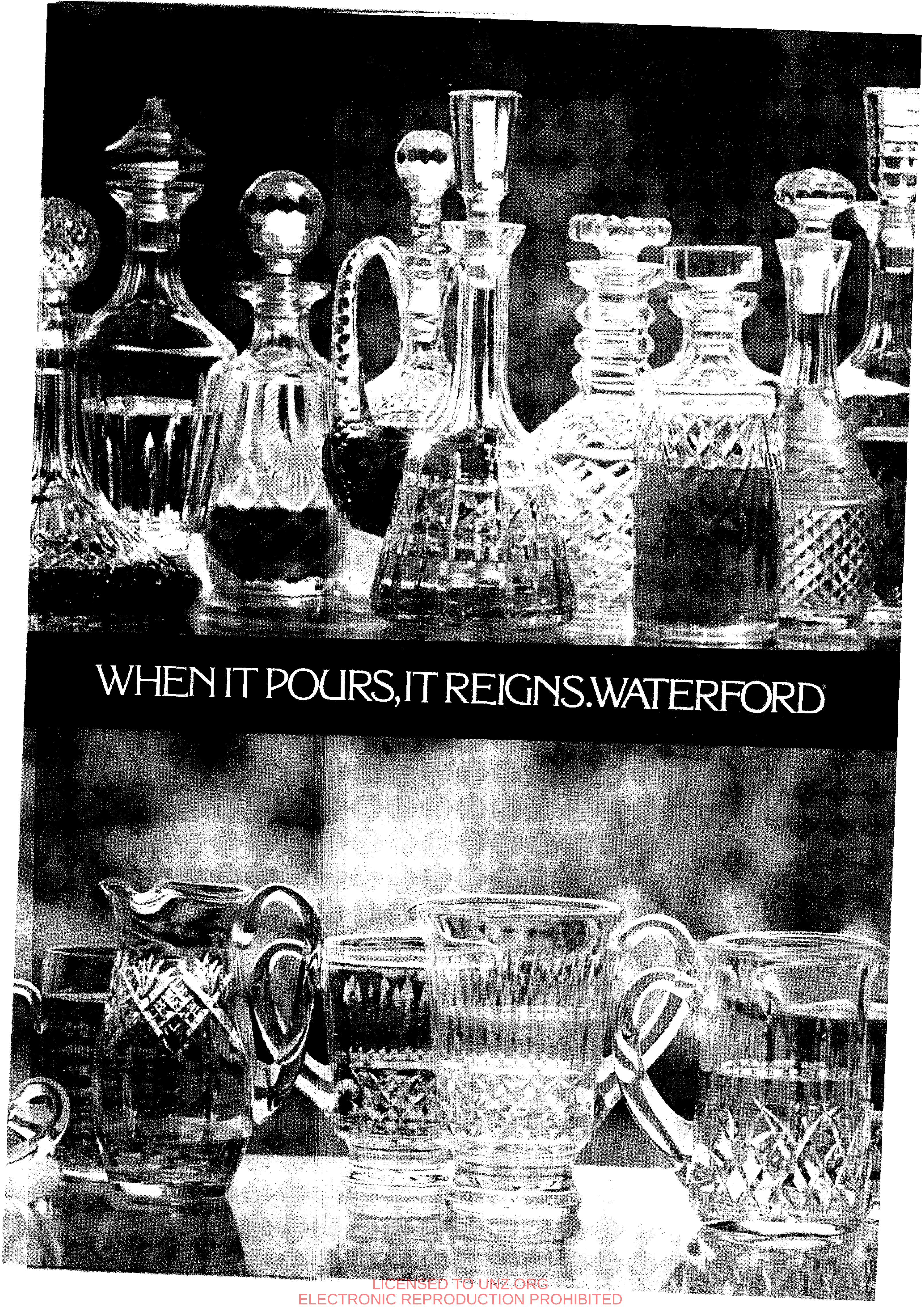
to infiltrate and report on the anti-war movement in the United States during the late sixties and early seventies. "Do you know anything about any activity on the part of the C.I.A. in that connection?" Case asked.

"I don't recall whether we were asked," Helms answered, "but we were not involved, because it seemed to me that was a clear violation of what our charter was."

As Helms indicated, the C.I.A.'s charter prohibited the agency from engaging in domestic intelligence work, which is left, under the law, to the F.B.I. In June, 1975—five months after Helms was recalled to explain his confirmation-hearing testimony—a White House commission headed by Vice-President Nelson Rockefeller issued a report it had compiled on C.I.A. activities. The report disclosed that while Helms was director of the agency it had set up and run Operation Chaos, which was designed to infiltrate, spy on, and disrupt the anti-war movement within the United States, and which, to this end, had compiled on a computerized index the names of more than three hundred thousand people and organizations opposed to the war in Vietnam. The operation was flatly illegal.

Just before the Rockefeller Commission's report was made public, the Senate Foreign Relations Committee sent the records of Helms's testimony before it to the Department of Justice.

THROUGHOUT this period, there were numerous newspaper reports of lawlessness by the C.I.A. and the F.B.I., and finally Congress was forced to take action by setting up a Select Committee on Intelligence in each house to investigate what the intelligence community might have done that was improper or illegal and to recommend remedies for any abuses. Senator Church was chairman of the Senate Select Committee, and on November 20, 1975—some five months after the Rockefeller Commission report—it issued its findings, over strenuous protests from the Ford Administration, on the subject of attempts to assassinate leaders of other nations. The Senate report revealed that in 1961, when Helms was deputy head of the C.I.A.'s covert-operations section, it had been directly involved in planning to murder Premier Patrice Lumumba of the Congo, but found no evidence that the agency had actually caused his death. The report stated that Helms, as deputy director of the C.I.A., had apparently failed to inform either the director, who was then McCone, or the White House before authorizing repeated assassination attempts on Fidel Castro by Mafia killers. Helms had also failed to inform the Warren Commission of these attempts while it was investigating the assassination of John F. Kennedy—by Helms's own account, because he had not been specifically asked about them. According to the Senate report, in 1963 Helms authorized a C.I.A. agent to pose as a personal representative of Attorney General Robert F. Kennedy and in that guise to recruit a Cuban assassin to kill Castro. As it happened, Robert Kennedy didn't know anything about this arrangement. Of course, if Castro learned of the plot and believed that the President's brother was behind it, he conceivably might have ordered the assassination of President Kennedy in retaliation. Apparently, Castro knew about some of the C.I.A.'s attempts on his life, and in a speech on September 7, 1963, he said, "Let Kennedy and his brother Robert take care of themselves, since they, too, can be the victims of an attempt which will cause their death." And yet it is now known that the C.I.A. continued its efforts to kill Castro even after President Kennedy was killed. Perhaps with some feeling of concern for his own safety, President Johnson once summoned Helms to his office and demanded an accounting of the attempts to kill Castro. Helms described them one by one—except at least one that had been undertaken while Johnson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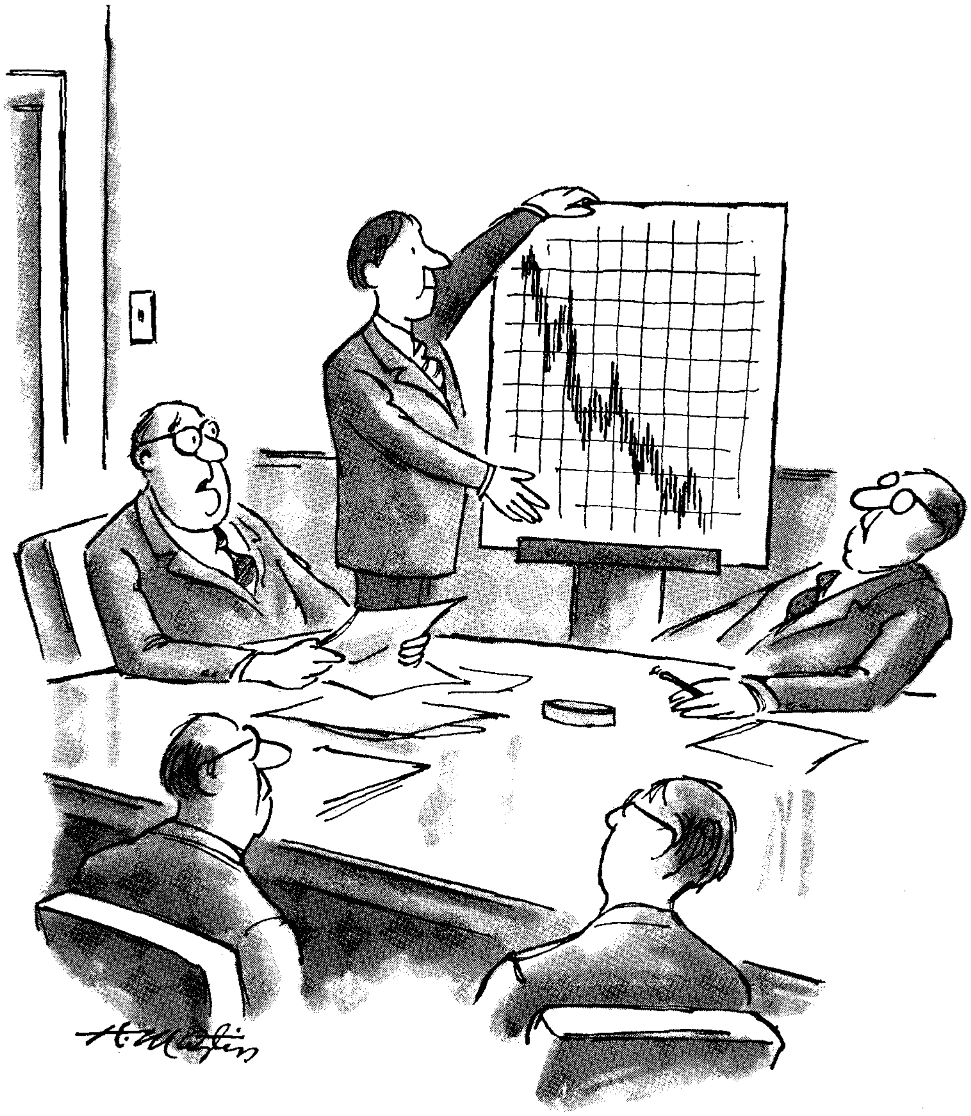


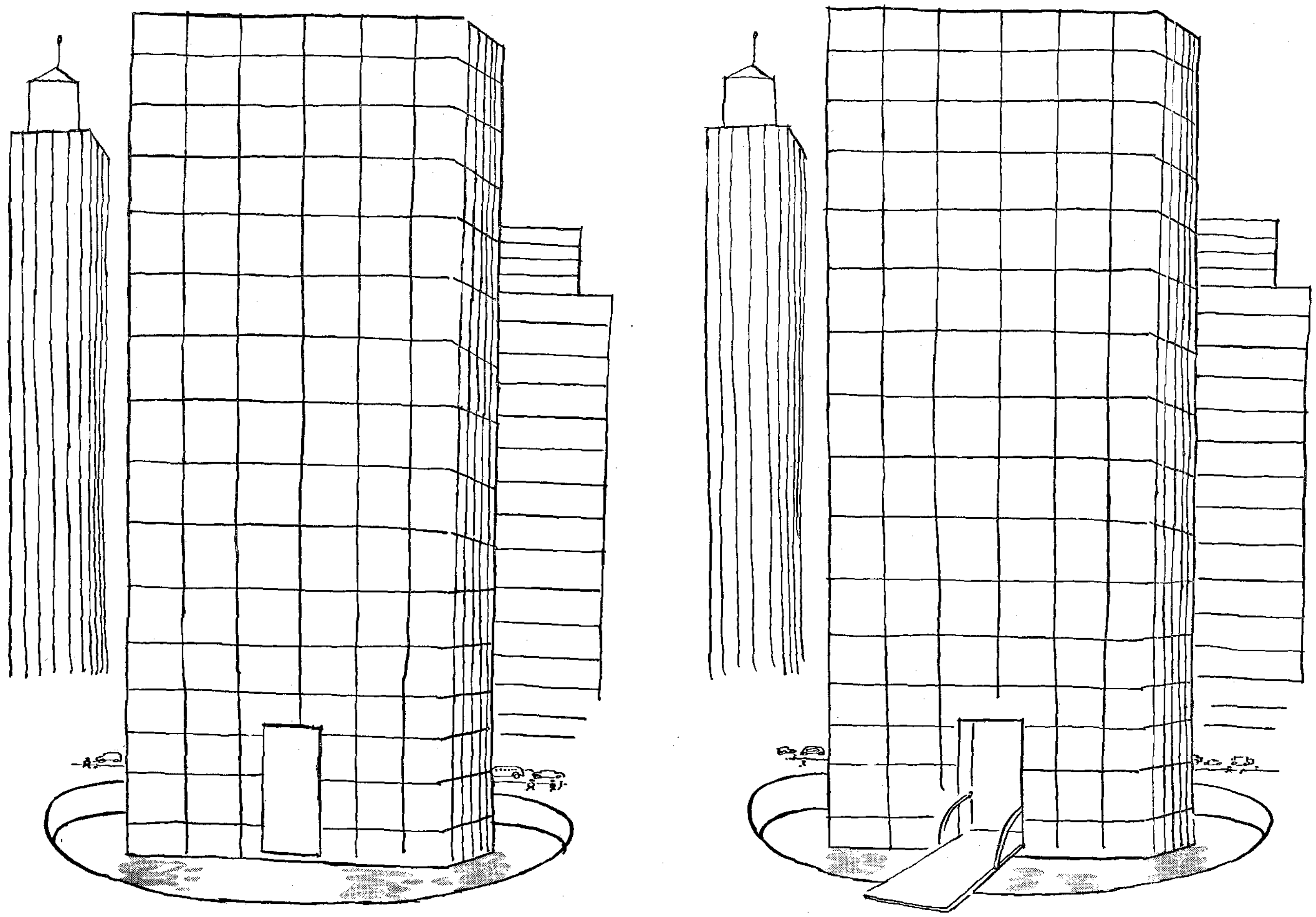
"I'm afraid, gentlemen, that this doesn't call for a drink, but let's have one anyway."

• •

was President. Although it isn't clear to what extent the C.I.A. was involved in the Watergate affair and the attempt to cover it up, it is known that in 1973 Senator Mike Mansfield, then Majority Leader, officially asked Helms to make sure that the C.I.A. preserved any Watergate materials in its files, and the next day tape recordings related to Watergate were destroyed by the C.I.A.

Shortly before the Senate report on assassinations was made public, it was reported that the Justice Department was looking into the problem of whether Helms had committed perjury before the Senate in 1973. In light of President Ford's extraordinary defense of the C.I.A.'s covert operations, it seemed far from certain that his Administration would prosecute the man who had directed many of them since this country got involved in such business, apparently after the Second World War. Attorney General Edward Levi was said to favor prosecution of Helms, and it was said that evidence of his perjury had been presented to a federal grand jury. In midsummer of 1976, however, a Justice Department official told a reporter that chances of a perjury indictment were "sixty-forty against." After Ford was defeated in the election that fall, it was assumed that he would bequeath the unresolved Helms case—a nasty political inheritance if there ever was one—to Jimmy Carter along with the Presidency. (Ford was also expected to leave unsettled an even greater political and legal problem—similarly widespread lawbreaking by the F.B.I.) A month before the new Administration took over, Hersh reported in a front-page *Times* article that sources with "first-hand knowledge" of what the federal grand jury was up to said it had been "hearing allegations that high officials of the Central Intelligence Agency and the International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation were involved in a conspiracy to fabricate and coördinate the statements they made to a 1973 Senate inquiry into I.T.T.'s role in Chile." Three weeks later, the *Times* reported that the Justice Department had told Helms he was a "target" of the grand-jury investigation, and that he now "faced possible charges of perjury and obstruction of justice" for conspiring to lie, as well as lying, to the Senate; the account stated that he was believed to have coördinated his statements on the C.I.A.'s role in Chile with McCone and Geneen. Both charges were felonies; the perjury charge carried a maximum penalty of five years in prison and a two-thousand-dollar fine, and the obstruction charge carried a maximum penalty of five years in prison and a ten-thousand-dollar fine.

The Carter Administration took over five days after this *Times* report, and when it had been in charge for a month a Justice Department official said that McCone and Geneen weren't likely to be indicted and that only Helms was a target of the grand jury's investigation; nothing more was to be heard about any conspiracy to obstruct justice. Around that time, Helms paid a visit to Carter's senior aides and told them that it was more important to protect national security than it was to prosecute him. On the day that Carter's new director of the C.I.A., Admiral Stansfield Turner, was sworn in, he told reporters that any prosecution of Helms might endanger the nation's security, but the White House retorted that the President would decide that. During the Presidential campaign, Carter said, "We must not use the C.I.A. or other covert means to effect violent change in any government." He also said, over and over, that in his Administration "big shots" would be treated the same as "little crooks" when they committed crimes. Around the time of the Turner-White House exchange, an indication of the Carter Administration's attitude toward revealing the truth about past covert operations emerged when Brady Tyson, a member of the American delegation to the United Nations Human Rights Commission, which was meeting in Geneva, publicly apologized to the assembly for America's interference in Chile's domestic affairs. Tyson was recalled the next day for "consultations," the State Department said, "to make sure he understands the ground rules." Apparently, the President disliked co-

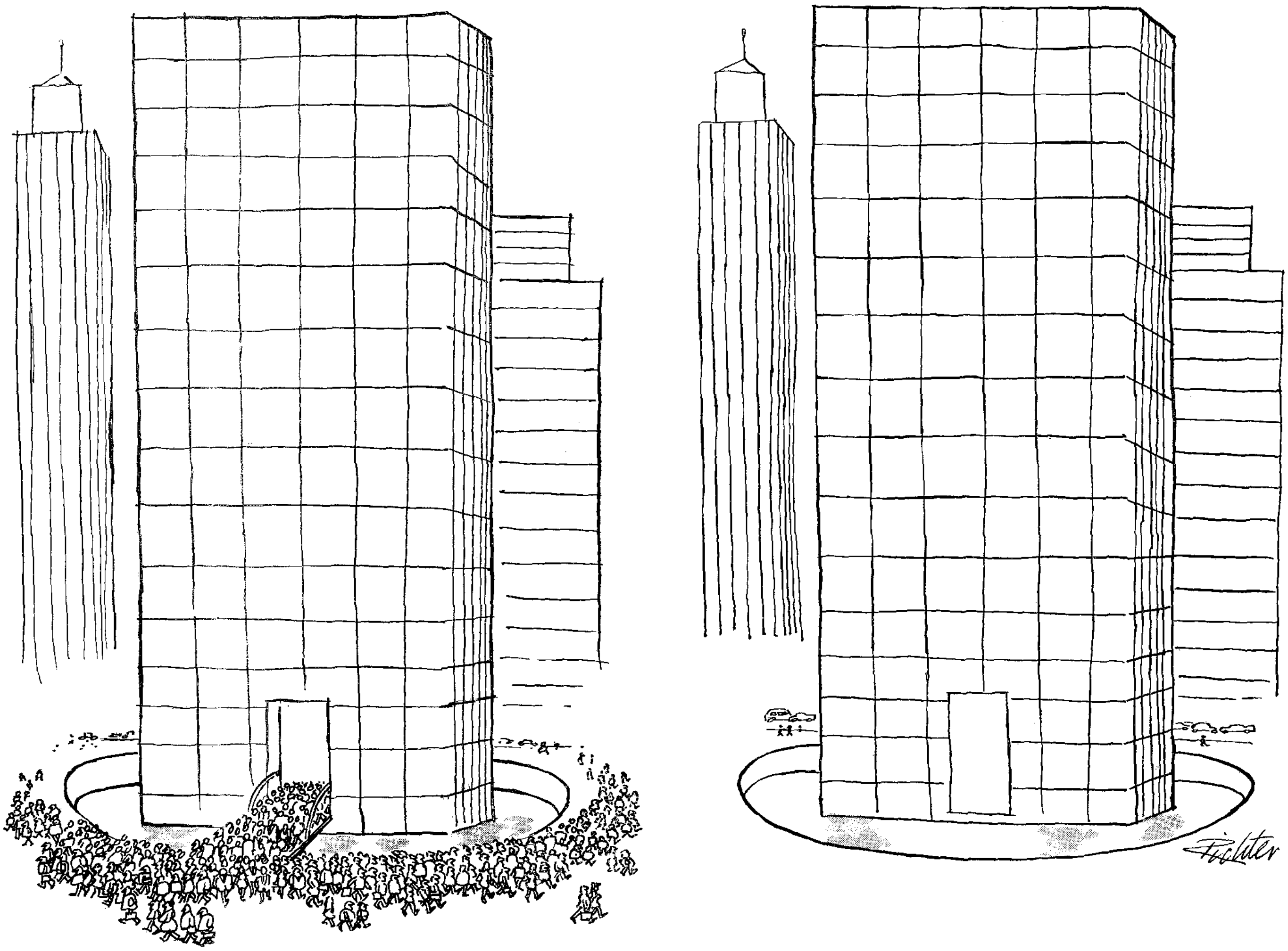


vert operations so much he didn't even want them talked about.

Early in May, 1977, Jack Anderson revealed that he had obtained his C.I.A. file, under the Freedom of Information Act, and had learned that on Helms's orders he had been kept under surveillance in Washington—on some days by as many as sixteen agents—during the early part of 1972, when he wrote column after column on the C.I.A.-I.T.T. tieup in Chile. That surveillance was also flatly illegal.

At a Presidential press conference on September 29, 1977—after Carter had been in office for eight months—a reporter mentioned Admiral Turner's concern about national-security secrets in the Helms case and asked whether the President had discussed this problem with his Attorney General, Griffin Bell. "He has not consulted with me nor given me any advice on the Helms question," the President answered. "I am familiar with it through reading in the press. I have no way to know yet the strength of the possible indictment or charges. I have no way to know yet the seriousness of the offense with which he will be charged. And I have no way to know yet the seriousness of possible damage to our own national security." As a candidate for the Presidency, Jimmy Carter had said, over and over and over, "I will never lie to you." And yet Attorney General Bell, at a later press conference of his own, described to reporters a meeting that he had attended at the White House to discuss the Helms case two months before Carter denied ever discussing it with him. Present at the meeting, besides Bell, were Assistant Attorney General Benjamin Civiletti, who was in charge of the Criminal Division of the Justice Department; Robert Keuch, a lawyer from that division; Zbigniew Brzezinski, White House Assistant for National Security Affairs; Vice-President Walter Mondale; and President Carter. As Bell described the meeting, the participants "discussed the pending Helms investigation" and the basic issues that were involved—among them "the national-security question," "the importance of upholding the rule of law," "the integrity of the Congress," "the constitutional right of the Congress to investigate," and "whether or not we could prosecute and make the intelligence community subject to law." In conclusion, Bell said, "We advised the President that we thought we could prosecute. We were satisfied from our study to date that it was possible to prosecute. We were authorized by the President to determine the possibility and feasibility of plea bargaining, and to keep him advised of any developments in the matter." Apparently, Bell revealed that the meeting had taken place, despite Carter's denial, to demonstrate that it was indeed the President who was responsible for settling the Helms case. It is known that Bell, Civiletti, and Brzezinski told the President at the meeting that vital intelligence secrets might have to be disclosed in a full-scale trial of Helms for perjury; this conclusion could only have been based on information supplied by the C.I.A. itself. Mondale, on the other hand, urged that the Justice Department's decision be based on legal rather than on security grounds—that is to say, the nation's true security ultimately rests on the rule of law.

THERE are, of course, valid national-security secrets—this nation's military-defense plans, say, or the methods used to protect the life of the



President. In the Helms case, however, no one explained, or even hinted at, what sort of "vital intelligence secrets" might have to be revealed if Helms was tried for perjury. In fact, nothing was ever cited to support the claim beyond the tirelessly reiterated term "national security" itself. That claim was clearly spurious in relation to one of the possible perjury charges—that Helms had lied when he denied that the C.I.A. had spied on the anti-war movement within the United States. Operation Chaos had already been described by the Rockefeller Commission, and all that need have been shown in court was evidence that the plan existed, that Helms had known about it before he testified in 1973, and that the operation had been carried out. While this kind of evidence might have required disclosure of a few C.I.A. agents' identities and their tactics in the field, they had broken the law, and to excuse their crimes the government would have had to contend, and a federal judge would have had to agree, that the names of a few official lawbreakers were national-security secrets that transcended the law itself. On the subject of the possible perjury charges against Helms for lying about the C.I.A.'s activities in Chile, no one even discussed in public what might have been involved or what might emerge in the course of a trial. Surely some kind of example could have been given. The total silence—on the part of Helms and his lawyer, the Justice Department, the White House, and the press—is, at the least, cause for wonderment.

What, in fact, might have happened at a perjury trial based on Helms's denials that the C.I.A. had supported Allende's opponents financially and had tried to overthrow his government? To be sure, the prosecution would have had to reveal some of the ways in which the C.I.A. worked, and this would probably have meant disclosing the identities of some agents and some Chileans. Presumably, though, the agency frequently changes its modus operandi to confuse its adversaries and to protect itself when its agents are captured or its secrets are passed on by double agents and defectors and opposition spies. Presumably, too, operations are occasionally "blown," and the agency must be prepared, in such an eventuality, to pull out its agents and relocate any of their contracts who had been compromised. In the case of Chile, this recourse would probably have been unnecessary, since the people who might have sought vengeance against the C.I.A. and its local friends were—thanks to the C.I.A.—in exile, in prison, or dead. Of course, any lawyer representing Helms would certainly have tried to force the government to drop its case by compelling it to tell secrets that it was unwilling to make public, but this tactic would have put Helms in the absurd position of insisting on divulging more secrets than the ones he had supposedly perjured himself, and thereby risked imprisonment, to conceal. Federal judges frequently examine official secrets *in camera*, and admit only facts that are relevant to the issue at hand. If some of the facts in the Helms case would truly have damaged the nation's security and yet the court ruled that the defendant was entitled to present them, *then* the case could have been dropped. That way, the public would have been shown that all reasonable measures had been taken to uphold the law, whatever the standing of the accused lawbreaker. There were sound recent precedents for such an ap-

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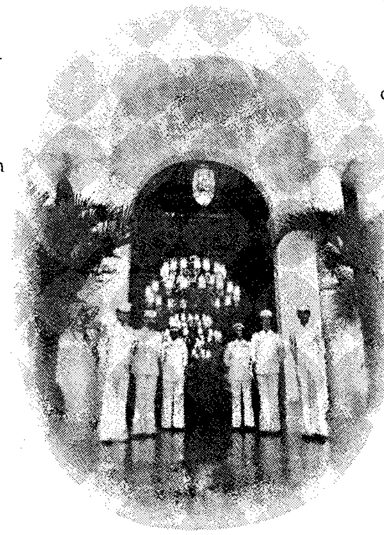

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proach, and Attorney General Bell, a former judge on the federal Court of Appeals, knew them well—namely, Nixon's claim that publication of the Pentagon Papers and his later claim that admission of portions of his White House tapes as evidence in court would damage national security. The first claim was tested in court and rejected. The second claim was upheld in part and rejected in part by another court, which made enough of the tapes admissible to show Nixon's role in the Watergate coverup. In each case, it seemed clear, it was the reputations of individuals and the reputation of the government, not the security of the nation, that were mainly at stake.

Helms's lawyer was Edward Bennett Williams, who is regarded as perhaps the best criminal lawyer in the country. Since Helms had clearly lied under oath to a congressional committee, and since it is a crime to lie under oath to a congressional committee, Williams didn't have a lot going for his client in the way of a legal defense. But a really zealous lawyer never lets the law stand in his way. By the time Williams was through, he had convinced just about everybody in Washington that Helms had testified as he had testified to protect the national-security secrets he had sworn a C.I.A. oath to protect. Some people scoffed at the claim. "An oath not to divulge information is not an affirmation of the right to lie," a former high official of the Justice Department said. "My God, Helms divulged secrets all over the place when it suited him." But a lot of people wanted to believe Helms's claim, because he had a lot of friends, including some of the most influential people in the country. A number of them were present at a party that was given in his honor a couple of weeks after he returned from Iran to tell the Senate Foreign Relations Committee that it had been negligent in questioning him at his confirmation hearing. The party was given by Tom Braden, a syndicated columnist, and his wife, and among those who attended were Senator Symington; W. Averell Harriman, former governor of New York and an ambassador in various Democratic Administrations; Robert McNamara, Secretary of Defense in the Kennedy and Johnson Administrations; and Secretary of State Kissinger, who had more than a friendly interest in the outcome of the Helms case, since a trial would almost certainly have disclosed his role in the Chilean affair and the massacre of so many people by Allende's successors.

Helms had long been a prize catch

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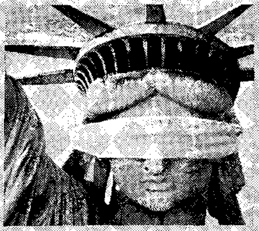


No one has to sell American business on competitive enterprise.

We know how good the system is.

But when it comes to communicating its merits to a skeptical public, the business community isn't getting through.

It's not that we don't have a story to tell. Our system affords greater opportunity for the realization of human potential than any other yet devised.

But in our eagerness to point with pride, we often convey the false impression that there's nothing at all wrong with the way the system works.

We know better, of course. So does the public.

Since society cannot function very long without public confidence in business, we think it's time to shelve the one-sided arguments that turn people off.

When we run ads to explain competitive enterprise, let's be candid. Let's demonstrate that our concern with meeting broad social needs is just as real as the public's.

When we appeal for understanding, let's do so not in the language of the boardroom but in terms of better jobs and productive, useful lives.

The point is simply this. Survival of our system requires that profitability and public accountability go hand in hand.

Because what happens to business happens eventually to all of society.

So faith in the system is fine, but it needn't be blind faith.

(Why not use this message to open someone else's eyes?)

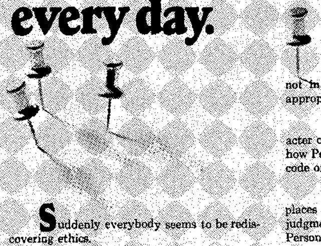
Pennwalt Corporation, Three Parkway, Philadelphia, Pa. 19102.

For 127 years we've been making things people need—including profits.

PENNWALT
CHEMICALS ■ EQUIPMENT
HEALTH PRODUCTS

A code of ethics isn't something you post on the bulletin board.

It's something you live every day.



Suddenly everybody seems to be rediscovering ethics.

In the business community, in Congress, on the campus and in the pulpit.

We think the trend is healthy. And needed. So we'd like to disclose a discovery of our own on this subject.

We found a *long time ago that* when it comes to any sort of corporate decree, the more you reduce it to writing the more you reduce participation.

It's much better, we learned, to create a working environment in which communication is a two-way process. And corporate goals are shared.

So that your code of ethics is expressed not in a news release, but in the release of appropriate thought and action.

Nobody's perfect, but it seems to work.

As our chairman put it: "The character of this company is simply a reflection of how Pennwalt people think and act. *That's* our code of ethics."

And so it is.

Admittedly, it's an approach that places more stress on the integrity and good judgment of our people than on manuals from Personnel. (A *lot* more stress.)

But it pays off. In pride. In performance. In a belief that the work we do is important. And in the enhancement of our worldwide reputation.

You might say it's the difference between a bulletin that goes up on the board, and the life that goes on every day.

(We have a brief booklet on corporate citizenship which we believe covers this subject. If you'd like one, just write our Director of Corporate Communications.)

Pennwalt Corporation, Three Parkway, Philadelphia, Pa. 19102.

For 127 years we've been making things people need—including profits.

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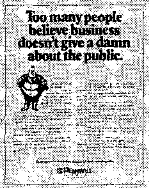
Jack Block's class of business majors politely suggested what we could do with this ad.


Too many people believe business doesn't give a damn about the public.

Mr. Block teaches Business Communications at Mesa College in San Diego.

When our ad ran, he asked his students to make suggestions.

They did. All eighty-five of them. Thoughtfully and pointedly.

"Don't tell us people distrust big business," they suggested. "Tell us what you intend to *do* about it."

If only it were that simple.

As we've said before in this space, loss of credibility is just one reason why business is in trouble with the public. But loss of credibility leads to erosion of confidence in the whole system.

This alarms us. Because we believe in competitive enterprise, despite its defects.

We hate to see the whole system condemned for the questionable or unethical practices of a relatively few people in business who ought to know better.

But *we* know better than to try to defend the system with one-sided sermonettes that insult your intelligence.

Instead, we hope you'll stop and think. We hope the skeptics among you will question certain attitudes of your own.

Maybe nothing business says will ever change the mind of anyone not already sold on the system.

We certainly don't expect an ad to do it. That's not the point at all.

The point is to make you think. To replace a monologue with a dialogue. Judging from our mail, it's working.

Thus the ads themselves are an example of what we "intend to *do* about it."

The dialogue is healthy. We hope it continues.

We also hope we've shown Jack Block's students that we're open to suggestion.

Pennwalt Corporation, Three Parkway, Philadelphia, Pa. 19102.

For 127 years we've been making things people need—including profits.

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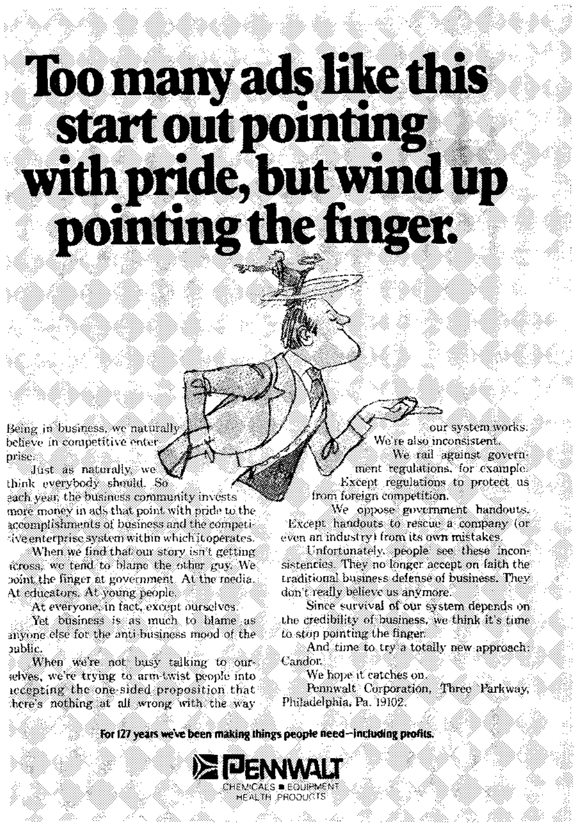
that a company that runs have a selfish motive.



Too many ads like this start out pointing with pride, but wind up pointing the finger.

Being in business, we naturally believe in competitive enterprise.

Just as naturally, we think everybody should. So each year, the business community invests more money in ads that point with pride to the accomplishments of business and the competitive enterprise system within which it operates.

When we find that our story isn't getting across, we tend to blame the other guy. We point the finger at government. At the media. At educators. At young people.

At everyone, in fact, except ourselves.

Yet business is as much to blame as anyone else for the anti-business mood of the public.

When we're not busy talking to ourselves, we're trying to arm-twist people into accepting the one-sided proposition that there's nothing at all wrong with the way our system works.

We're also inconsistent.

We rail against government regulations, for example. Except regulations to protect us from foreign competition.

We oppose government handouts. Except handouts to rescue a company (or even an industry) from its own mistakes.

Unfortunately, people see these inconsistencies. They no longer accept on faith the traditional business defense of business. They don't really believe us anymore.

Since survival of our system depends on the credibility of business, we think it's time to stop pointing the finger.

And time to try a totally new approach: Candor.

We hope it catches on.

Pennwalt Corporation, Three Parkway, Philadelphia, Pa. 19102.

For 127 years we've been making things people need—including profits.

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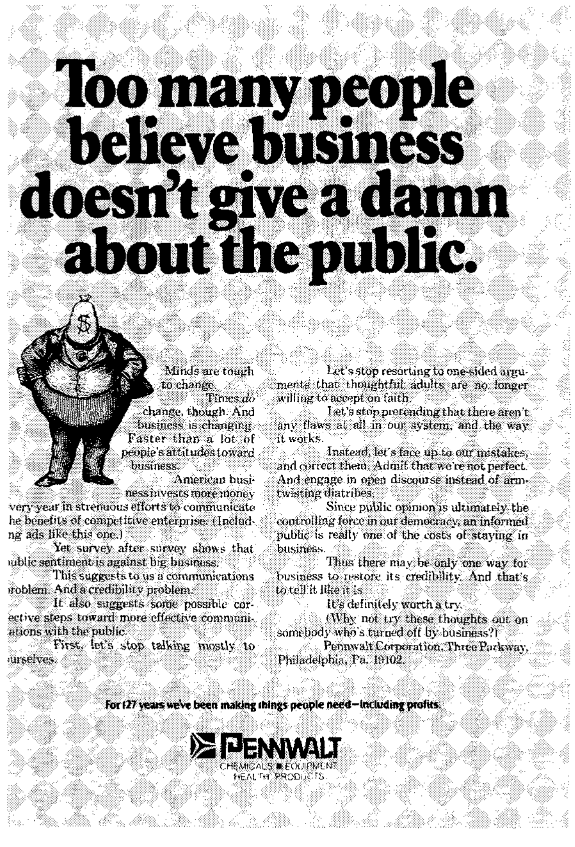


Too many people believe business doesn't give a damn about the public.

Minds are tough to change.

Times *do* change, though. And business is changing. Faster than a lot of people's attitudes toward business.

American business invests more money very year in strenuous efforts to communicate he benefits of competitive enterprise. (Including ads like this one.)

Yet survey after survey shows that public sentiment is against big business.

This suggests to us a communications problem. And a credibility problem.

It also suggests some possible corrective steps toward more effective communications with the public.

First, let's stop talking mostly to ourselves.

Let's stop resorting to one-sided arguments that thoughtful adults are no longer willing to accept on faith.

Let's stop pretending that there aren't any flaws at all in our system, and the way it works.

Instead, let's face up to our mistakes, and correct them. Admit that we're not perfect. And engage in open discourse instead of arm-twisting diatribes.

Since public opinion is ultimately the controlling force in our democracy, an informed public is really one of the costs of staying in business.

Thus there may be only one way for business to restore its credibility. And that's to tell it like it is.

It's definitely worth a try.

(Why not try these thoughts out on somebody who's turned off by business?)

Pennwalt Corporation, Three Parkway, Philadelphia, Pa. 19102.

For 127 years we've been making things people need—including profits.

PENNWALT
CHEMICALS ■ EQUIPMENT
HEALTH PRODUCTS

Frankly, we do.

We want our competitive enterprise system to survive. Because we're part of it. And because we've prospered within the system.

We started out, 127 years ago, as The Pennsylvania Salt Manufacturing Company. Now we're Pennwalt Corporation. With 1977 sales of $835 million. And with close to 14,000 employees worldwide.

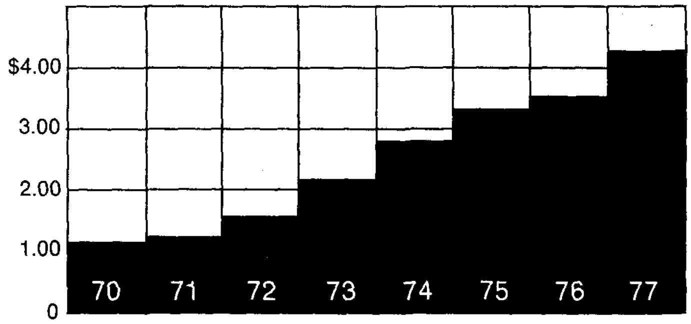
Primarily, we serve the health, chemical process, agricultural and food processing, plastics, and pollution abatement markets.

We make a lot of things that most people have never heard of. And some things that everybody's heard of. Such as Allerest®, Desenex® and Cruex®.

We also make something else. Profits.

We've paid dividends every year since 1863 — when Abraham Lincoln was president.

Our earnings per share have grown from $1.16 back in 1970 to $4.23 in 1977. An average compounded growth rate of over 20% per year.



But before anyone suspects that our motive is too selfish, let's remember that because we're profitable, our employees, shareholders and suppliers benefit financially. Our customers benefit from our products and services. And the general public, including local, state and federal governments, benefits from our role as an employer, purchaser and taxpayer.

Believe in the system? Sure we do, but that doesn't mean that we should ever be smug. Or complacent. Or, worst of all, silent about the system's shortcomings.

In fact, we can't afford to be.

Pennwalt Corporation, Three Parkway, Philadelphia, PA 19102.

For 127 years we've been making things people need—including profits.

PENNWALT
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BROWNSTONE STUDIO

NON-STOP FLATTERY

in the prettiest dress of the season. Delicate colors and gentled lines to make every body beautiful. The georgette jacket drifts with the summer breeze and has easy raglan sleeves. The sleeveless jersey shell zips up the back and has a spaghetti sash. Cluster pleated jersey skirt is an elastic waisted pull-on. Wear the tops over white pants or a white skirt, the skirt with a pastel T-shirt. A washable Wilroy in polyester. Ice blue/ petal pink/taupe. 6-20. $100.

"UPSTAIRS"
the Brownstone Boutique
on the 22nd floor at
342 Madison Ave., Dept. 35
New York, N.Y. 10017

Write or call for our
FREE
SUMMER BROCHURE

Use our Toll-Free number
800-221-2468
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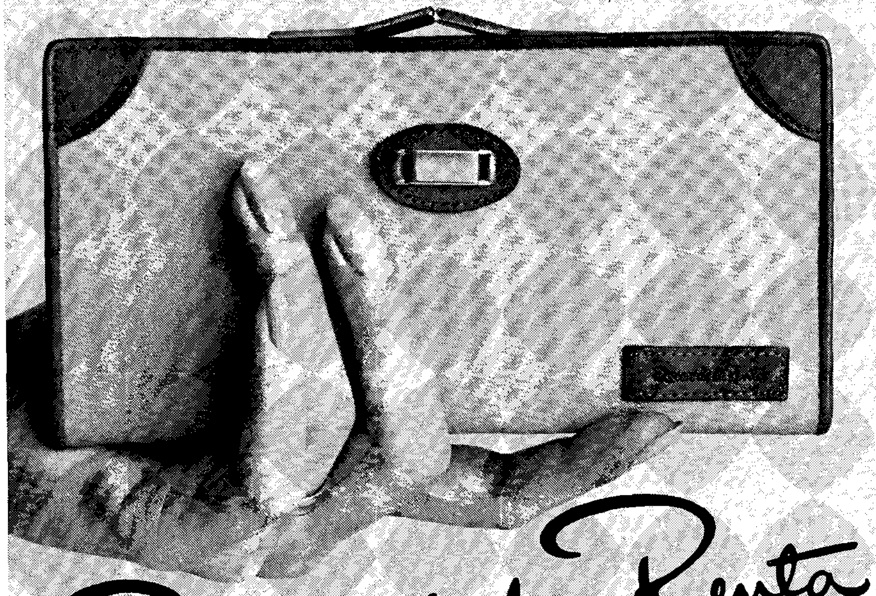
Add $1.25 for handling. New York State residents add sales tax. Check, M.O. American Express, Visa/BankAmericard or Master Charge.

"We think a woman's personal accessories should be as chic as the clothes she wears. So Oscar de la Renta presents a beautiful leather collection for her."

Bond Street Ltd.



Oscar de la Renta

The Campagnia Continental Purse $35.
Other styles from $12.50. At fine stores.
Bond Street Ltd., 30 East 33rd Street, New York.
A division of Richton International Corp.

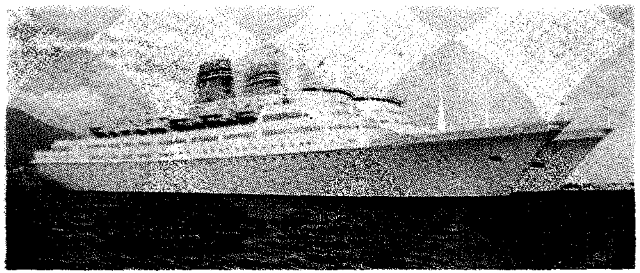
for Washington hostesses. To them, he was a romantic, mysterious figure who held the nation's darkest secrets, who manipulated heads of state and entire governments, who sent secret agents out to save the nation from its furtive enemies. They loved him. When Helms went back to his post in Iran, he remained a sort of guest of honor in absentia on the Washington social scene. Helms's friends didn't miss any opportunities to appeal, cajole, and threaten in his defense, and by the summer of 1977 this movement had attained such numbers and strength that, Anthony Lewis reported in his column in the *Times*, at "social occasions in Washington officials dealing with the Helms case have actually found themselves being denounced for 'persecuting poor Dick Helms.' "

Buttressing these social forces were Helms's numerous supporters in the press—led by Evans and Novak, who warned in their syndicated column that any prosecution of Helms would expose "the nation and its recent Presidents to obloquy" and that a trial would, in the words of an unnamed "eminent Democrat," be "the single most damaging thing that could be done to this country."

AT around three o'clock on the afternoon of October 31, 1977, federal District Court Judge Barrington D. Parker opened proceedings on Criminal Case 77-650—the United States of America v. Richard M. Helms. On hand in the courtroom—on the sixth floor of the federal courthouse in Washington, where the Watergate cases had been tried—were Civiletti, Williams, and Helms. No reporters were present, because—despite a longstanding Justice Department practice of notifying the press when important cases involving government officials are coming up—the Department hadn't announced the forthcoming court session. As reporters put the events together later from talks with the court reporter and examination of the court record, the session lasted about half an hour and got under way with Civiletti telling Judge Parker that the government was charging Helms with a two-count "criminal information" that he "did refuse and fail to answer material questions" before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee on two occasions. A criminal information, which does not require a vote by a grand jury, was the weakest action that the government could bring against Helms. The maximum penalty under the misdemeanor cited in this information was a year

We want to be your ship...

...to Europe or the Caribbean.



The Vistafjord / The Sagafjord

Explore the romantic Caribbean or discover a Europe you've never seen aboard the luxurious Sagafjord or Vistafjord. Whichever you choose, your ship is anything you want to make it. Jog in the morning. Or dance away the evening in the nightclub. Relax in the sauna. Or discover the library. We have the facilities (on our roomy 25,000 and 24,000 tons) to accommodate your every whim.

Your ship is a friendly place. Where there's only one sitting for meals so you never have to rush. An all-European crew will serve you and there's one crew member for every two passengers.

Whether it be the Caribbean for up to 14 days, or Europe for as many as 45, make the Sagafjord or Vistafjord your ship. But before seeing your ship, see your travel agent.

CARIBBEAN 14-DAY CRUISES FROM $940,*
8-DAY FLY/CRUISE/RESORT FROM $650*

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- Ports include Haiti, Curacao, St. Thomas, Cartagena, Cristobal, St. Vincent, Barbados and St. Maarten

*Per person, double occupancy, low season with rate available only on limited number of cabins.

EUROPEAN FLY/CRUISE/TOUR, $320-$7,030†

CRUISE TO	CRUISE LENGTH	DATES/'78
Mediterranean, Egypt, Israel	14 nights	6 cruises from April 16–Oct. 15
Iberian Cruise	6 nights	Sept. 11
Mediterranean/Black Sea	14 nights	Sept. 17
East Africa	35 nights	Oct. 29
Fjordlands/Baltic	14 nights	3 cruises from May 25–Aug. 24
North Cape/Spitzbergen	14-19 nights	4 cruises from June 8–July 25

TRANSATLANTIC FLY/CRUISE/TOUR, $490-$2,240†

CRUISE TO	CRUISE LENGTH	DATES/'78
Genoa From Fla.	14 nights	April 2
London/Hamburg From Fla.	12 nights	May 13
Fla./N.Y. From Genoa	13 nights	June 11

EUROPEAN LONG CRUISES, $2,970-$8,100

CRUISE TO	LENGTH	DATES/'78
Scandinavia/North Cape	45 nights	June 25
Scandinavia/Continental Europe	33 nights	Aug. 9
Mediterranean, Egypt, Israel	42 nights	Sept. 23

The Great World Cruise (SOLD OUT)	84 nights	Jan. 7, 1978
The Great World Cruise	84 nights	Jan. 20, 1979

†Cruise only.

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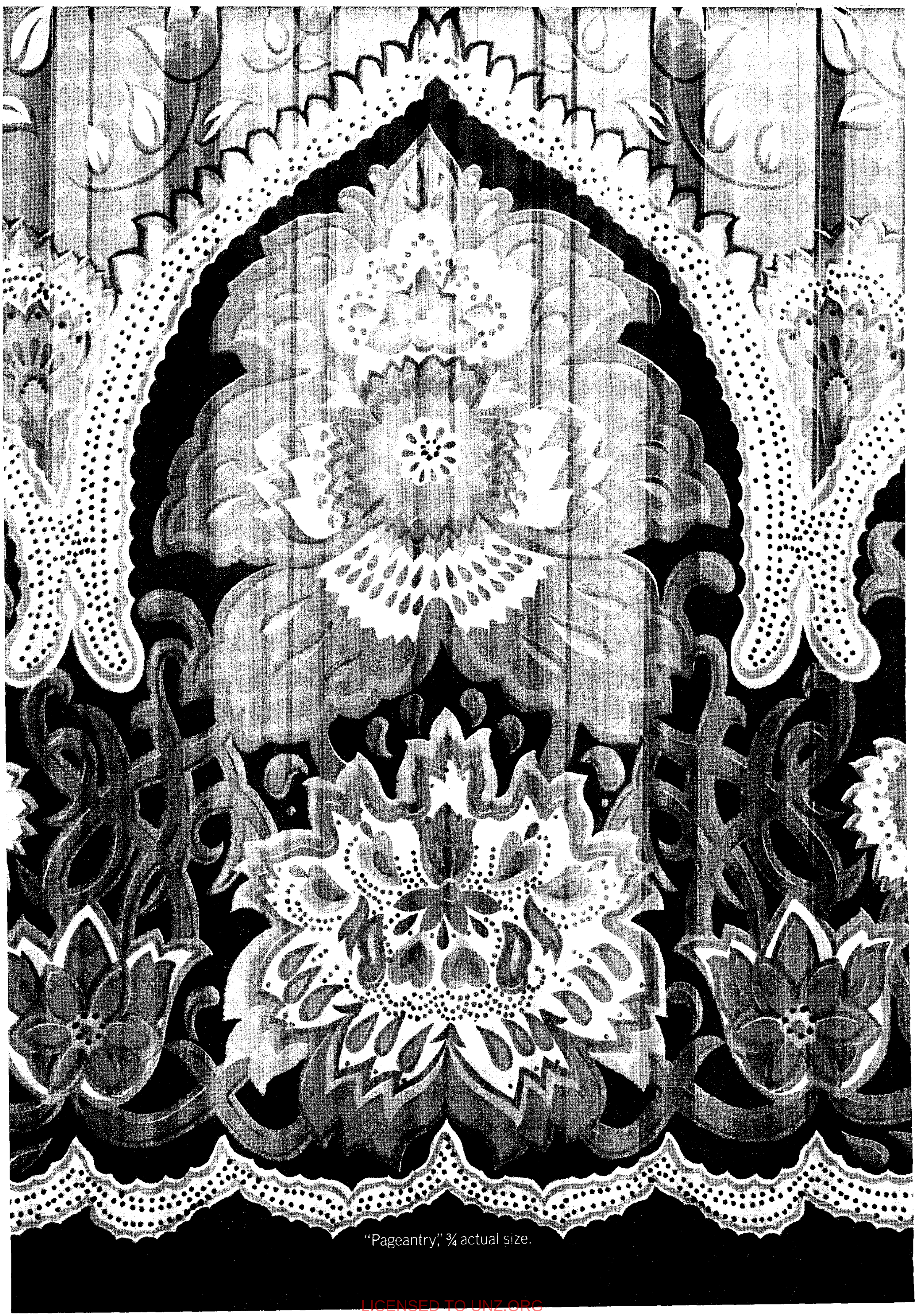

"Pageantry," ¾ actual size.

WITH THE RIGHT COLORS, THE INNOCENCE OF A PEASANT PRINT CAN SUDDENLY BECOME WORLDLY.

MARTEX

There is something so naive about most peasant prints. Actually that something is color. But for a rather different effect we substituted our colors for the more expected ones. A rich Bordeaux for red, vibrant teal for green and soft colors, like dusty rose, for brighter ones. Now our "Pageantry" is quite knowing indeed.

Sheets and pillowcases in 50% Dacron® polyester, 50% cotton. Also comforters, bedspreads, draperies, towels, shower curtains and accessories.

For decorating with sheets and towels, send for our magazine, "Patterns For Living." Mail $1.50 to Martex, P.O. Box 1951D, Birmingham, Alabama 35201.

® West Point Pepperell

MARTEX® WE DESIGN FABRICS THAT HAPPEN TO BE SHEETS.

Our new lamp chose our new phone.

If necessary, hearing aid adapters are available from your telephone company. The Mickey Mouse Phone © Walt Disney Productions.

A lot of people are extending their decorating to include decorative extension phones.

And they're finding the best choice is Bell. Because besides wanting a phone that's sure to make an impression, you want a phone that's sure to make a call.

With Bell you have a variety of customized services to choose from.

And enough choices of shapes, colors and styles so you can get a phone that's genuinely you.

And still get a phone that's genuine Bell.

Bell System

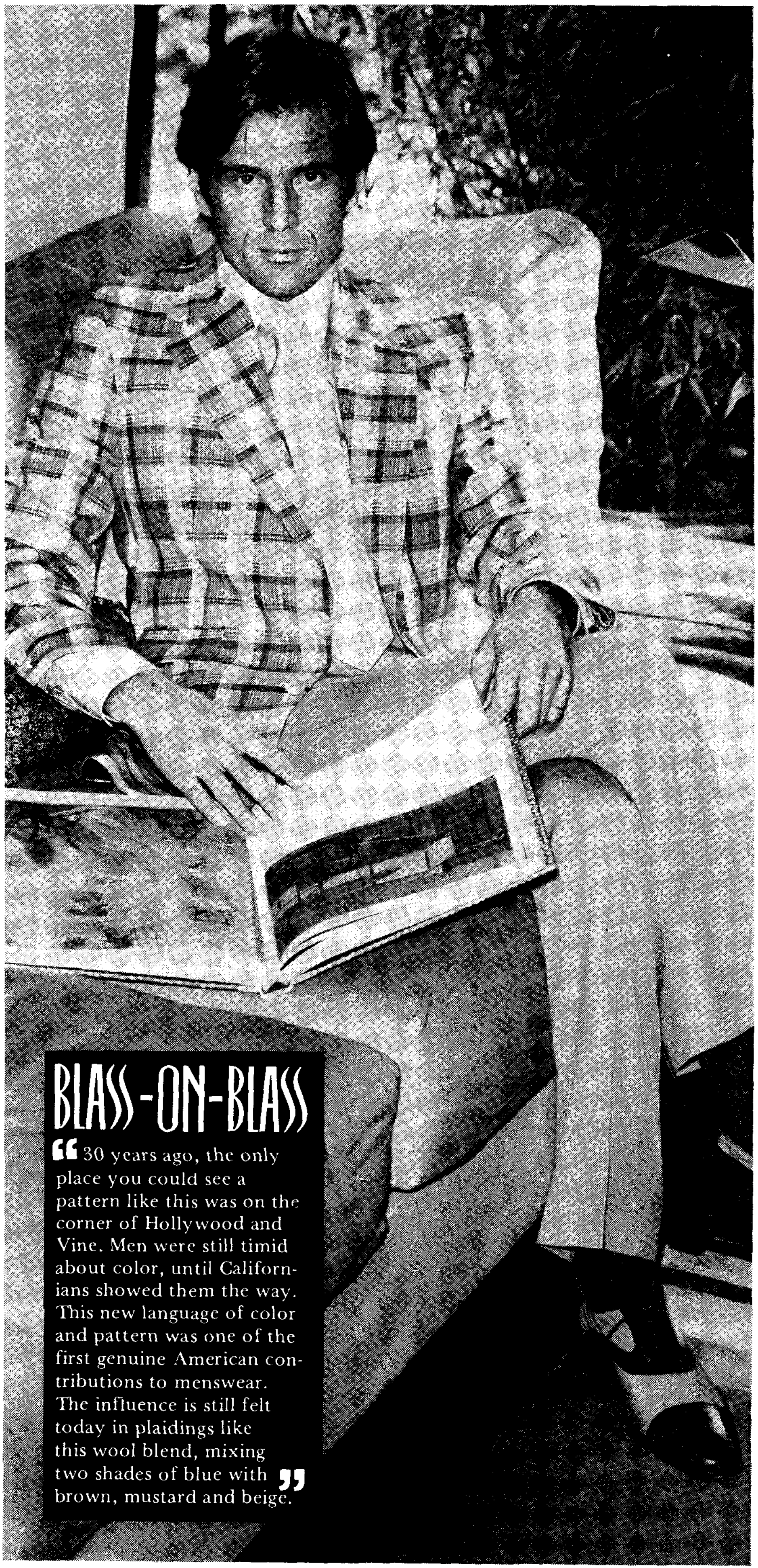
BE CHOOSEY

in prison and a fine of a thousand dollars—compared to five years in prison and a fine of two thousand dollars for perjury. Since there were two counts in the information against Helms, he was subject, at most, to imprisonment for two years and a fine of two thousand dollars. (The use of a criminal information by the government in a political case was familiar to anyone who had followed the Watergate prosecutions, for former Attorney General Richard Kleindienst had been charged with a misdemeanor under a criminal information for testifying falsely at *his* confirmation hearings; he had pleaded guilty and been given a suspended thirty-day jail sentence and a suspended fine of a hundred dollars. Three staff lawyers of the Special Prosecutor's Office had resigned in protest over that plea bargaining, and lawyers then predicted that in time the Kleindienst settlement would produce even more deformed legal offspring.)

Civiletti informed Judge Parker that the Department of Justice strongly recommended that no prison sentence be imposed on Helms. According to a reconstruction of events put together in an article in *The New Republic*, Justice Department lawyers and Williams had jointly urged Judge Parker in private conversations in his chambers to give Helms a suspended thirty-day sentence without a fine; the Judge had denounced them for insulting him by suggesting a deal; Williams had then considered abandoning the bargained plea and going to trial on a perjury charge or charges; and "within minutes, in a demonstration of the talents that make him one of the world's best and most expensive defense attorneys, he acquired . . . 'good reason' to believe that in the end the outraged judge would not jail Helms." This suggested, of course, that someone close to the Judge had indicated in some manner to Williams that his client should accept the charge. He did.

Judge Parker asked Helms how he pleaded to the two counts of the criminal information, and Helms answered, "I plead *nolo contendere*, Your Honor." In English, the response meant that he contended nothing. In other words, the government accused Helms of committing crimes but declined to specify what they were or to prove them, and Helms refused to admit any guilt but allowed a judgment of guilty to be recorded against him.

"It is my understanding," Helms went on, "that there is to be no jail sentence, that I will continue to be able to get my pension from the United



BLASS-ON-BLASS

"30 years ago, the only place you could see a pattern like this was on the corner of Hollywood and Vine. Men were still timid about color, until Californians showed them the way. This new language of color and pattern was one of the first genuine American contributions to menswear. The influence is still felt today in plaidings like this wool blend, mixing two shades of blue with brown, mustard and beige."

BILL BLASS

BILL BLASS clothing is produced by PBM. See the collection at Boyds, Macy's Barneys, Bonwit Teller. Or write Bill Blass, 743 Fifth Avenue, New York, New York, 10022.

The Plaza
Act I scene 1
Butler enters
stage ~~right~~
left!!

The opening lines of many an important Broadway hit were first dashed off on Plaza stationery. Writing at the desk in your suite, you may well find your own words taking on a certain special import.

Nothing unimportant ever happens at The Plaza.

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The Sopwith Camel returns!
Fly your own, that you made yourself with our clever kite kit. A four-foot wing span will take it soaring on the breeze. Easy kit contains everything but glue and kite string. From our Form and Function Shop, 9.00.

Only Higbee's does it like Higbee's
Public Square
Cleveland, Ohio 44113

In Ohio, add 5½% sales tax. Delivery charges beyond free delivery area, .75 in Ohio, 1.50 outside Ohio.

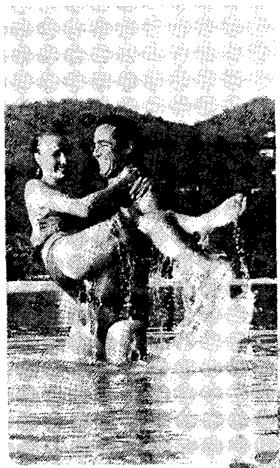
States government, and that there will be no further prosecution." To justify whatever it was that he was accused of having done, he told the court, "I found myself in a position of conflict on this occasion. I had sworn my oath to preserve certain secrets from unauthorized disclosure. . . . I didn't want to lie. I didn't want to mislead the committee. I was simply trying to find my way through a very difficult situation in which I found myself."

Judge Parker said that he was not bound by any agreement between the defendant and the Justice Department, and—to the obvious dismay of the principals in the case—he deferred sentencing for four days.

LATE that afternoon, the White House announced that President Carter considered the government's charge against Helms "a just decision" and one that "upholds the law but also serves the interests of national security." Afterward, the Justice Department declared that its handling of the case was fair. First, it stated, "the trial of this case would involve tremendous costs to the United States." In reply to the Department's claim, Senator Dick Clark, Democrat of Iowa and a member of the Foreign Relations Committee, observed, "On the contrary, the cost of not trying the case may have been far greater. For the C.I.A.'s operations abroad are conducted to protect the United States and its democratic institutions. Yet, on the theory that those operations are themselves sacrosanct, the Justice Department has elected to sacrifice the dignity of the very democratic institutions it exists to protect." The Department's second defense of its handling of the case was that "Mr. Helms has had a most distinguished career and has performed outstanding services to the United States government." This was a confusing argument, since those in the Justice Department who were making it had gone to such extreme lengths to conceal the records of Helms's career and services.

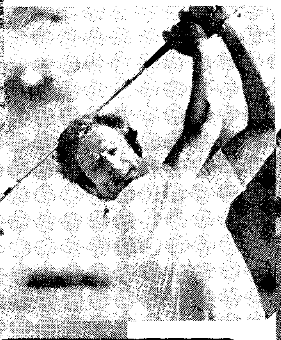
At a press conference the day after the Department's official pronouncement, Attorney General Bell defended the settlement in person. The reporters who attended the conference were furious that they hadn't been notified of the court session and were full of suspicion that a deal had been made. Bell said that Helms might have changed his mind about his plea if the press had been present—an odd explanation for preferential treatment. Bell went on

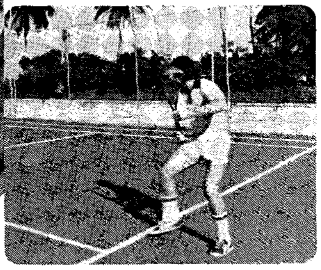
ALL KINDS OF JAMAICA.



Ride a bamboo raft down a jungle river. Climb a warm gentle waterfall. Play golf along the Caribbean shore. Dance calypso until dawn.

In **Ocho Rios,** we have the Sensuous Resorts – the Inter•Continental Ocho Rios and the Mallards Beach-Hyatt. It's a whole complex of great bars, restaurants, discotheques, sports, entertainment, everything. The hotels are only a few steps from each other. And the facilities of both are available to guests at either.





In **Montego Bay,** there's the lovely Royal Caribbean, with all the grace, charm and style of old Jamaica. Plus the Rose Hall Inter•Continental Hotel & Country Club. It's Jamaica's most complete resort, with one of the world's most magnificent golf courses, and lighted tennis. Or there's **Runaway Bay** Hotel & Golf Club, with golf, gardens, a beautiful beach and superb personal service.

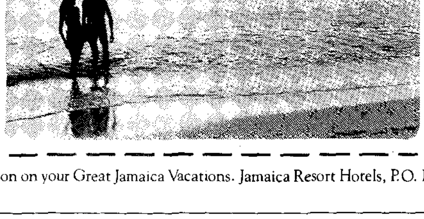
In **Kingston,** the cultural and artistic capital of the Caribbean, we have two great hotels for vacation or business travellers – the Sheraton Kingston and the Inter•Continental Kingston.

In short, we can give you all kinds of Jamaica. In all kinds of great packages.

The Great Jamaica Vacations.

You can choose golf, tennis, honeymoon, and vacation packages from as little as $67.50 per person, double for 3 nights – or $137.50 for 7 nights. We also make group programs easier to plan than ever. And we have all kinds of beautiful brochures that tell the whole story.

For your copies, or for more information, just see your travel agent or send in the coupon.



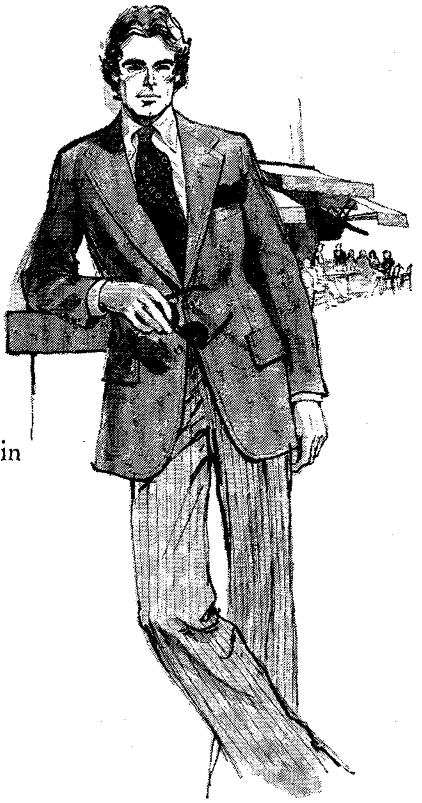
JAMAICA RESORT HOTELS

Please send me more information on your Great Jamaica Vacations. Jamaica Resort Hotels, P.O. Box 898, Coconut Grove, Florida 33133.

Name ______________________ City ______________________

Address ______________________ State/Zip ______________________

Jamaica Resort Hotels are owned and/or operated by National Hotels & Properties, Ltd., Rose Hall Inter•Continental Hotel & Country Club is operated by Inter•Continental Hotels Corp. Runaway Bay Hotel & Golf Club is operated by Fitzroy International, Inc.



GRAHAM &
GUNN LTD.

The Alfresco Blazer

Alfresco. Literally, "in the fresh." The way you feel in this blazer of Dacron® polyester and finespun wool in a light, airy "fresco" weave. Graham & Gunn® tailors it compatibly with the soft shoulders and refreshingly natural lines of Hunt Club styling. Cool as all outdoors.

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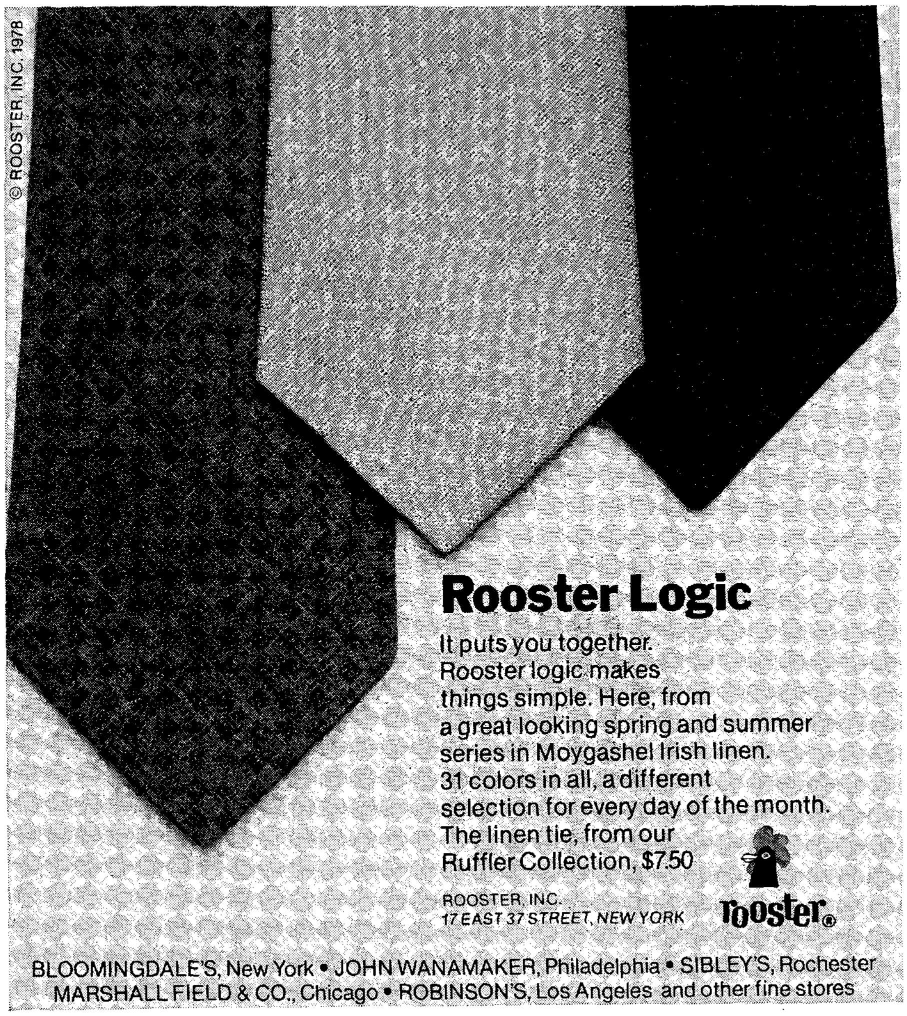

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to say that the charge against Helms would serve the government's primary goal of deterrence by showing other intelligence officials that they were subject to the same criminal-justice standards as ordinary citizens. One reporter asked whether the Department's use of the weakest possible charge against Helms might not be construed by his colleagues as a signal that they could commit perjury without fear of being tried for perjury. Bell was indignant. "How can you say it's a license to commit perjury?" he demanded. "It's just the opposite. It seems to me it sets the intelligence community out on a new course." At the time, this claim seemed to be about like saying that giving a murderer thirty days in jail for assault would deter others from committing murder. That impression was not changed several weeks later when Senator Joseph R. Biden, Jr., Democrat of Delaware, announced some preliminary findings that had been reached in a year-long study of testimony given by intelligence officials before Congress. Biden was chairman of the Subcommittee on Secrecy, a subsidiary of the Select Committee on Intelligence, and he said that the Helms decision "could set a precedent for making intelligence officials immune to accountability by not only the congressional but the judicial branch as well." He explained that those who would be most likely to plead national security as a defense for lying under oath were those who had committed the worst crimes and thus had the greatest motive for concealing them; the more nefarious their misdeeds, he added, the less chance they would be prosecuted. Biden called this kind of national-security defense "legitimate blackmail," and said that his subcommittee had found in the year that it had studied the problem "abundant evidence that this form of legitimate blackmail has taken place in an astonishing number of cases." In other words, intelligence officials had been lying their brains out—even before the oversight committees that they were supposedly telling the truth to—and until Helms none of them had ever been prosecuted.

THE government's defense of its charges against Helms got strong support from an unexpected quarter—the press. This support was far more elaborately detailed than the government's self-justification, so historians will probably be obliged to base their conclusions about the Helms case on what the press said about it.

An editorial in the *Times* two days

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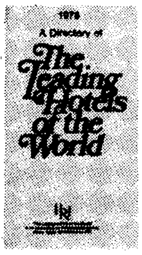

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after Helms appeared the first time in court said:

> When, in Senate testimony, Richard Helms was caught between his duty to obey the law and his duty to protect secrets, he chose the secrets. And so the Government was caught—between the need to enforce the laws against lying to Congress and the continuing need to keep secrets. The Carter Administration has now succeeded in paying homage to both law and secrets. . . . It is an adroit solution to the narrow problem.

First of all, of course, Helms had been caught in no such dilemma. And, second, the "adroit solution" created a dilemma for the government where none had existed before. "Every C.I.A. employee has taken a secrecy oath," Senator Clark wrote the *Times* in reply. "Is every intelligence officer therefore exempt from testifying truthfully before congressional committees that have legitimate jurisdiction?"

On the same day, the Washington *Post* ran a lengthy editorial on the subject, in which it pointed out that when Helms was asked about C.I.A. operations in Chile in 1970, during his confirmation hearing in 1973, "the same sort of secret, presidentially directed operations against the Allende government were still under way," and that these operations "had been subjected to all the secret—and lamentably lax—oversight that the Congress at that time was prepared to require." The editorial continued:

> Mr. Helms, in other words, was being asked to compromise not just past covert activities but also *continuing* activities of which a select handful of congressional overseers had already been informed in exactly the manner of Congress's own choosing.

It was the same baseless contention that Helms had faced a conflict that forced him to compromise one of his oaths. Moreover, in claiming that if Helms had told the members of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee the truth he would thereby have damaged the national security the *Post* was making the unjust and damaging accusation that the senators couldn't be trusted with state secrets, including "secrets" that had been widely published for over a year. And the claim that since members of congressional oversight committees had been lax in overseeing intelligence activities Helms was justified in lying to members of another committee who were not being lax would have delighted Lewis Carroll. The editorial went on:

> The great public debate over CIA misdeeds, moreover, had not yet begun. Later, wisely, the country changed the rules

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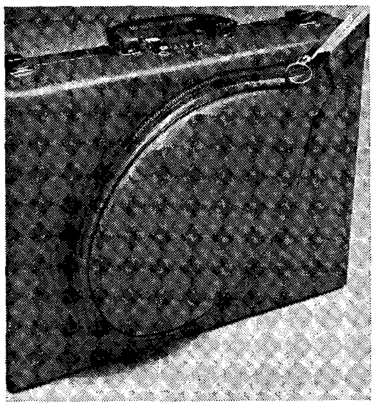

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[when Congress set up the Select Intelligence Committees] to ensure that secret operations would be conducted only with the orderly and explicit (and still secret) consent of Congress. Mr. Helms was caught up in the change. But that is not so much an indictment of him as an irony of our times: The national interest that formerly required him to make and keep secrets is now seen to require his humiliation for having pursued it faithfully in the past. To us, this calls not for vengeance but a measure of humility, and some sadness.

In other words, Helms was entitled to lie because his, and the C.I.A.'s, past misdeeds were then unknown, and once the misdeeds had come to be known he shouldn't be punished for having lied to conceal them. Now that the rules had been changed, this argument went, officials like Helms wouldn't be obliged to lie. Of course, since he had not been obliged to lie in the first place, a change in the rules was irrelevant. Further, if circumstances in the future under new rules were the same as they were at the time he lied—above all, if a witness was unlikely to get a choice job such as an ambassadorship once he told the truth—new rules probably wouldn't matter much. And one could hardly place much reliance on these new rules while justifying a plea-bargain agreement that made them nearly meaningless.

The *Post* continued:

> We are not saying that Mr. Helms should have been let off scot-free. The integrity of testimony under oath to a committee of Congress needs to be upheld as a matter of principle. But neither do we think he should have been prosecuted more severely. He had, after all, sworn a prior oath to defend the integrity of the agency of which he was the director. . . . That he chose in this dilemma to remain faithful to his commitment to the CIA, at the expense of his obligation to a committee of the Congress, does not diminish our estimate of him as an honorable man.

Stopping witnesses from lying under oath is not only a matter of principle; it is a matter of everyday practice. If Congress cannot reasonably rely on the truthfulness of witnesses before it, it cannot investigate, it cannot legislate, and, in crucial cases like this one, it cannot check the excesses of the executive branch. And if Helms was an honorable man because he carried out an immoral policy abroad and an illegal policy at home on the orders of a President, then the Watergate defendants—who carried out the same kinds of policies on orders from the same President, and who then lied under oath and pleaded the same excuse of

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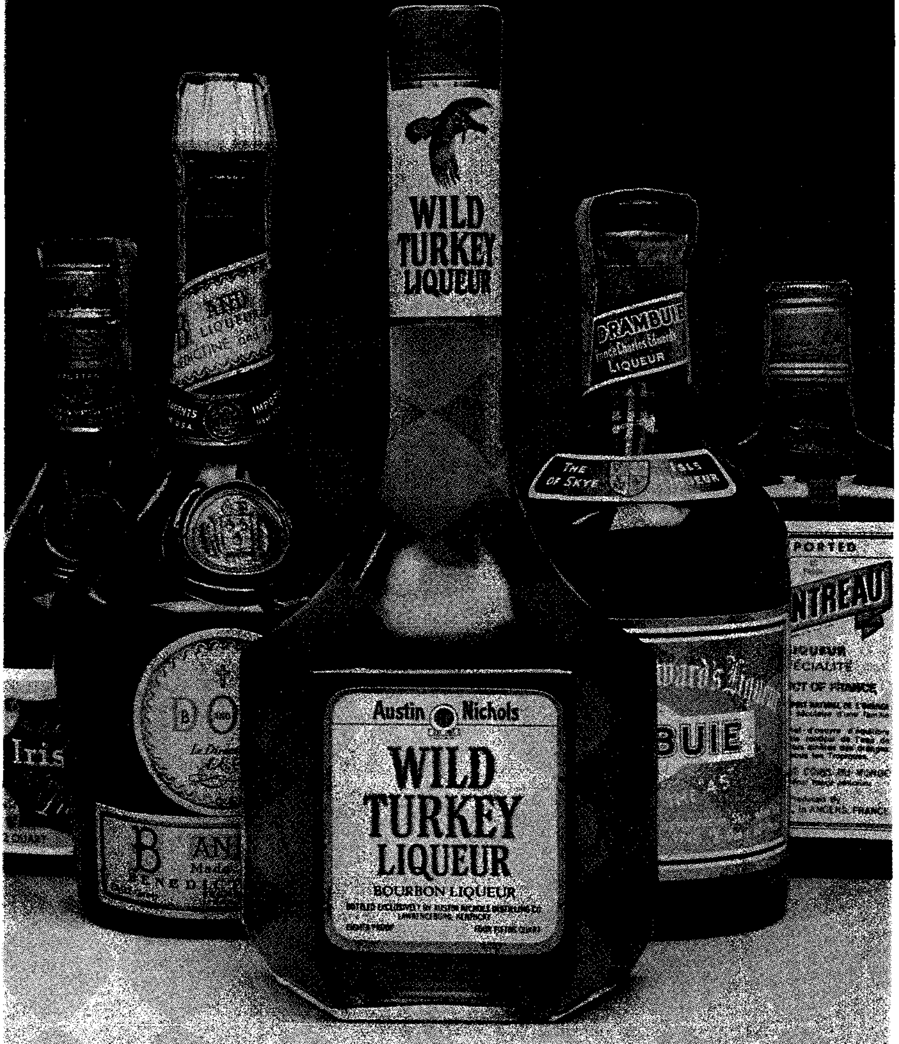

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national security—were honorable men, too.

Many of the country's leading columnists supported the Justice Department's resolution of the Helms case. A couple of days after the charge and the plea were announced, Anthony Lewis wrote in his column:

> If one looks at the difficulties, the Justice Department's reasons for settling are evident. On balance, my conclusion is that the plea-bargain should serve the public interest as well as Mr. Helms's—if it is properly understood. All along, there has been one fundamental reason to call Mr. Helms to account for testifying falsely under oath in 1973 to the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. That was to deter others—to demonstrate that official lawlessness is not tolerable, in the intelligence agencies any more than in the White House. . . . It would hardly be an effective deterrent if Mr. Helms were indicted for perjury and then, at trial, he were acquitted or the charges dismissed. And the obstacles to conviction were formidable.

The first obstacle, Lewis explained, was that although Helms's C.I.A. oath clearly did not excuse his perjury under Senate oath, "it might well have persuaded a jury that he did not really intend to commit a crime." Any second-year law-school student could have demolished this defense within minutes: Helms was an experienced witness and knew the rules; he had subsequently admitted to the same committee that he had had various alternatives to lying when he lied; and the very claim that he had been faced with conflicting oaths proved that he had intended to deceive, because it meant that he had chosen to honor one oath over the other. The second obstacle, Lewis said, was that "one or more senators on the committee may have known Mr. Helms was not speaking truthfully . . . and may have wanted him to hide the truth." Once the jurors were apprised of this fact, they "could well have thought it unfair to put the blame on Mr. Helms." The Watergate trials had demonstrated that even orders of a President do not justify the commission of a crime, so what one or two members of the Foreign Relations Committee may have wanted scarcely mattered under clearly established law. Anyway, Helms was not being recommended for confirmation as an ambassador by one or two senators, and the committee's members had later agreed to send his conflicting testimony to the Justice Department for possible prosecution.

Another of the "obstacles to conviction" on Lewis's list was the contention that because Helms's lawyer would "certainly have demanded masses of

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classified documents to prepare the case" the prosecutors "might have been faced with a court order to produce something whose disclosure would arouse legitimate concern," and the government "might then have had to dismiss the case." The argument was mighty iffy. Once again, the only way to test it would have been by going to trial. The claim that a jury or a judge or a prosecutor or a defense lawyer may do such-and-such if such-and-such is done isn't a tenable excuse for not trying a case. Problems of this sort—especially uncertainty about jurors' reactions—are present in nearly every prosecution. If every case had to be open-and-shut before a prosecutor would try it, then few cases would go to trial.

Lewis's overall reason for defending the settlement of the case—that there would have been no deterrent without a conviction—was not any more convincing. Whatever the outcome of a trial, it is a ghastly experience. As Judge Learned Hand once said, "I should dread a lawsuit beyond almost anything else, short of sickness and death." The sight of a man on trial for his freedom—with all the cost, the fear, the publicity, the failure or betrayal or sacrifice of his friends and colleagues, the traumatic effect on his family—is a powerful deterrent to crime. In fact, these prospects are a deterrent that is second only to conviction and imprisonment. The Nixon Administration, for example, prosecuted scores of political opponents without caring if they were convicted or acquitted, for the spectacle of them on trial was enough to silence most others who were tempted to speak out.

"In the circumstances, the bargain was a fair one," Lewis concluded. "By his plea Mr. Helms renounced any claim of exemption from the law: an honorable course and an important one. The principle of accountability was sustained."

ON November 4th, Helms reappeared before Judge Parker for sentencing. Helms did not have anything to say on his own behalf, but Williams did: "For Richard Helms to have made the requested disclosures at that time, Your Honor, he believed then and now would have cost lives. It would have compromised the nation's security. It would, Your Honor, have damaged severely our relationships in South America." Williams went on to claim that Helms had been confronted with a conflict between oaths, and the Judge impatiently interrupted him to

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say that there had been other courses open to Helms when he testified. Williams then pleaded that Helms had been guided "by one principle . . . the best interests of the United States."

Judge Parker replied, "Mr. Williams, there have been a number of defendants before this court within the last five years who have weighed this question as to what is in the best interests of the United States, and you have seen what has happened."

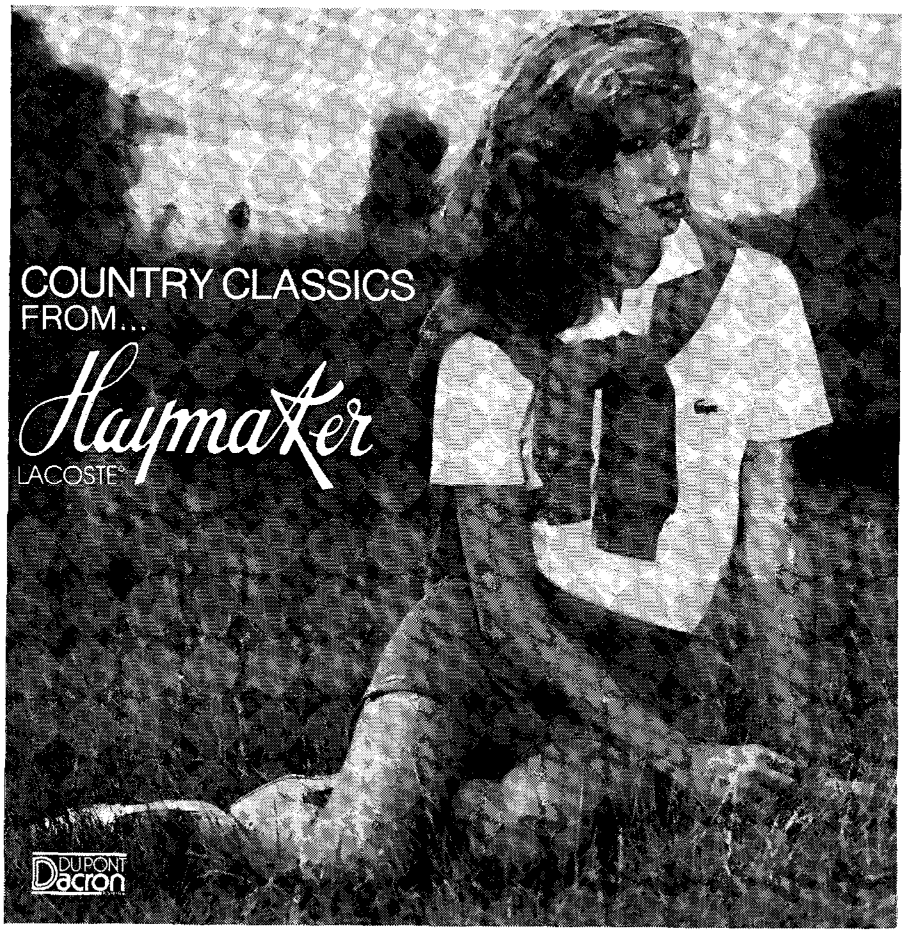
"Richard Helms will bear the scar of a conviction for the rest of his days," Williams said. "His only consolation will be that it is a scar incurred in the service of his country for doing what he believed by his lights and by his conscience was in the best interests of the United States."

Judge Parker turned to Helms, who was standing behind a small lectern facing the bench, and said that Helms had dishonored his "solemn oath to tell the truth before the committee." He went on, "You now stand before this court in disgrace and shame." Helms gripped the lectern as the Judge continued, "If public officials embark deliberately on a course to disobey and ignore the laws of our land because of some misguided and ill-conceived notion and belief that there are earlier commitments and considerations which they must first observe, the future of our country is in jeopardy." He then sentenced Helms to two years in prison, suspended the sentence with "a one-year period of unsupervised probation," and fined him two thousand dollars.

Helms and Williams emerged from the federal courthouse and jubilantly greeted a crowd of reporters, photographers, and television crews. Williams told them, "Contrary to the observations made before, he's going to wear this conviction like a badge of honor, like a banner. He did what he was required to by his oath. He would have sacrificed American lives. I'm proud of him. Here is a man who still believes in honor and patriotism."

Helms said that he agreed with what Williams had said, and added, "I don't feel disgraced at all. I think if I had done anything else, I would have been disgraced."

So much for Lewis's claim that "the principle of accountability was sustained." A few days later, Helms dropped in at the Kenwood Golf & Country Club, a fashionable gathering place outside Washington, and was joined by a group of former C.I.A. colleagues, who threw a celebratory luncheon for him. They toasted Helms over and over as a great American



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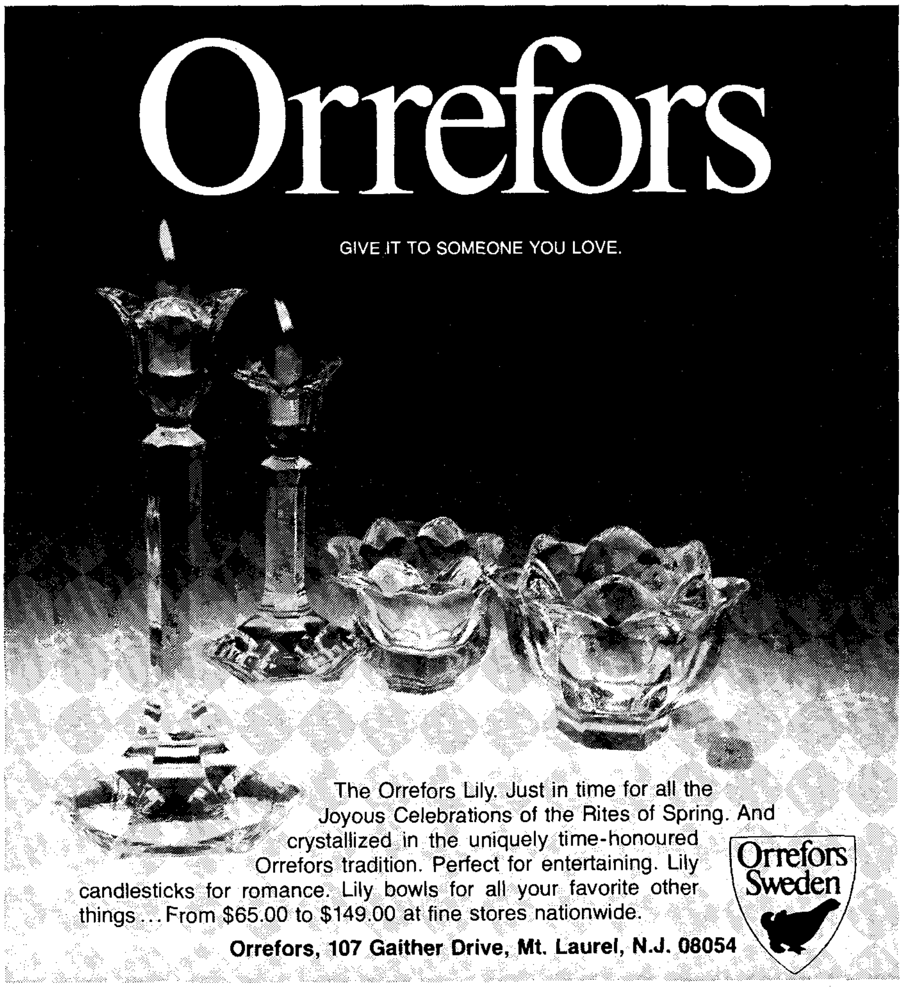

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hero, and then collected enough contributions from the group to pay Helms's fine. So much for deterrence.

THE *Times* and the Washington *Post* ran front-page stories on the outcome of the case, including Williams's and Helms's remarks afterward, but both papers were silent editorially. Three days after the sentencing, *Newsweek* ran a full-page account of the case, but didn't mention Williams's or Helms's response. *Time* reported the disposition of the case and the responses, and concluded that the resolution of the case "seemed a thoroughly reasonable compromise." Accompanying the *Time* article was a column by Hugh Sidey, the magazine's chief Washington correspondent, who wrote:

> What neither Congress nor the bureaucracy could take away from Helms was three decades of memories, challenge and exhilaration—a record beyond the grasp of people like Senator Frank Church, an unrelenting Helms critic. Helms helped tug the strings that toppled the left-leaning Mossadegh in Iran and brought 25 years of comparative stability to that nation. His thumbprint is somewhere in the overthrow of Guatemala's Jacobo Arbenz, an open Communist sympathizer and another destabilizing force in the fragile years after World War II.

Sidey hadn't missed the point; he had flung himself aside as it roared past. In defending America's right to overthrow Premier Muhammad Mossadegh—as the C.I.A. did, in 1953—Sidey was defending America's right to determine the sovereignty of any nation that is weaker than ours. He also ignored the principal reason behind Mossadegh's overthrow—his nationalization of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company. As for the twenty-five years of "comparative stability" in Iran, Amnesty International recently called attention to that country's "arbitrary arrest of suspected political opponents," "unsatisfactory

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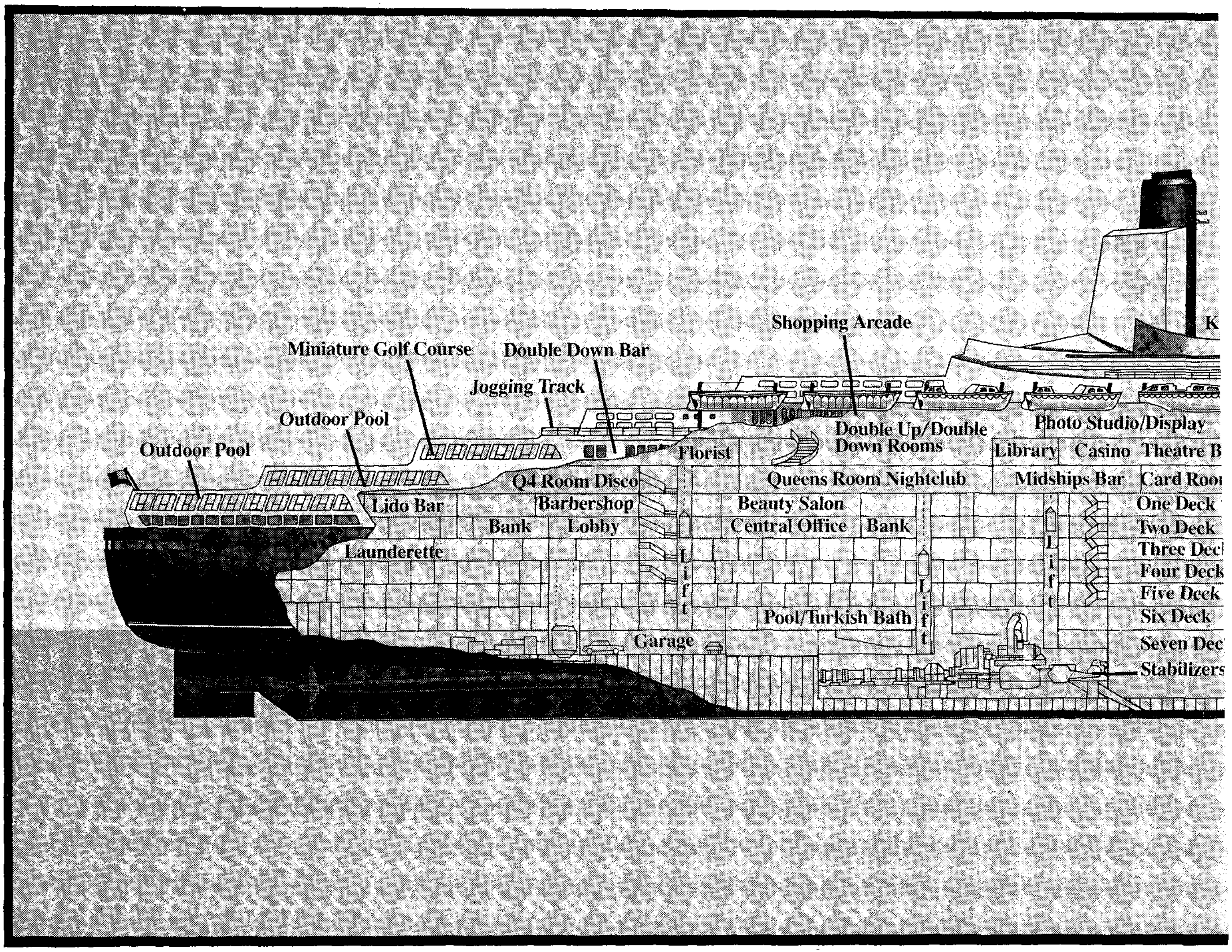
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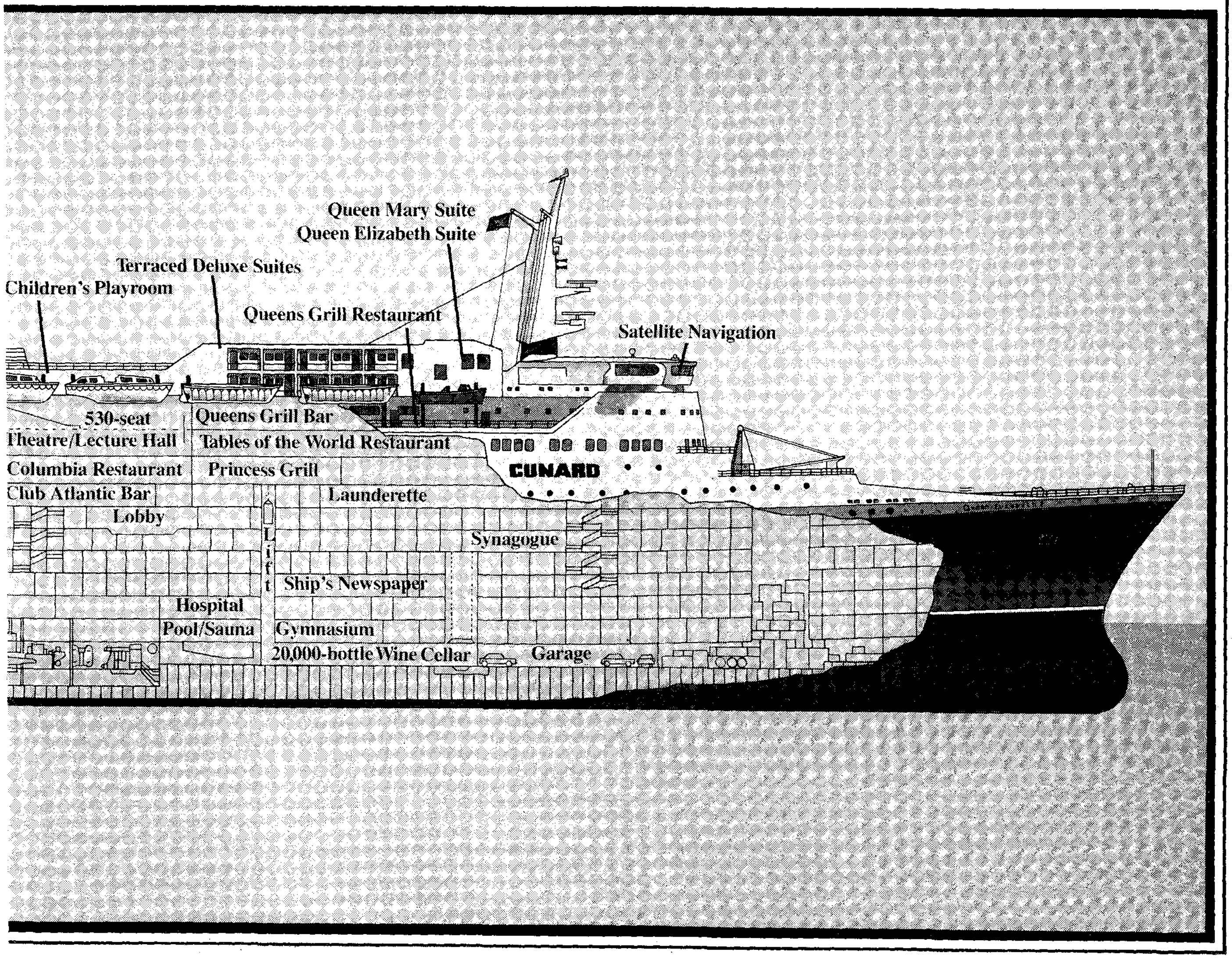
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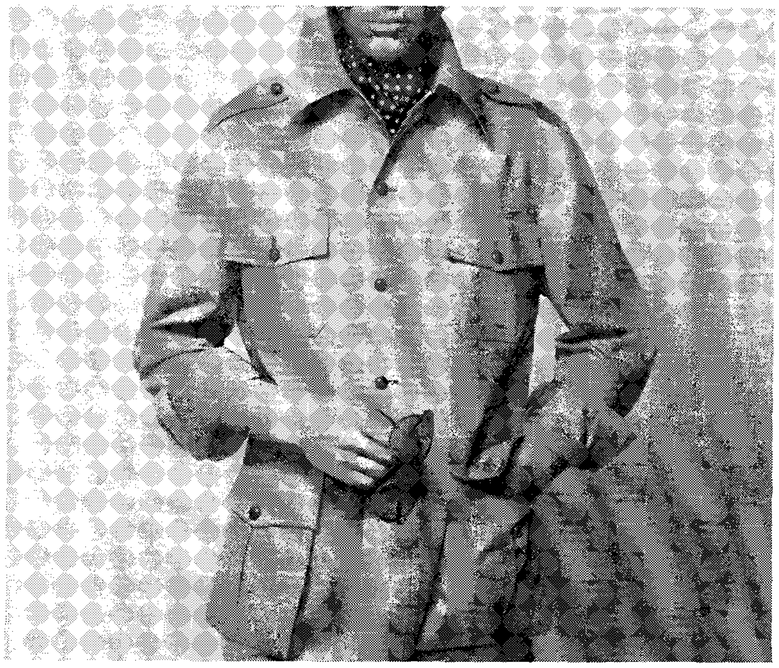
trial procedures," "the use of torture," and "executions." According to Reza Baraheni, an Iranian poet who was imprisoned and tortured by the present regime, torture and murder of prisoners increased markedly in Iran during the time that Helms was ambassador there. A couple of weeks after Sidey's column appeared, *Time* published a letter from a reader about Sidey's views: "I hope that when Helms reckons the cost of his adventurous career, he also adds in the lives lost to murder and torture in Chile since Allende was removed from office."

John Osborne's regular *New Republic* column, "White House Watch," began, "Being as how this reporter applauded Gerald Ford's pardon of Richard Nixon and suggested it at the White House before it was decided upon and announced, nobody should be surprised by the fact that I am glad that former C.I.A. Director Richard Helms was not jailed for lying under oath to the Senate Foreign Relations Committee." The so-I-said-to-the-President approach to journalism may impress some readers, but it effectively disqualifies one from claiming to comment dispassionately on the policies one has recommended. Just as in the Helms case, only a trial of Nixon could have brought out the full truth, or enough to satisfy the public that it knew what had happened. Trials in both the Nixon and the Helms case would have shown whether these men had committed serious crimes under the law. If they had and were found guilty, then they might have been sentenced to prison. And if they were, then they might have been pardoned or have had their sentences commuted. But Osborne declared, in effect, that he as a journalist didn't want to know the truth and he didn't want the people to know it, either. He gave no reason for his position, and ended up by defending the resolution of the Helms case on a ground that even the Justice Department had rejected: "Helms did what one of his Presidents ordered him to do and he honored his oath not to disclose what he had done and authorized."

"The case against what Helms did in the Nixon years strikes me as small beer," Joseph Kraft wrote in his syndicated column. This statement suggested that it was Helms's acts while he was in the C.I.A., and not his lies about those acts, that counted. But then Kraft returned immediately to the lies rather than the acts. "The perjury charges related to covert actions carried out by the C.I.A. in Chile between the election of Sept. 4, 1970, and the military



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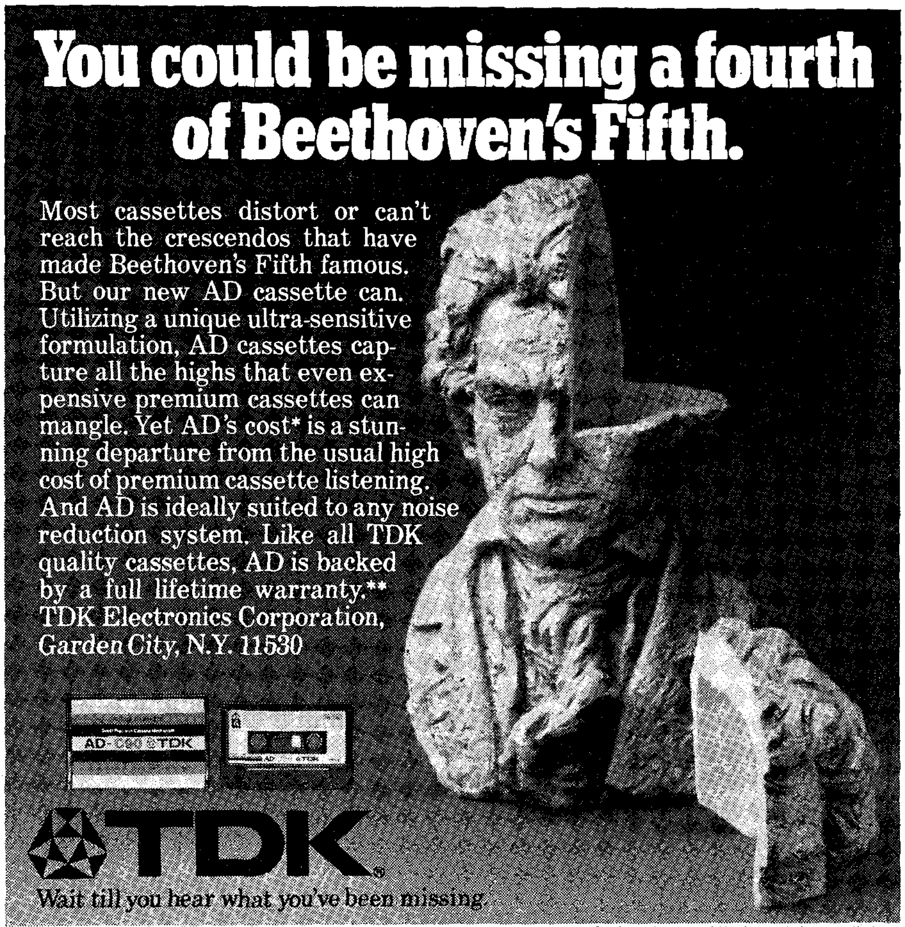

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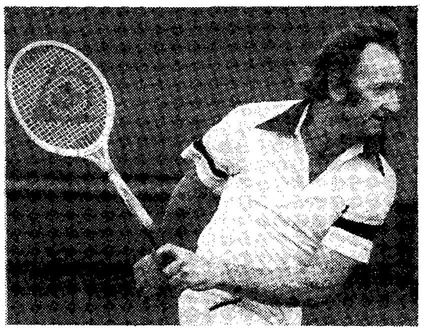

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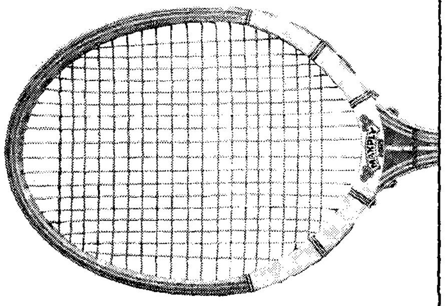

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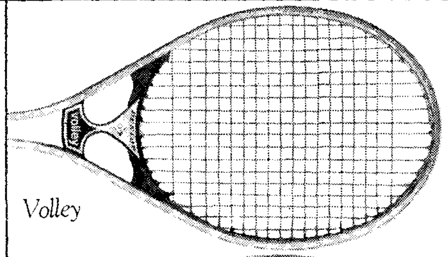

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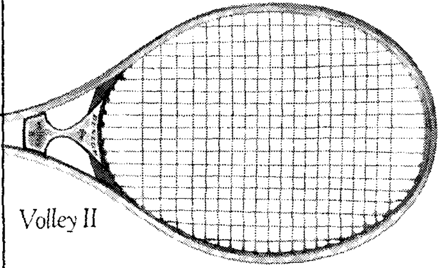

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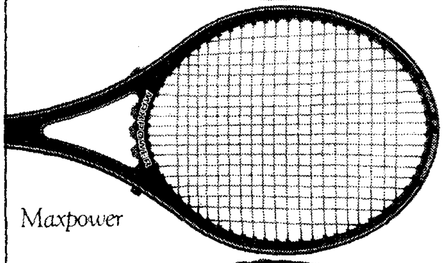

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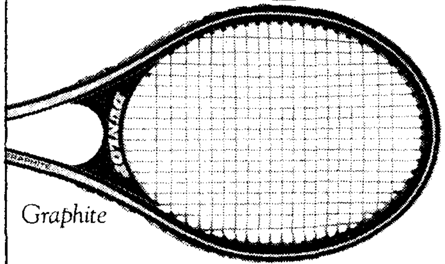

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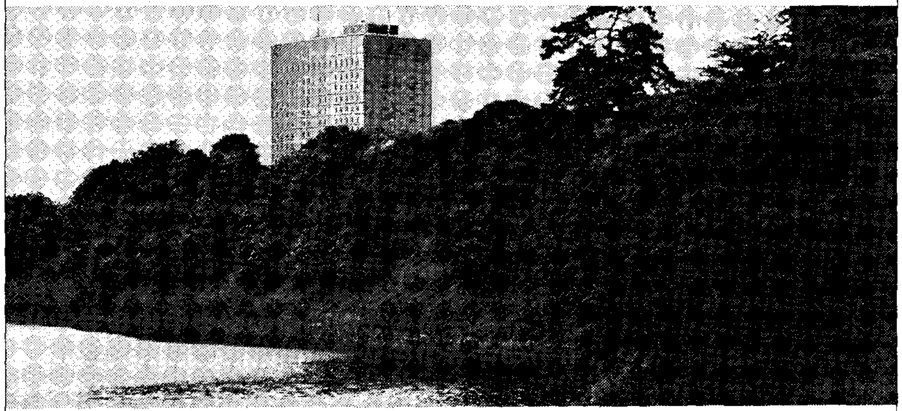

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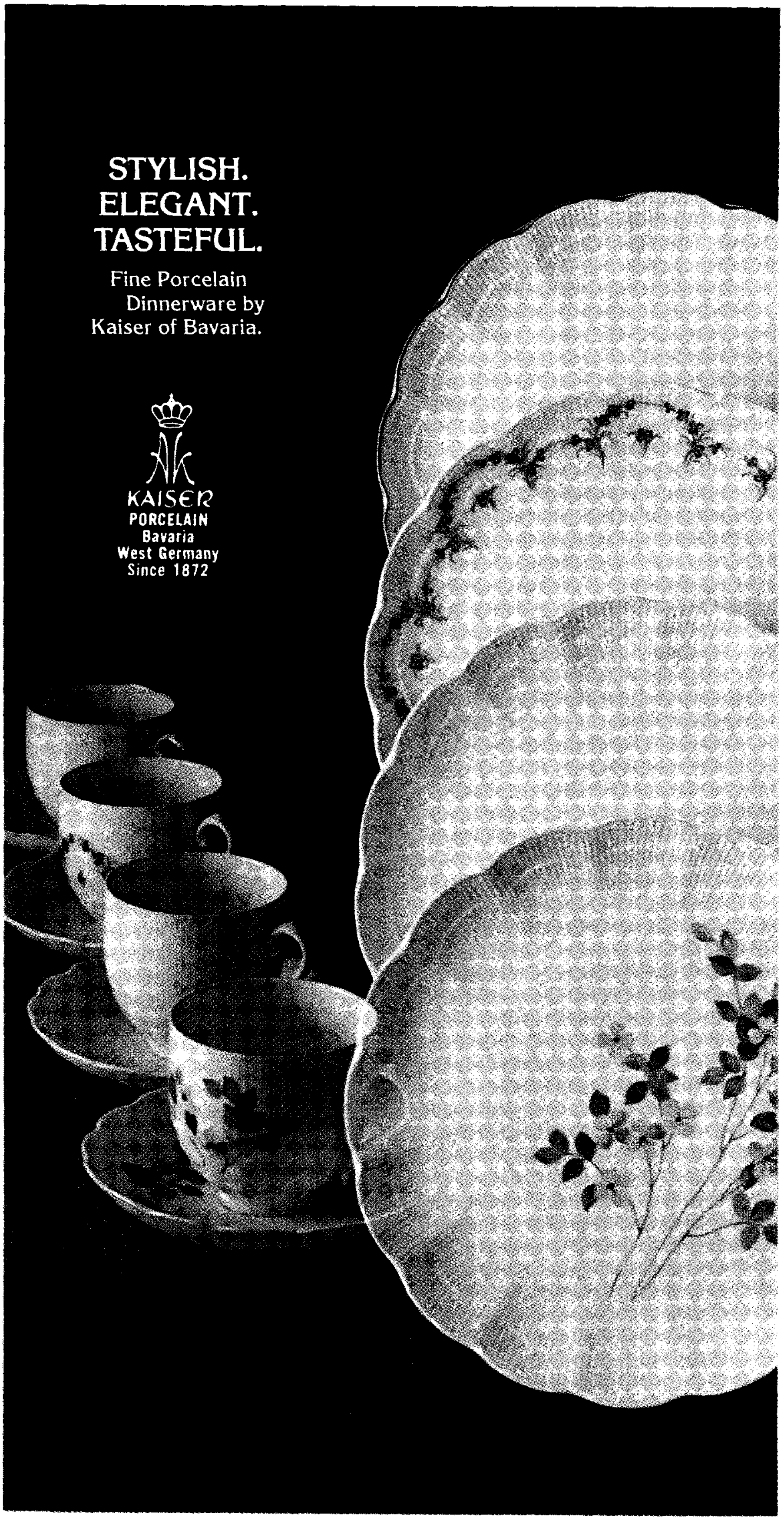
coup that ousted the left-wing regime of Salvador Allende late in 1973," he wrote. There are two things wrong here. First, the Nixon Administration's covert actions against Allende preceded the 1970 election by many months, a period during which the C.I.A. spent a million dollars (five million dollars on the local black market) to defeat a legitimate political candidate for the Presidency of a constitutional democracy. And, second, this C.I.A. operation constituted only one of the possible perjury charges against Helms—the other being his denial that the C.I.A. had spied on the anti-Vietnam-war movement in the United States. Like Osborne, Kraft argued that Helms must be excused for what was done in Chile because it was done "under express order of the President and other designated authorities." Whatever Helms may have been ordered to do in Chile, there is no evidence that the President or other designated authorities ordered him to lie to the Senate, and even if the President and everyone else in Washington had so ordered him, the Watergate trials demonstrated once and for all that a crime is a crime no matter who orders it committed. And, again, even this flawed kind of excuse didn't apply in any way to Operation Chaos.

"Neither is there a serious issue of concealing from the Congress what was done," Kraft continued. "More than a decade before the Chilean events, the CIA had worked out with the Congress proceedings whereby covert actions were reported to specially established oversight committees but not to other committees of the Congress. All CIA covert actions in Chile were duly reported to the established oversight committees." This claim was made almost as often as the claim of national security, and was as unprovable. The only way it could have been proved was for the C.I.A. to open up all its files on what it had done in Chile and for the congressional oversight committees to open up all their files on what the C.I.A. had told them it had done in Chile, and then for an impartial committee to compare the two sets of files. There is reason to doubt that the results would support Kraft's claim, because the C.I.A. has lied to congressional oversight committees; it has reported what it has done only long after it was done, as in the case of Colby's revelations before the House subcommittee seven months after the coup in Chile; it has reported only parts of the truth; and it has reported, on at least one crucial occasion, a covert operation only to the chairman of an oversight committee, with the understanding that he would keep the news to himself. If these examples don't raise "a serious issue of concealing from the Congress what was done," there aren't any serious issues left these days.

In Kraft's opinion, the C.I.A. hadn't tried to overthrow the Allende government but had merely supplied "funds to keep democratic elements in Chile alive during the Allende regime." Since Kraft stated at the start of his column that Helms was an old friend of his but that he could be objective about the case, one might conclude that this information came from Helms himself, and not every reader would be willing to accept Helms's definition of "democratic," given the agency's persistent support of tyrannies around the world. While the State Department and the White House must have finally decided which side to support in Chile, this decision could only have been based on appraisals prepared by the C.I.A., and its intelligence work has repeatedly been shown to have been faulty and misleading on matters that affected this nation's security far more seriously than events in Chile ever could have. Kraft went on to say that whether or not the attempt to keep these democratic elements in Chile alive "constitutes trying to overthrow the government is—to put it mildly—a hard question." Apparently, it didn't seem hard to Helms when he answered it before the Senate.

In Kraft's view, Helms not only didn't do anything wrong in Chile but didn't lie under oath, either. Kraft explained that when Senator Symington asked, "Did you have any money passed to the opponents of Allende?" and Helms answered, "No, sir," he didn't mean to deceive anyone. "Helms contends that he thought Symington was asking about giving funds to Allende's two opponents in the election, and in the runoff that was eventually decided by the Chilean congress," Kraft wrote. "Though that possibility was explored, no money seems actually to have changed hands." Money certainly changed hands in the months just before the 1970 election, when the C.I.A. passed nearly half a million dollars to people and groups that opposed Allende. The C.I.A. also passed seventy thousand dollars (together with three machine guns and other weapons) to two Chilean military men as part of a plot to kidnap General René Schneider, the commander of the Chilean Army, who opposed any inter-



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ference by the military in Chile's politics. On the third kidnap attempt, Schneider was fatally shot two days before the Chilean Congress confirmed Allende's election. "The argument for bringing perjury charges is thus intrinsically weak," Kraft concluded on this issue. He made no attempt to explain Helms's lie about Operation Chaos.

The only basis for a case against Helms that Kraft could envision was "the doctrine of equality before the law—the principle that people in office should be treated just like anybody else." (Of course, if Helms hadn't done anything wrong, as Kraft claimed, it was difficult to see how the law applied to his case at all.) Kraft dealt with the issue of equal treatment under the law by way of a series of questions: "But doesn't that doctrine apply very poorly to the head of an intelligence organization with a sworn duty to keep secrets? Isn't such an official in a very special category? [That is, doesn't a secrecy oath give one rights that are denied even to the President of the United States?] Doesn't his responsibility not to divulge secrets to unauthorized people [whose authority for questioning nominees to ambassadorships is stated in the Constitution] mitigate the offense of not coming totally clean [then he didn't misunderstand the question after all] with a congressional committee asking vague questions [such as 'Did you try in the Central Intelligence Agency to overthrow the government of Chile?'] in regions outside its formal area of responsibility [again, its constitutional duty]?" The answer to all these questions, Kraft said, was "Yes."

"I believe the investigation should have been cut off by the Ford Administration or the Carter Administration—with perhaps a formal opinion by the Attorney General indicating that the circumstances were special and would never apply in the future," Kraft said toward the end of his column. It was an extraordinary proposal, for it meant that the President, with the official concurrence of the Attorney General, could publicly place Helms above the law. However shaky the doctrine of equality before the law is in practice, Kraft would shatter it in principle, too. No amount of assurance that the case was special or that it would never happen again would prevent others from citing it, and rightfully, not as a simple precedent but as a new principle. And no amount of promises from this Administration could guarantee that another Administration wouldn't apply it again. That principle, in fact, seemed already established as far as Kraft was concerned, since he considered that the doctrine of equal treatment under the law applies "very poorly to the head of an intelligence organization." In conclusion, Kraft quoted another former director of the C.I.A., James Schlesinger, who told Helms that his conviction was indeed an honor, "to be borne as a kind of duelling scar." The Prussian simile seemed to bother Kraft no more than it did Schlesinger. "But who wielded the sabre?" Kraft asked, and answered, "An ungrateful government, I believe, with men serving as President and Attorney General who lacked the courage to stand up to a Congress that didn't want its right hand to know what its left hand was doing." Actually, of course, the President and the Attorney General had treated Helms with uncommon generosity, not to placate Congress but to conceal acts of the executive branch from the public.

IT was clearly proof of the C.I.A.'s—that is, of the government's—conduct that President Carter wanted plea-bargained out of sight. One of President Nixon's main reasons for trying to suppress the Pentagon Papers seems to have been his fear that their publication would make it impossible—as, indeed, it did—for him to carry on the war in Vietnam as he pleased. In addition, publication of a record of official incompetence, deceit, and malfeasance under previous Administrations would inevitably have made the public mistrust the Nixon Administration, too, in accordance with the common belief that "they're all alike." In the same sense, proof of America's dishonorable conduct in Chile during the Nixon Administration would have harmed the Carter Administration, and this likely effect may have persuaded the President that a trial of Helms would make the goal that Carter is said by his closest friends to have uppermost in mind—restoration of public confidence in the government—probably unattainable during his time in office.

Although Helms's supporters claimed that a perjury trial would have damaged the nation, the damage in not trying him may have been far greater. Apparently, those who opposed trying Helms feared that the American people and the world would never again trust the American government if it told the truth. That may be so. But a large proportion of the American people and a lot of people around the world don't trust the American government now, and its obvious suppression of the facts

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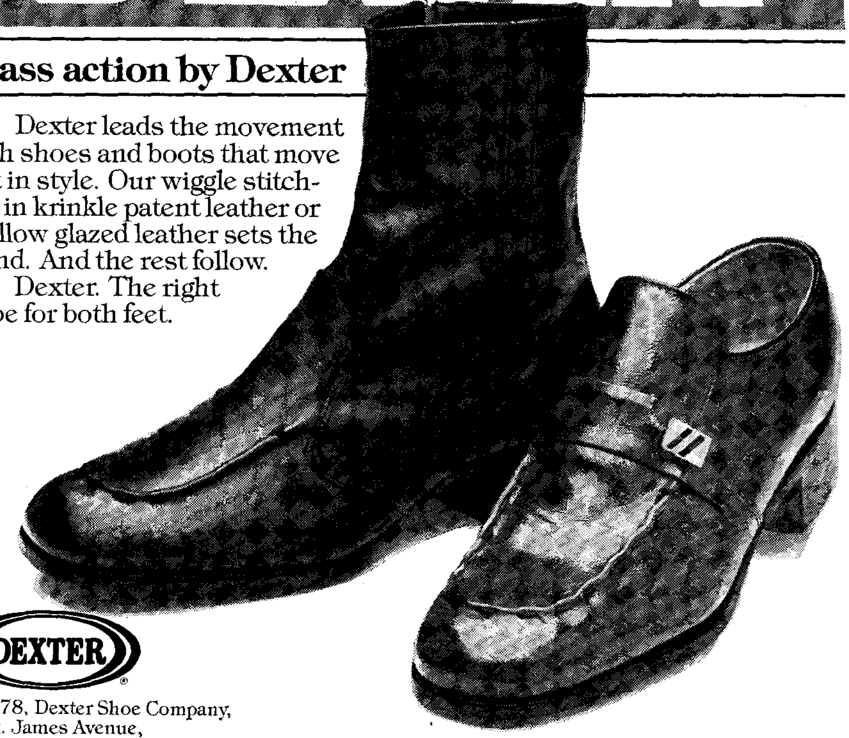

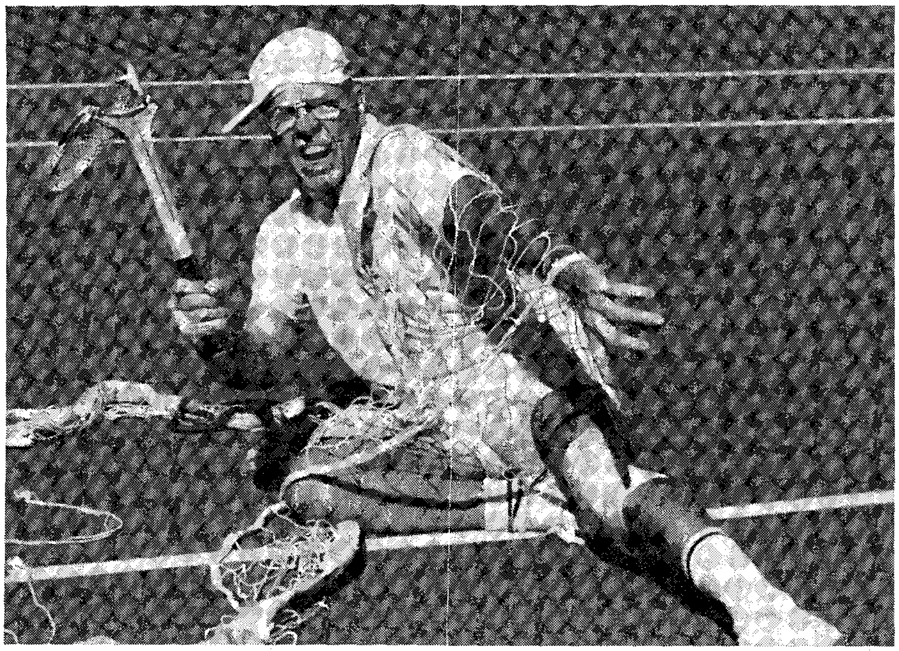

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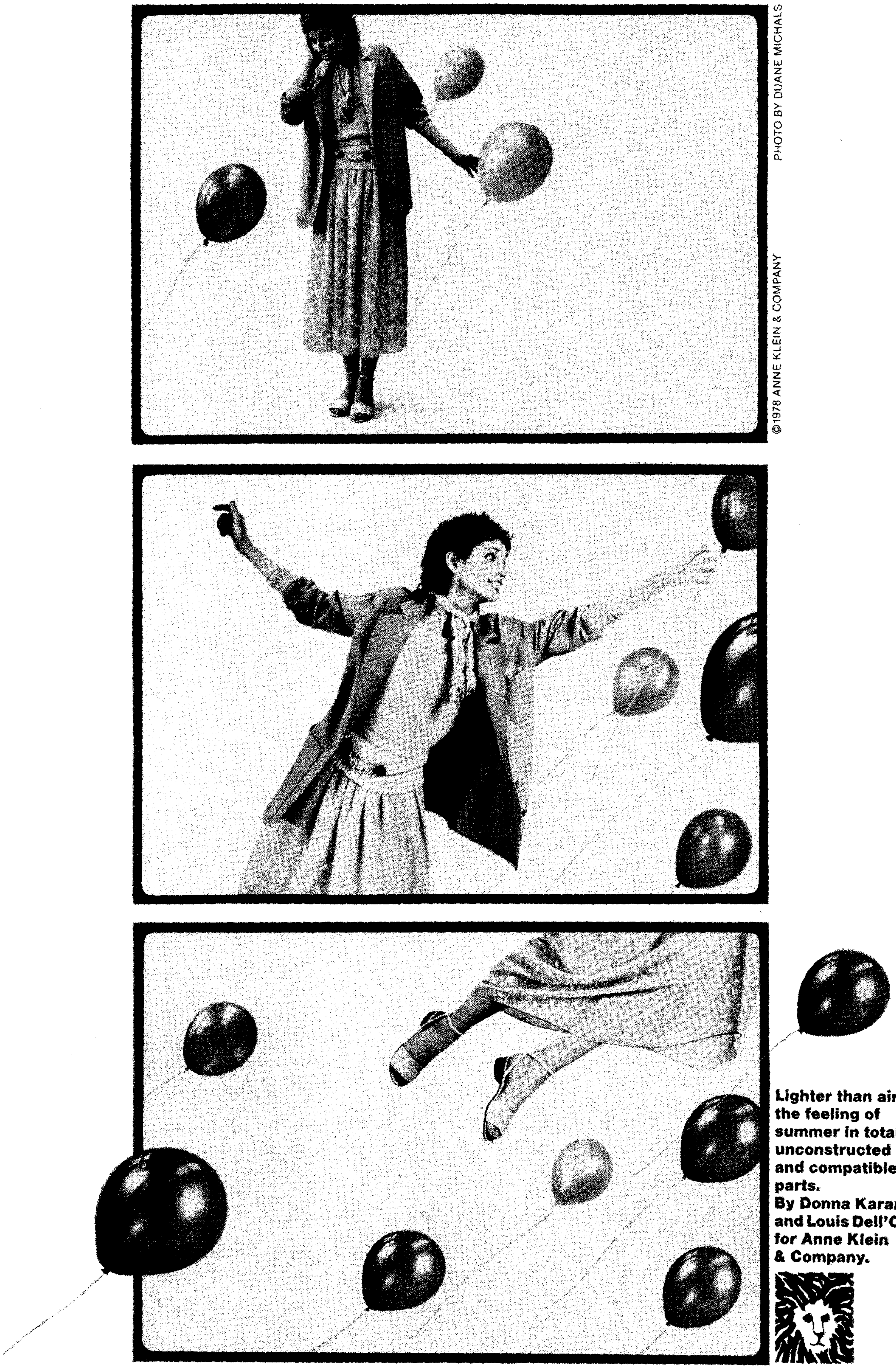
about its behavior isn't likely to inspire much more trust. That could be accomplished only if the government were to demonstrate the ultimate virtues of our system—by publicly trying itself for its own misdeeds. This, after all, is what it did in the Watergate affair. As matters stand now, people in other and older countries—whose histories have taught them more than a little cynicism—take it for granted that every political assassination is a conspiracy rather than, as has usually been the case in the United States, the work of an independent lunatic, and that every bit of trouble a government unfriendly to ours finds itself in is the C.I.A.'s fault. Just as the American people's outrage over Watergate astounded foreigners, who assumed that this kind of thing was done by every government all the time, so the American people's outrage over their government's policies abroad—overthrowing governments and trying to murder their leaders—would assure the world that these policies were aberrations that would no longer be tolerated. Instead of subjecting the United States to contempt and condemnation, the truth might be the only means of restoring its national honor. Perhaps even more important, one of the most crucial issues facing this nation today—its leaders' assumption that the people do not want to know and must not be told the truth about what is done in their name—could be tested in a great public debate.

In another article in the *Times*, Anthony Lewis addressed this problem from a different angle. "Covert action against Dr. Allende effectively decided the complex question of what American attitudes should be toward a freely elected Marxist government in the Western hemisphere," he wrote. "In theory, at least, that was a policy that should have been openly decided in the United States. The difficulty, of course, is that some things cannot be decided in the open. How could there be a public debate about the advisability of planning to assassinate Fidel Castro, as C.I.A. officials did over a period of years?" The question should have been: How could United States officials even discuss the advisability of assassinating anyone? That we have reached the point where one of the most astute and humane political writers in the country takes official murder as a matter of course raises a more fundamental question: How did we become such a nation?

The Carter Administration's disposition—or disposal—of the Helms case raised many more questions than this



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one. Since the government has denied the public any way of knowing the truth of what happened, the questions can only be asked, not answered. Since so many facts remain hidden, we cannot know even if the questions are the right ones:

Will the failure to prosecute Helms for perjury encourage other members of the intelligence community to lie under oath, too?

If they lie under oath, will it be possible to prosecute them for perjury after the Helms precedent?

If they are freer to lie, won't they be freer to commit crimes at will?

If they are freer to commit crimes, and to lie about them without fear of serious punishment, is there any way to make them accountable for their acts?

If they are not accountable, do they constitute a fourth branch of government that is not subject to the usual checks and balances?

If we have an inner, secret government whose acts cannot be controlled, has our political system been basically altered without our knowledge or approval?

People are usually prosecuted for perjury because they can't be prosecuted for the acts they lied about—perhaps the statute of limitations has expired, or there isn't enough evidence—but did the government fear to prosecute Helms for perjury on the ground that facts proved in a trial might create a public demand that he and others be prosecuted for more serious crimes?

Might the others have included Secretaries of State and Presidents?

If Helms was not prosecuted for perjury because of such concerns, did the decision by the President and the Attorney General constitute a conspiracy to obstruct justice?

Are active subversion of foreign governments and attempts to kill foreign leaders acceptable United States policy?

If so, where did this policy originate?

Is it fairly recent, or did the United States always have such a policy?

Would the American people tolerate this policy if they were assured that it existed?

If they accept it, must not they accept the right of other governments to try to overthrow ours and to kill our leaders?

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–from a 1977 interview with David Grant, Director, Wm. Grant & Sons Ltd., Scotland.

"Having acquired a taste for Glenfiddich while abroad, I was delighted to learn I will be able to enjoy its marvelous taste while at home . . . "

—J. Wollison, Delaware

Now for the first time, many better spirit shops in America have original Glenfiddich Unblended Single Malt Scotch Whisky available in limited supply. For those who have not yet tasted Glenfiddich while traveling abroad, you are invited to take advantage of this new opportunity. A select few will find as has Mr. Wollison that " . . . *nothing spells success more than a tumbler of Glenfiddich on the rocks in front of a crackling fire in one's own study. This time for contemplation and enjoyment seems to say, 'Life is really worthwhile'.*"

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—Lt. Col. L.J. Hildebrand USAF (Ret.), N.C.

Glenfiddich provides a singular taste experience no blended Scotch Whisky can match. The reasons are quite genuine. Glenfiddich is termed unblended because it is created from very expensive malted barley. Conversely, most blended Scotch Whiskies use a large proportion of grains and are generally not aged as long. (Several of the better blended Scotch Whiskies actually use a touch of Glenfiddich to enhance their flavor and dry fragrance.) Therefore you may find unblended single malt Scotch more mellow to the palate as well as to the nose. In fact Glenfiddich's dry fragrance is often enjoyed in a brandy inhaler after dinner; no doubt a secret Colonel Hildebrand wishes to share even with non-Scotch drinkers ". . . *If you aren't a Scotch drinker, it is worth it just to savor the aroma.*"

"Please do not advertise the Glenfiddich 'secret' because I know it can only be produced in limited quantities and I am having a relatively difficult time finding it already."

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"My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer"—Robert Burns
(Glenfiddich; Gaelic for "Valley of the Deer")

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policy of subversion and attempted assassination abroad to protect their true national security—the continuing existence of this country—do they also approve its use to protect the economic interests of private American businesses abroad?

Recently, the head of the C.I.A. has begun a program of eliminating more than eight hundred jobs in the agency's covert-operations section. Has President Carter abolished the policy of allowing the C.I.A. to subvert democratic governments and to attempt the assassination of foreign heads of state?

Can a President assure by executive order that such a policy will not be used again by the United States—since executive orders can be rescinded at any time by any President—or will future Administrations be able to consider that policy an option, since it was used and never publicly repudiated in the past?

Is there any way to make sure that this policy is not resorted to again, short of holding public trials and fully disclosing what happened?

Are we weaker or stronger as a nation after we were told the truth about the war in Vietnam, and ended it, and after we were shown the scandals of Watergate, and drove a guilty President from office?

Can a government that deliberately sets out to destroy democratic institutions abroad help but destroy democratic institutions at home?

—Richard Harris

•

Both the PSC and the Baltimore Gas and Electric Company sought to reassure homeowners that they are doing everything possible to minimize the frequency of such incidents and pointed to new safety standards promulgated in 1973.

"I don't think there's a widespread danger," Mr. Dorsey said recently. "It's just that gas leaks are more emotional and insidious in the minds of consumers than electrocution."—*Baltimore Evening Sun.*

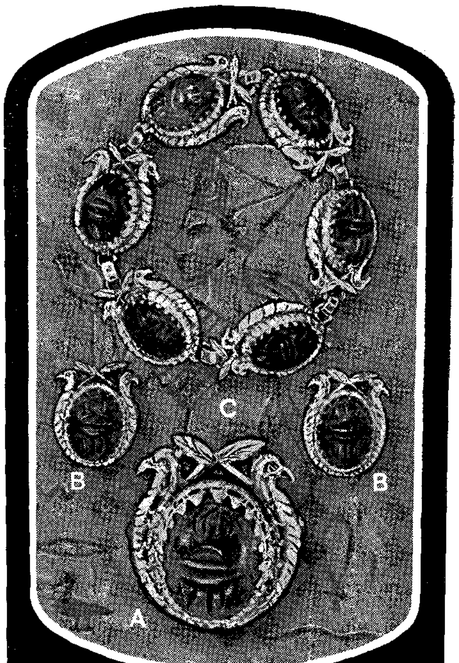
Funny, we tend to vacillate between the two.

•

Tucson, Ariz., Jan. 7—A motorcycle snaked its noisy way toward the Catalina Mountains today, its roar bouncing off the mesquite bushes and saguaro cactus and surrounding Tom Watson as he putted on the fourth hole.

Without waiting for the noise to subside Watson wrapped the ball solidly, sending it 20 feet on its way toward a birdie putt.—*The Times.*

Winter rules, probably.



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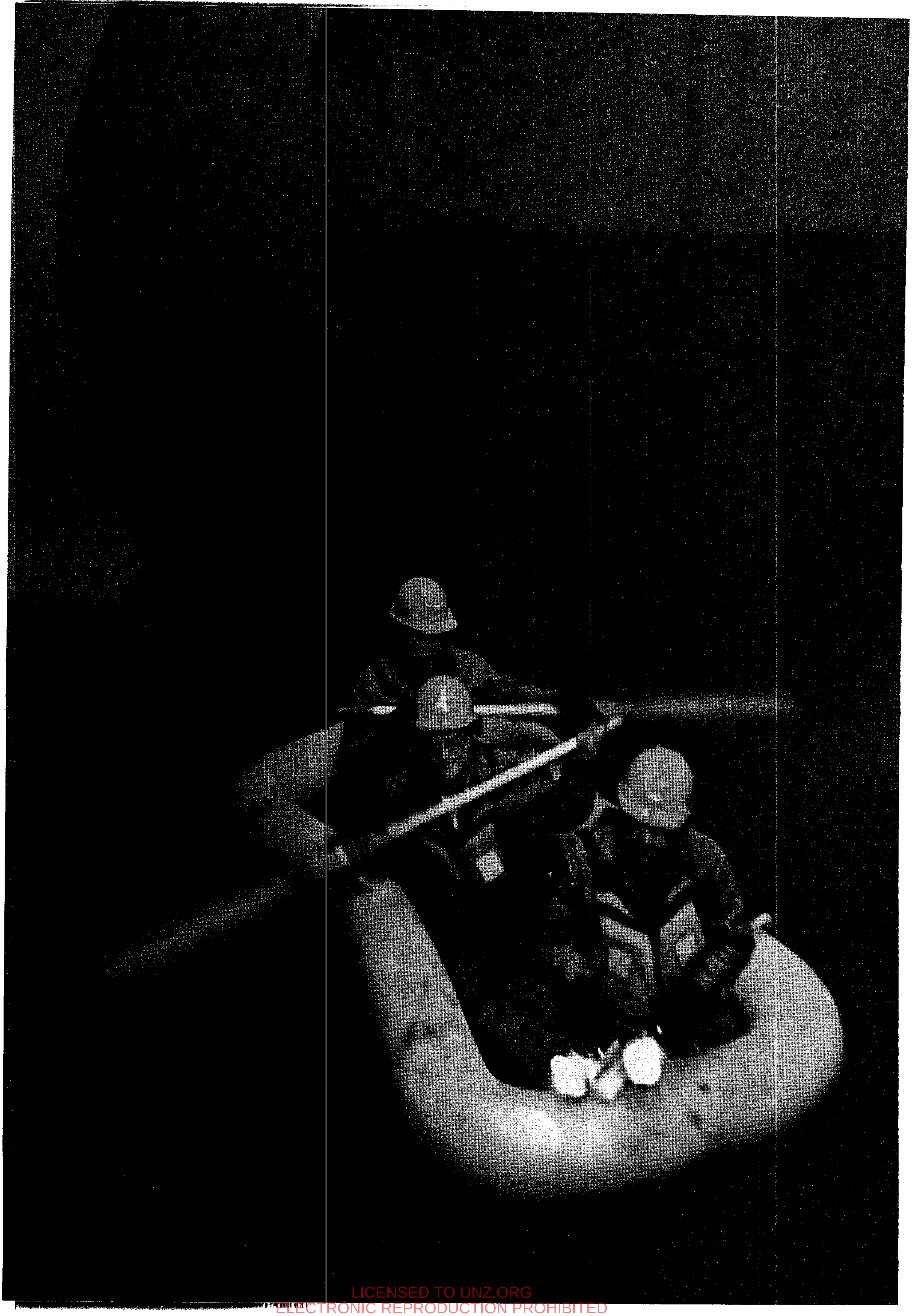

"It's pretty spooky rowing around inside a supertanker in a rubber boat."

"That's me in the back of the rubber boat," says Chief Mate George McShea. "We're not rowing on oil, but on a saltwater lake in the belly of a supertanker. And it's one aspect of life on a supertanker I can't get used to.

"Sure, a supertanker is three football fields long, and twelve stories high. But after a while those are just numbers.

A lake in a cave

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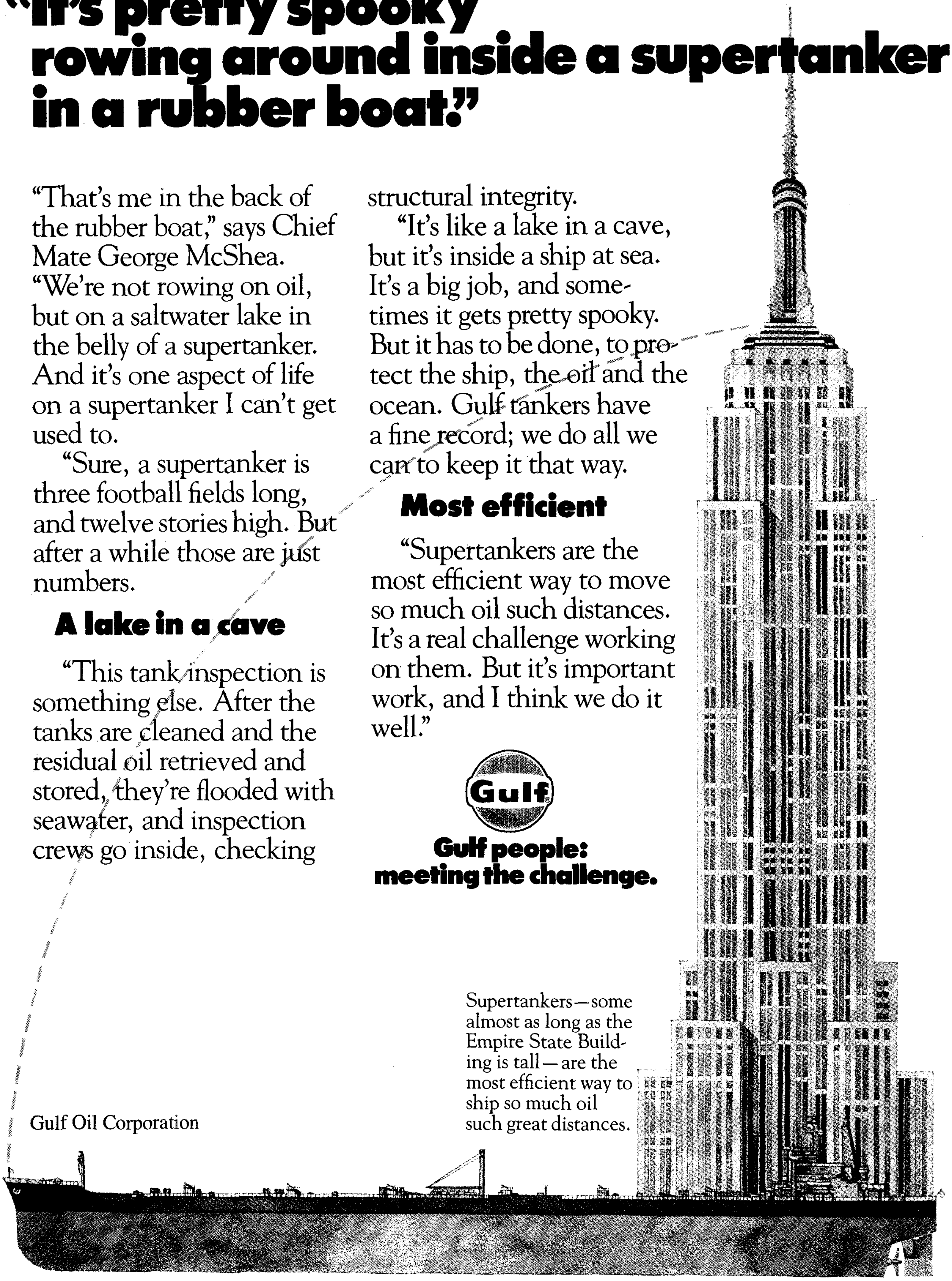

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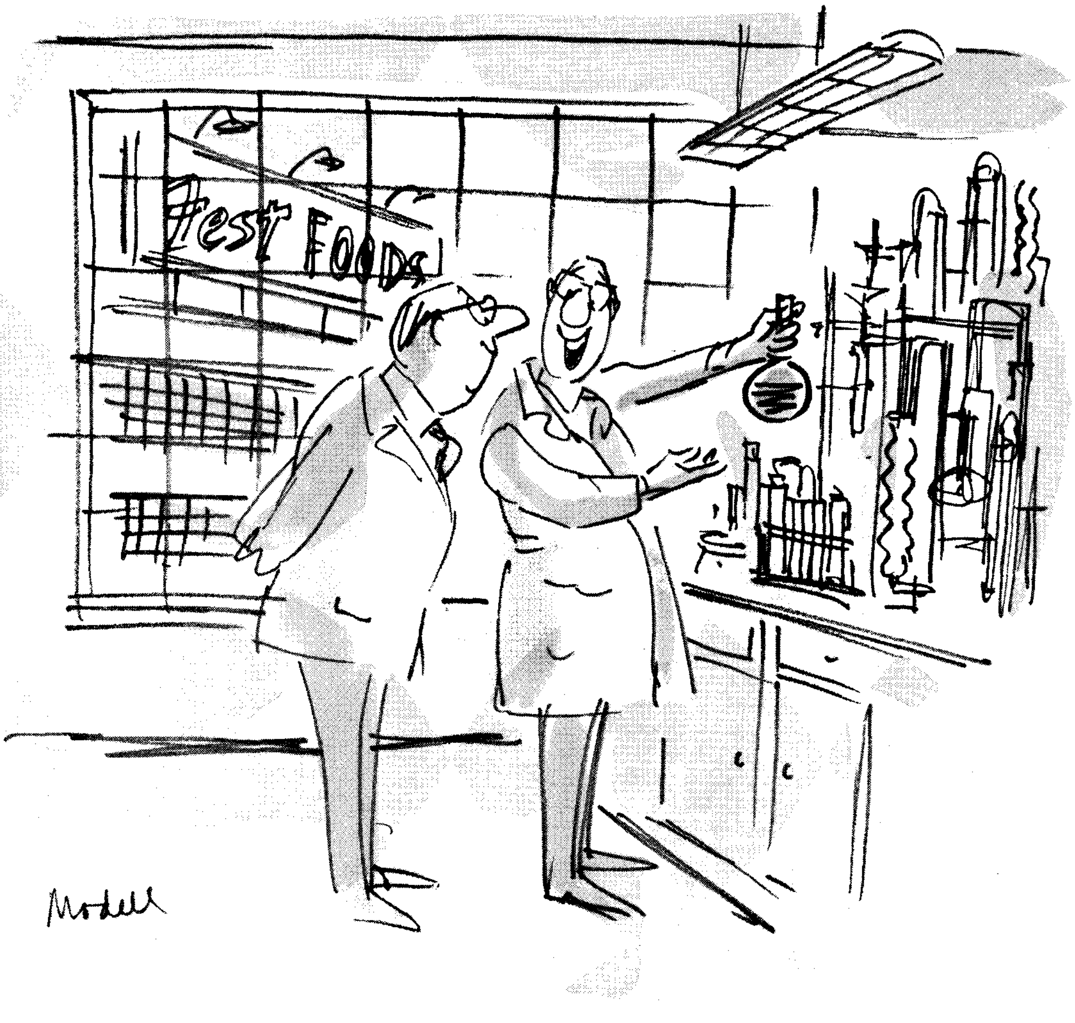
THE THEATRE

MR. FOSSE'S GOLD HAT

"DANCIN'," at the Broadhurst, is a very pleasant show (and would have been even more pleasant if it had avoided the corny show-biz gesture of the dropped "g" in its title). It consists of a dozen dance numbers spread over three acts, some accompanied by songs, some not; none of the numbers bears any relationship to any other save to the extent that they are all obviously the handiwork of the director-choreographer, Bob Fosse. Deliberately structureless, the "entertainment," as Mr. Fosse calls it, races insouciantly from one forceful demonstration of his talent to the next. Early in the evening, I was put in mind of Fitzgerald's epigraph on the title page of "The Great Gatsby": "Then wear the gold hat, if that will move her; if you can bounce high, bounce for her too, till she cry, 'Lover, gold-hatted, high-bouncing lover, I must have you!' " "Dancin' " is Mr. Fosse's gold hat—a work so unabashedly self-celebrating that some of the more impressionable of his admirers have been prompted to claim that it amounts to an entirely new art form. Well, it is neither a new art form nor, for that matter, a task as ambitious intellectually as the one that Mr. Fosse faces whenever he undertakes to choreograph a traditional "book" musical. For here he is staging numbers of his own choice, which, had they proved in rehearsal to contain substantial problems, could have been dropped; his simple intention has been to be at once helter-skelter and surefire, and to this end he has contrived to include among his musical collaborators Neil Diamond, Johann Sebastian Bach, Louis Prima, Edgard Varèse, Johnny Mercer, Sigmund Romberg, George M. Cohan, Cat Stevens, and John Philip Sousa.

The sixteen young performers whom Mr. Fosse has brought together and forged into a company can sing as well as dance, and in their exceptional zest and discipline they give off, individually and together, an authentic radiance. If Ann Reinking seems to me an especially bedazzling embodiment of grace and dancing skill, I must take care to add quickly that Christopher Chadman, Wayne Cilento, Edward Love, and Blane Savage are also deserving of praise. The scenery was designed by Peter Larkin, and the costumes are by Willa Kim. I've never seen a show more effectively lighted than "Dancin';" the hand of the master is that of Jules Fisher.

"A HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN FILM," at the ANTA Theatre, is billed as a "comedy with music," the comedy, such as it is, being by Christopher Durang and the music by Mel Marvin. Five typical moviegoers who are also, from time to time, movie actors—their names are Loretta, Jimmy, Hank, Bette, and Eve—work their way in and out of parody versions of one or another of a number of classic American films: "The Public Enemy," "The Grapes of Wrath," "The Best Years of Our Lives," "Casablanca," and the like. Mr. Durang's skill at parody is on an undergraduate level; what he provides is college humor, much of it, to my ear, as old and lifeless as *College Humor*. Big and crudely hammered together as his targets are, he manages again and again to miss them altogether; when his lines and sight gags are not mindless, they are content to be tasteless. (A war veteran presiding at the Oscar ceremonies cannot open one of the tell-tale envelopes because—ha! ha!—he has no hands.) The large, hard-pressed cast includes Gary Bayer, April Shawhan, Swoosie Kurtz, Joan Pape, and Brent Spiner; my sympathy to them all. The clever setting, which represents the interior of a seedy old-time movie house, is by Tony Straiges, the costumes are by Marjorie Slaiman,



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the lighting is by William Mintzer, and the direction is by David Chambers.

THE Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey Circus is making its annual appearance at Madison Square Garden. The current version of the Greatest Show on Earth moves with welcome speed; I hope I am right in suspecting that it devotes less time to animal acts than it used to do. Surely it's clear by now that our cousins who walk on all fours have better things to do with their lives than be forced at whip's end to leap through hoops of fire. Of the aerial acts, the Flying Gaonas are super-sensational. Though on opening night Tito Gaona failed to complete his hoped-for quadruple somersault, what a gallant performer he is! We all cheered him to the echo for having failed so heroically.

—BRENDAN GILL

•

THERE'LL ALWAYS BE AN ENGLAND

[*Notice circulated by the president of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge*]

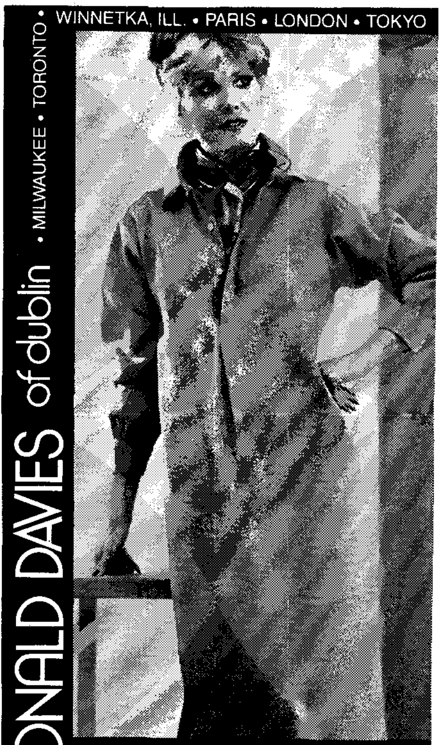
TO ALL FELLOWS, VISITING SCHOLARS AND MEMBERS OF HIGH TABLE
CLARET IN COMBINATION ROOM

Until a few years ago it was our agreeable custom that those taking claret in Combination Room should drink from balloon-glasses. These, when half filled, were ideal for liberating the bouquet of a fine wine, and also for receiving some warmth from the hands when this was desired. They gave a sense of style and dignity to the Claret and to the room.

Unfortunately there were some of us who were tempted to fill these balloon-glasses to above the half-way level, and it was decided that, to regulate the consumption of Claret, they should be replaced by the "club" goblets now in use.

It now seems proper to re-introduce our original Claret glasses *for an experimental period* in the hope—in which I am sure we shall not be disappointed—that everyone taking Claret will ensure that their balloon-glass is filled only to the half-way mark for each circulation of the wine, that is if they intend to mark one glass on their card. (Needless to say, there is no objection to anyone filling his glass to the brim so long as he writes the figure *two* on his card!) During this period the consumption of Claret will be very closely monitored, and if there are any signs that consumption is getting out of hand, I shall feel obliged, in full consultation with the Treasurer, to withdraw these glasses once more from use. But I am hoping that this painful eventuality will not arise.

There is a limited supply of these glasses, and I have suggested to the Butler that they should be arranged at points along the centre line of the table when there are more than twenty-two persons combining.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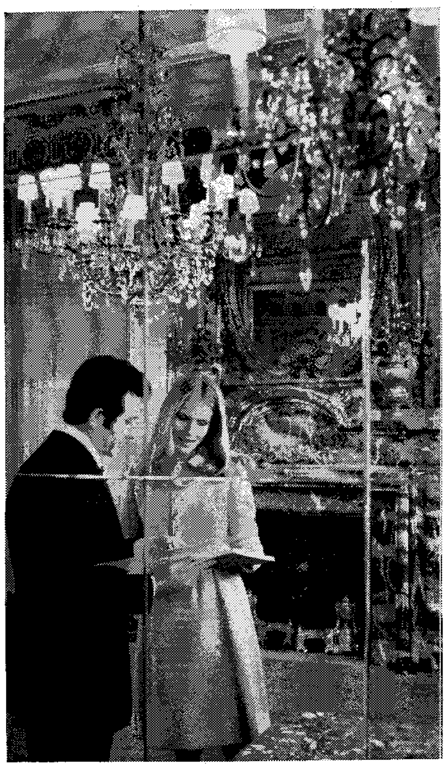

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THE RACE TRACK

Alydar and Affirmed Forge Ahead

ONE might have called last weekend's racing a Derby weekend without stretching a point. Calumet Farm's big horse Alydar started it off, winning the $150,000 Florida Derby at Gulfstream Park on Saturday. He led at the turn, was headed for a few strides by Believe It at the beginning of the stretch, and then raced the Hickory Tree Stable's colt down to the wire, to win by two lengths, running the nine furlongs in 1:47. He went to the post at odds-on, paying $2.40. At about the same time that Alydar was winning at Gulfstream, Esops Foibles, fresh from his victory in the Louisiana Derby, was winning the Arkansas Derby at Oaklawn Park, in Hot Springs. Chief of Dixieland was second, a length and a half behind. The big event of the week was the Santa Anita Derby on Sunday, which the Harbor View Farm's Affirmed won, breezing, by eight lengths before a crowd of more than forty-eight thousand. Balzac, ridden by Shoemaker, took the place by a length from Think Snow. Pincay got Affirmed away well at the break, led the eleven other runners the first time past the stand, and dominated the running throughout the nine furlongs, to come home in 1:48. Pincay, as you know, got the mount after flipping a coin with Cordero. (Earlier in the week, the California Horse Racing Board had upheld the stewards' decision to suspend Cauthen, Affirmed's regular rider, for failing to keep a straight course in a race on March 9th.) Affirmed paid $2.60 to win, and the chances are that he and Alydar will go to the post as two of the shortest-priced choices in the future books on the Kentucky Derby we've had in years. There also will be a lively to-do from now on between Kentucky horse breeders and Floridians as to which have the best three-year-old. Affirmed was bred in Florida, and Alydar in Kentucky. Whether Affirmed will come to Aqueduct for the Wood Memorial on April 22nd depends on how he came out of the Santa Anita, which apparently was as effortless for him as a morning workout. Everybody is waiting for the first meeting of Alydar and Affirmed as three-year-olds. Florida horse-watchers say that John Veitch, who trains Alydar, has done a beautiful job with him. His last workouts were all for speed, and there's no doubt he can go a distance of ground. Veitch plans to ship him to Keeneland to complete his training for the Kentucky Derby.

AS you might expect, the welcome summer weather attracted a big crowd—26,841—to the Big A last Saturday for the $50,000-added Westchester Handicap. This is one of the lesser races of the meeting, and used to be run at Empire City and later at Jamaica. It seldom brought out notable fields. This year, however, it gave the crowd a lively finish, as Pumpkin Moonshine came through the stretch with a great rush to beat Lynn Davis by three-quarters of a length. Sharpstone was third.

YOUR correspondent, like many other horse-watchers, was rather glad that Red Rum was scratched from England's Grand National steeplechase last weekend. It would have been a pity to see a horse that had won the race three times and placed twice in the last five runnings finish down the course. The thirteen-year-old bay suffered a bruised heel some days before the race and was withdrawn on the eve. It was announced that he would now retire, but he gave his admirers a chance to bid him an affectionate farewell when he led the thirty-seven starters in the post parade. This year's National was rugged, as usual. Of those thirty-seven—and that's probably as many steeplechasers as there are in training in this country—twenty-three failed to finish the four-and-a-half-mile course, with its thirty jumps. It is, however, one of the great races of the world. Lucius won narrowly from Sebastian V, with Drumroan, who went off at 50–1, third. —AUDAX MINOR

•

"I was brought up in a very strict manner, and one of the things I cannot do is talk about myself. You never begin a sentence with 'I' is one thing I was taught. And whenever I do, it usually upsets my family. Let's just say I'm very quietly in love with someone. It's the real thing." She pauses, smiles, then adds, "you might even say desperately in love, but then again you might not. I feel secure."—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

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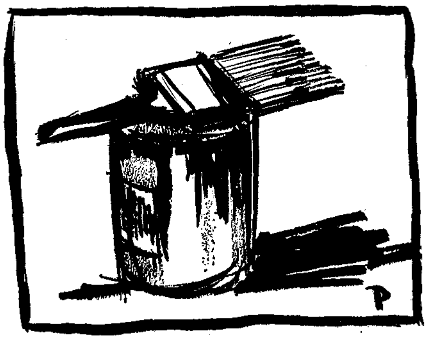
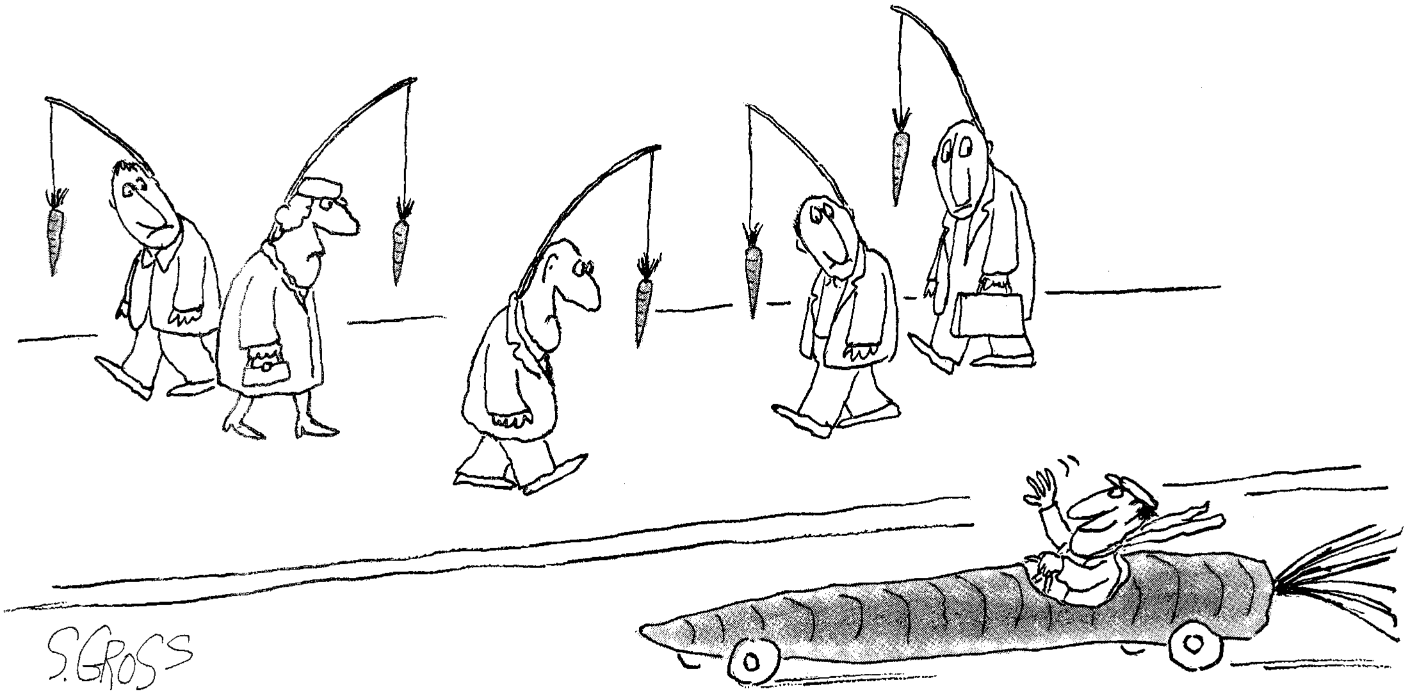
THE SPORTING SCENE

UP THE YEARS FROM QUEANBEYAN

SQUASH racquets is essentially a sport for all climates and seasons. The family that has played it the best, the Khans of Pakistan, learned it from the British under the glaring sun close to the Khyber Pass, on roofless courts with concrete floors and plaster-covered brick walls. Throughout the rest of the world, however, squash racquets—or squash, for short—has grown up as an indoor game that has flourished mainly in the Northern Hemisphere in the cold months, when conditions are not conducive to staying outside and playing the king of racquet games, tennis. Large cities with numerous men's clubs and arrays of local and adjacent colleges and private schools—London, Edinburgh, Boston, New York, and Philadelphia, for example—have traditionally been the homes of squash and sites of the important tournaments, but things have been changing. I am thinking specifically of the tremendous squash boom in Australia during the last twenty or so years, which, with a thoroughly egalitarian emphasis, has filled Sydney and Melbourne with squash centers each housing from six to eight courts. Nevertheless, if I were to be asked what city might eventually emerge as the squash capital of the world, I believe I would cast my vote for Toronto. Everything about Toronto seems designed to promote the growth of squash. Although winter sports have traditionally been the first love of the people north of the border, it takes ever so much longer to get to the nearest ski runs than to the downtown and suburban squash clubs, and rinks and ponds for ice hockey require far more space than squash courts. Basketball, though invented by a Canadian, James Naismith, has never caught on in Canada as either a backyard or a school sport. In addition, Torontonians, because of their close ties with Britain, have long been squash-oriented. For these and other reasons—including the length and severity of the winters, and the fact that there still isn't enough to do in town, despite stunning advances in both the cultural and the entertainment fields during recent years—since 1970 Toronto has been enjoying a squash explosion. Whereas eight years ago there were only about twelve facilities, with some thirty courts, in Greater Toronto, there are over a hundred today—many of them commercial ventures—with nearly four hundred courts. The number of players has grown from three thousand to almost forty thousand, and whereas at the beginning of the decade only five per cent were women, today well over a third are. (The same rate of expansion holds true for the entire province of Ontario, of which Toronto is the metropolis and capital.) At the present time, squash has become so popular in the city that the builders of most new high-rise apartment buildings make certain to provide a couple of courts as an added attraction. During this period of growth, several first-rank players and teachers have gravitated to Toronto from foreign countries, and, rather fittingly, it is now the home town of the nine-time winner of the North American Open Championship, Sharif Khan—the oldest son of the legendary Hashim Khan—and also of Heather McKay, an Australian, who is not only the best woman player in the world today but far and away the best in the history of the game. I also believe that she is one of the finest athletes I have ever seen.

Like many Americans, I got my first glimpse of Mrs. McKay—she is the wife of an Australian-born teaching pro, Brian McKay, and the name is pronounced "McHigh"—a year ago January, when she came down from Toronto to the Uptown Racquet Club in New York for the first Bancroft Women's Open, a tournament that amounts to being the North American Women's Championship and that offered the winner two thousand dollars, a munificent sum for a woman squash player. This was Mrs. McKay's first appearance in our country, but the squash crowd had been hearing about her for some time. She was, one heard, in a class by herself in the game of English squash—which is different in important respects from the game played here—and it was years since she had last been defeated. Her visit stirred up immense interest, and helped make known some of the particulars of her career. Mrs. McKay, who was then thirty-five, had not lost a match since early 1962, we learned. That year, on her first invasion of Great Britain, she had been beaten in the final of the Scottish Championship by Fran Marshall. She had given a rather impressive performance, nonetheless, for the match went to five games, 9–7, 10–8, 6–9, 1–9, 9–4—a game in squash is the equivalent of a set in tennis. Furthermore, Mrs. McKay (then Miss Blundell) had entered the tournament only ten days after arriving from Australia, and so had had little time to adjust to the British ball, which, compared with the Australian ball of that period, was much spongier and, no matter how hard it was hit, flattened itself out on the front wall and rebounded with comparatively little speed. The following week, she met Miss Marshall again, in the final of the North of England Championship, and took the match three games to one. Soon after this, they met once more, in the final of the British Championship, in which Miss Marshall was the defending champion, and this time Mrs. McKay dispatched her in straight games, 9–6, 9–5, 9–4. Aside from her loss in the 1962 Scottish Championship, we further learned, Mrs. McKay had suffered only one tournament defeat: in 1960, about a year after she had taken up squash, she had been eliminated in five games in the quarter-finals of the New South Wales Championship by the eventual winner. In other words, the astonishing fact was that she had not lost a match in fifteen years. Over that period, she had won the British Championship, the most important event, every year from 1962 on, and had won the Australian Championship every year from 1960 until 1974, when she turned professional and so was no longer eligible to play in it. She had also swept everything else. Some of us began to wonder if her record wasn't the most dazzling ever compiled in an individual sport. Pierre Etchebaster held the court-tennis championship of the world from 1928 until his retirement in 1954—an incredible twenty-six years—but during that time he defended his title only seven times. Beginning in 1927, Helen Wills Moody went through almost seven years without a defeat before losing to Helen Jacobs in the United





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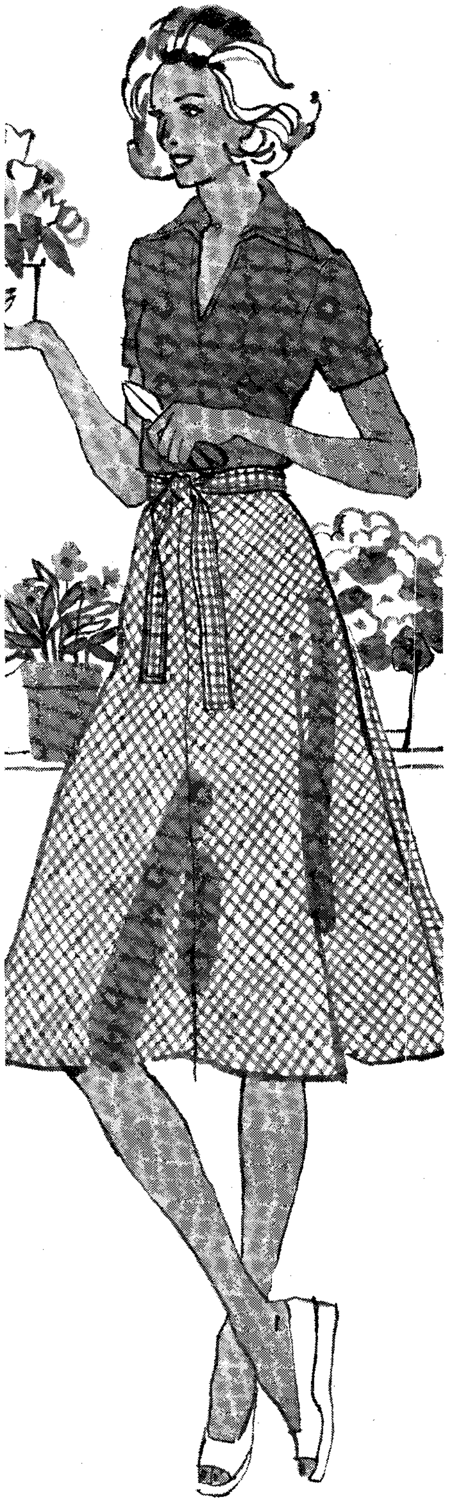
States Championship at Forest Hills in 1933. Turning from the racquet games to the other individual sports, one encounters some remarkable feats: In 1923, for instance, Paavo Nurmi, the Finnish runner, broke an eight-year record for the mile and set a new mark that lasted for eight more years—an extraordinary occurrence in track. Nurmi had such outlandish talent that in the 1924 Olympics he won three events (the fifteen-hundred-metre run, the five-thousand-metre run, and the cross-country run) within the space of forty-eight hours. In golf, Lawson Little won thirty-one consecutive head-to-head matches en route to carrying off both the British and the United States Amateur Championships in 1934 and 1935—an amazing "double double." In boxing, after losing only once as an amateur, Rocky Marciano, over a nine-year period as a professional, went unbeaten in forty-nine fights, including six defenses of his heavyweight title. There have been many other staggering athletic achievements, but by the time Mrs. McKay came to New York, in 1977, it was beginning to be appreciated that her record of having gone without a defeat for fifteen years—a very active fifteen years—was, everything considered, perhaps incomparable in the long history of sports.

THOSE of us who had been awaiting a first look at Heather McKay found her to be a trim woman who stands five feet six and weighs a hundred and thirty-five pounds—not a cover girl, but a very nice-looking outdoor type, with straight dark-brown hair worn in informal bangs. Her court manner is calm and pleasant, and one receives the impression that, like many Australians, she is without a grain of affectation in her makeup. As for her squash, it far exceeded the expectations of all of us who were watching last year. To begin with, she raced through her four matches without losing a game, or even coming close to doing so, but what really astounded us was the superb standard of her play. For one thing, she moved beautifully on the court. She was always in position, because of her exceptional anticipation, which led Stewart Brauns, our foremost international authority and grand old middle-aged man of American squash, to remark that she was one of very few players he had ever observed who got to the ball a good fraction of a second before they started to play their stroke, thus greatly reducing their percentage of error. Her racquet work was sound, stylish, and decisive, and when she chose to hit the ball hard it went like a bullet—the result of her exquisite timing. All in all, she was so completely in command during her matches that one forgot that this was the first time she had ever played in an American-squash tournament.

Getting to the differences between the American and English games, in English squash, which is played everywhere except in North America, the court is two and a half feet wider, and the "tin," or telltale, extends nineteen inches above the floor—two inches higher than it does here. The English ball is softer and squishier than our ball; it hangs in the air much longer; and it is more difficult to put away. In the English game, only the server can score points, and nine points wins a game unless the score is tied at 8–8, when the procedure becomes quite complicated; in our game, either player can score on each point, and fifteen points wins a game unless the score is tied at 13–13 or 14–14. As a result of these marked dissimilarities, the strokes and tactics in the English game, the soft-ball game, are not at all the same as those in the American game, the hard-ball game. In the English game, especially when the top men players are competing against each other, it is not uncommon for each player to hit the ball thirty or forty times before a point is decided. It is a game that favors the retriever, and its critics claim that it is more a matter of court coverage and physical endurance than of athletic virtuosity. The American game, at its top level, features blistering hitting and brilliantly angled shots off the corners of the front and side walls. Its critics think that our court is too small and produces crowding and shoving, and that the ball travels too fast and puts more of a premium on speed of reflex than on thoughtful maneuvering. It is significant that, except for the great Pakistanis—Hashim Khan and the others who flourished in the nineteen-fifties and early nineteen-sixties—no man who has won the British Open has also been able to win the North American Open, or vice versa, though last year Geoff Hunt, the wonderful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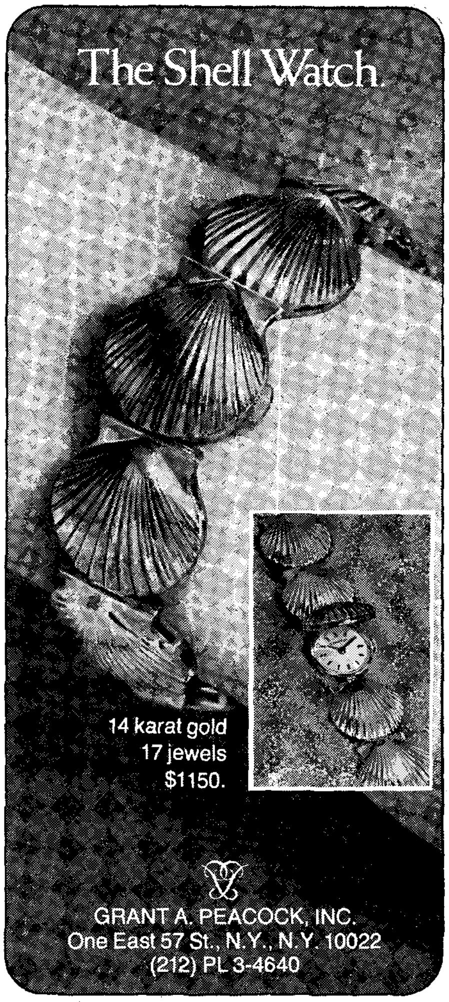
Australian player, excited the squash world by reaching the final of our championship after winning the British. And it is significant also that in 1977 Heather McKay, in her first attempt, dominated our championship as thoroughly as she did the British, although she had spent only six or seven weeks practicing with the American ball.

This past winter, Mrs. McKay made two visits to New York. In January, she again won the Bancroft Open without the loss of a game, although in the final the top American player, Gretchen Spruance, came very close to winning the third game—losing it 18–17 after it had been tied at 13–13 and a set of five points had been decreed. I mention this because by then Mrs. McKay's new American devotees had become aware that her superiority over her opponents has been so vast that after losing two games in 1964 she has lost only four others—one whose exact year and tournament remain hazy in her mind; one in 1968, in the Australian interstate matches; one in 1972, in the Australian Championship; and the fourth last year, in the British Championship. Last month, she was back in New York for the Viva International—a new tournament, held at the Manhattan Squash Club—and carried that off without the loss of a game, despite the fact that she was a good notch below her usual form, because of the exigencies of her schedule. Two weekends before the tournament, she had made the tiring trip back from Australia, where she had gone to film a television special, and the weekend before the tournament she had flown to London to attend promotional events arranged by the firm of Angus & Robertson to celebrate the publication of the English edition of "Heather McKay's Complete Book of Squash," which was first published last year by Macmillan of Canada. (The book deals with the English game, which is what women play in Canada, though men play the American game—as if the problem of bilingualism were not enough.) Anyhow, in the Viva International, whenever an opponent drew too close, Mrs. McKay quickly turned it on: She got to the ball faster, hit her shots more sharply, and took more care to disguise her intentions. After all her campaigns, she still responds to competition and is vastly aided by a self-critical attitude common to champions; when she plays a batch of loose points, it miffs her.

HEATHER McKAY's climb to the top has the uncomplicated charm of one of those success stories writ-



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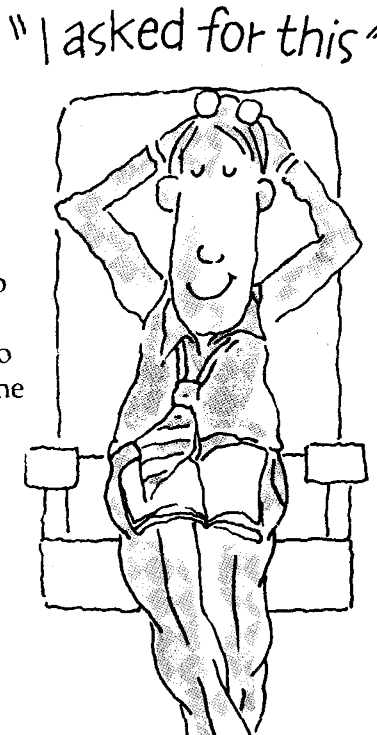

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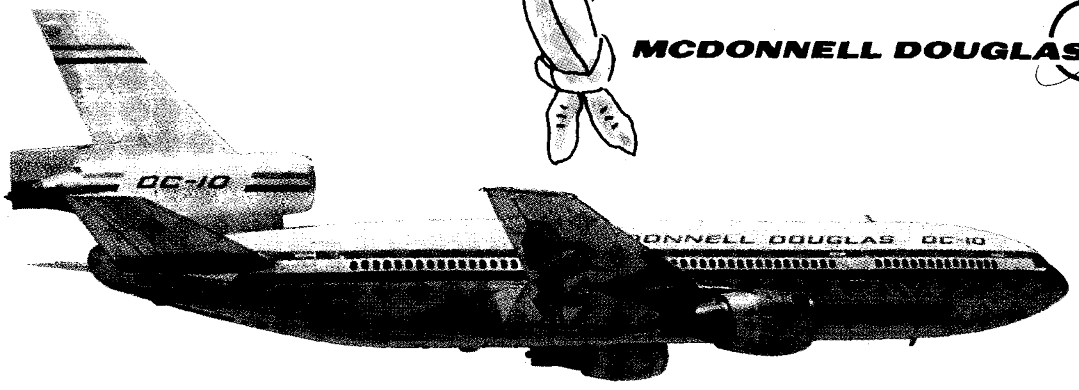

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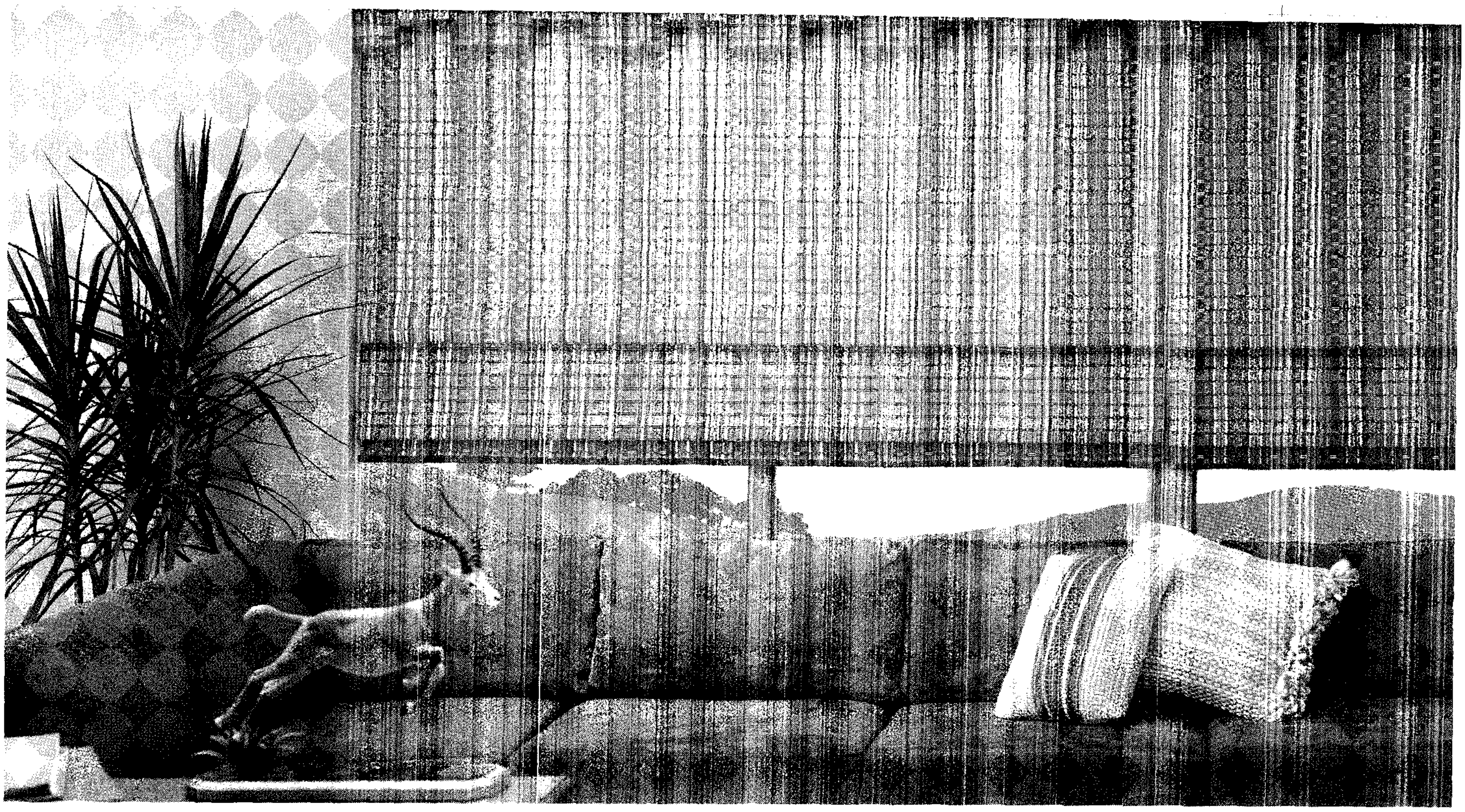

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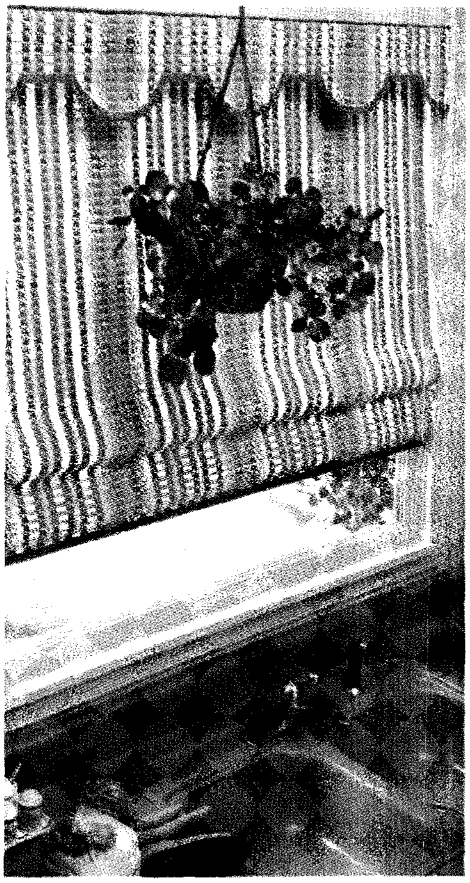

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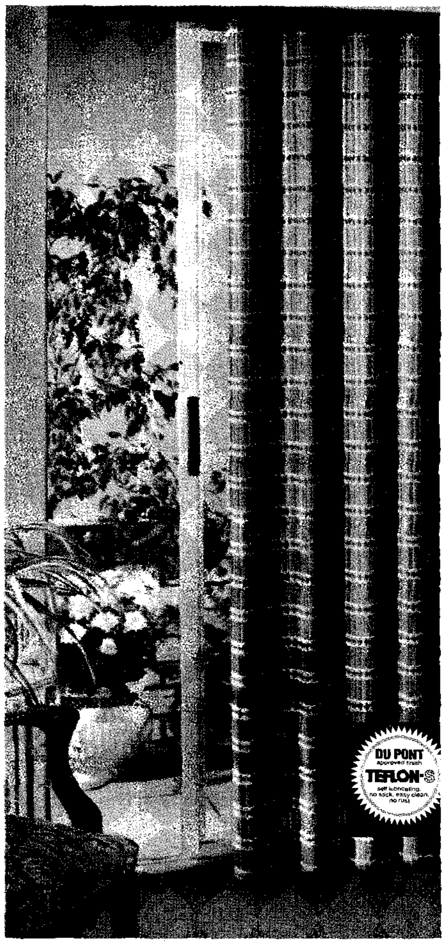
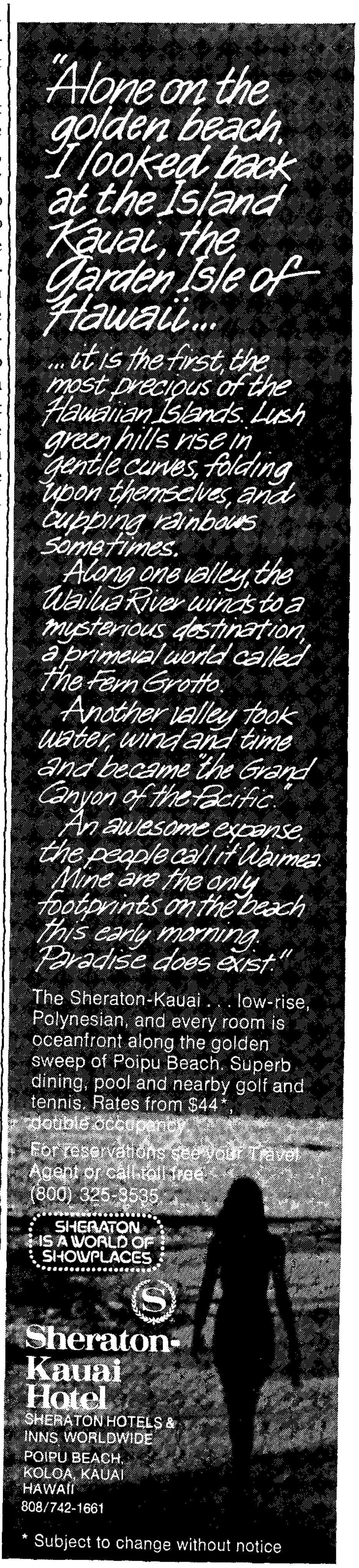


ten around the beginning of the century. Maybe its Australian background partly accounts for this. She was born Heather Pamela Blundell, on July 31, 1941, in Queanbeyan (pronounced "queen'-bee-yen"), which is now a town of about twenty thousand, and which is situated about eight miles from Canberra, the Australian capital, in sheep and cattle country. She came from good athletic stock. Her maternal grandfather, William Neale, continued to compete in tournament tennis until he was sixty-eight, and her father, Frank Blundell, was one of the best Rugby League fullbacks ever produced in the New South Wales Country. ("Country" here means all areas of New South Wales except Sydney.) Mr. Blundell, a baker, and his wife had eleven children—six girls and five boys. The second-oldest girl, Kay, became a standout in local tennis, as Kenny, one of the younger boys, did in tennis and cricket. Three other Blundell girls represented Canberra in field hockey. It did not take long for Heather, the eighth child, to reveal that she was something else again. At sixteen, she won both the junior women's and the women's tennis championships of Queanbeyan, and she repeated this feat the next two years. In high school, she was the best player on the girls' field-hockey team (on which she played the left-inner position) and also a regular on the Queanbeyan town team. Later, she was twice named to the All-Australian team. Australian athletes, as we know, were the first to appreciate the value of constant and rigorous training, and it was this national attitude that led Heather into squash. When she and some of the other members of the Queanbeyan field-hockey team were wondering what they could do to keep their legs in shape during the off-season, Leo Casey, a partner in an automobile agency in Queanbeyan, provided the answer: late in 1959, as the Australian squash boom was just beginning, he added two squash courts to his building as a publicity gimmick. Heather, a natural at the game, was so much better than the other women that she soon began practicing against men almost exclusively. She was persuaded to enter the New South Wales Country Championships in Wollongong the next spring, and won both the junior and the women's titles. Although it was in that year that she lost in the quarter-finals of the New South Wales Championship, she was selected to play on the state team in the Australian Championship, in Brisbane. A nineteen-year-old with virtually no experience, she stunned the Australian squash establishment by blowing her opponents off the court with no trouble at all.

"I really didn't know much about the game in those days," she told me recently at the Toronto Squash Club, where she and her husband currently split the teaching and operate the pro shop. "I was basically a retriever who tried to run every ball down. After the tournament at Wollongong, I remember only too clearly, I was talking with Vincent Napier, then the head of the Australian Squash Racquets Association, and when he happened to use the word 'boast' I asked him what it meant. A boast is a shot that is used a great deal in the English game—a stroke in which the player hits the ball off the near side wall, hoping that it will ricochet diagonally across the court, hit low off the front wall, and then drop softly to the floor close to the opposite side wall. Mr. Napier was flabbergasted by my ignorance, I think, but he patiently explained what a boast was, and later he sent me a rather scholarly book he had written on the technique of the game. The book helped me a lot, and so did a couple of lessons I had in 1960 with Hashim Khan, who was touring Australia that year. Hashim stressed that I should go for winners more often when I was in a position to put the ball away."

Early in 1961, now fairly certain that her future lay in squash, Heather, who had been clerking at a stationery shop in Queanbeyan, headed for Sydney and got a job as a receptionist at the Bellevue Hill Squash Club. At the beginning of the next year, she made her first trip to Britain, where, after experiencing the one other loss of her career, she won her first British Championship. Before that tournament, she spent two weeks in London taking lessons from Mahmoud Abdel Kerim, the famous Egyptian coach, who concentrated his attention on improving her footwork. That is a phase of the game in which she soon became unequalled, as she still is. The key to good footwork is, of course, good anticipation, and Heather, after returning to the Bellevue Hill Club, first learned to watch the ball carefully until it came off her opponent's racquet, and then gradually developed the ability to "read" where each shot would be going and to get to it quickly. She is unique among women players in one aspect of her footwork: When she does make a bad step or a faulty move, she can almost always correct it. She does this instinctively, by pivoting off her right leg and changing



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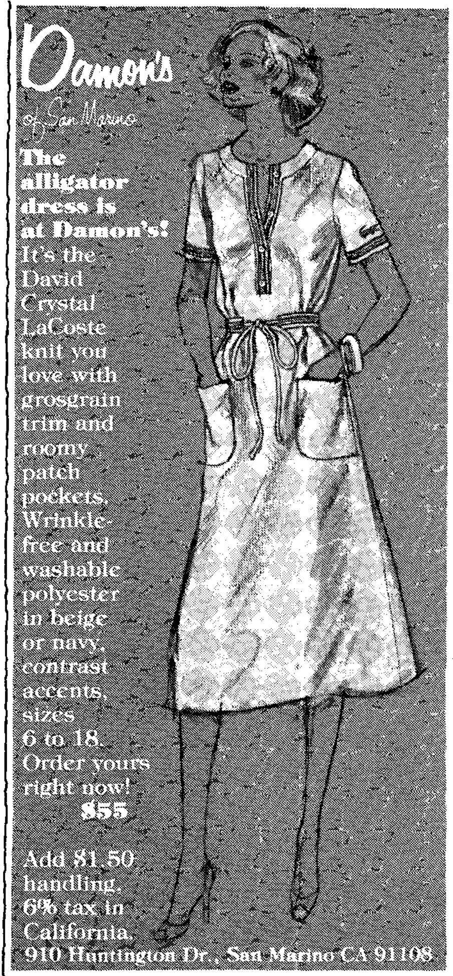
direction in a flash. In the opinion of Frank Satterthwaite, the current Metropolitan Professional Champion, who has twice played against her, "women aren't supposed to be able to do this." In this connection, on her first trip to New York she was asked to undergo a series of lower-body tests by the Institute of Sports Medicine at Lenox Hill Hospital, and it was found that she had the strongest right leg of any woman ever tested there.

Heather Blundell became Heather McKay in 1965. She had met Brian McKay soon after her arrival in Sydney four years earlier. An all-around athlete whose best sports as a young man were Rugby League football and water polo, Brian is a tall, husky chap, soft-spoken and comfortable in manner, and in the early nineteen-sixties he still had enough energy left after a day's work as a lathe operator to teach squash in the evenings and weekends at the Bellevue Hill Club. Mrs. McKay was necessarily restricted to administrative work at the club, since, as an amateur, she couldn't receive money for teaching, but she practiced frequently, a good part of the time with her husband. Many old squash hands are of the opinion that she may have reached her peak in the middle nineteen-sixties. In the 1965 British Championship, at any rate, she needed only fourteen minutes to win the final from Anna Craven Smith, a very proficient English player, and it took her a total of only sixty-five minutes to wrap up her five matches in that championship. (Other squash insiders feel that she was never more formidable than in the Women's World Open at Brisbane in 1976—the only such tournament ever organized—in which she dropped a mere four points in the final.) In 1969, the McKays left the Bellevue Hill Club, and, after spending three years at the Dickson Squash Center in Canberra and two at the Wavell Heights Squash Club in Brisbane, they took up their present posts in Toronto, in 1975. Early that year, when they were en route to the British Championship and were spending a few days in Montreal, Kevin Parker, an old friend and a club professional in that city, suggested that they might be able to line up an exhibition match at the Toronto Squash Club, a relatively new undertaking with seventeen courts (fifteen American size, one English size, and one for doubles), along with a gymnasium, a running track, and a restaurant. They succeeded in arranging not only for an exhibition but for returning to the club that summer as the resident teaching



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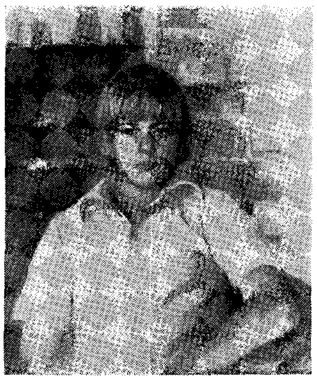

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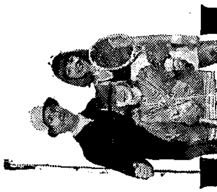

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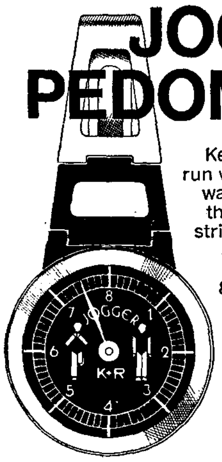
team. Incidentally, one of the reasons that Mrs. McKay finally turned pro in 1974 was that it had been announced the previous year that the British Championship would thenceforward be open to all players. Up to that time, she had felt forced to remain an amateur, for otherwise there would have been no tournaments of any quality in which she could have played.

The McKays live in an apartment in the section of Toronto that is called the Beach, because it is close to the shore of Lake Ontario. Five mornings a week, they begin their day by jogging two or three miles on the boardwalk along the lake. Their regimen from Monday through Friday is to arrive at the club at ten and to leave at seven-thirty. Mrs. McKay generally gives up to five forty-minute lessons a day. She teaches both men and women, as does her husband. Like nearly all Australian athletes, she is perpetually concerned with keeping fit, fit, fit, and whenever a tournament is approaching or she feels she is letting herself go she schedules some practice sessions, skips rope, runs wind sprints, works out on a stationary bicycle, and does stretching exercises to limber up her hamstring muscles. She also continues to play field hockey—as a member of a local team, the Harriers—during the league season, in May and June. Her conscientiousness is a principal reason that at thirty-six she is still going strong in squash—a physically exhausting game in which few people can continue to compete on the championship level once they have passed thirty-three. One gets the idea, watching Mrs. McKay in action at the Toronto Squash Club, that she thrives on activity, for, being of a gregarious nature, she is always chatting with members during her free moments or helping out in the pro shop. When the McKays return to their apartment at the end of the day, they have a drink or two, Mrs. McKay cooks dinner, and afterward, as often as not, she relaxes by reading—usually a novel that has a strong narrative pull. (Lately, she has been enjoying "The Thorn Birds.") Unlike most expatriate Australian athletes, the McKays do not insist on drinking Foster's Lager, the national beverage of the island continent. She is happy to settle for a Bacardi-and-Coke or a gin-and-tonic.

Looking back on my visit to Toronto, the part I enjoyed most was watching Mrs. McKay give lessons to three pupils one morning. With her first pupil, a fairly good woman player of about twenty-five, she spent a great



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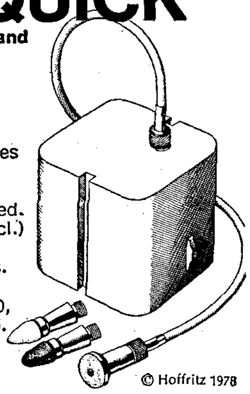

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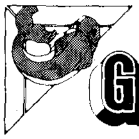

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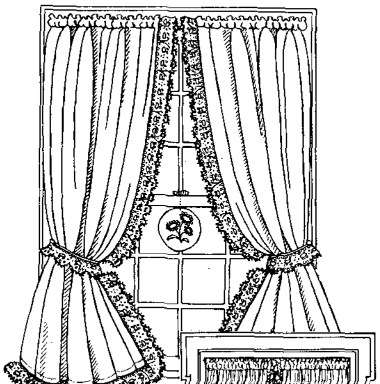

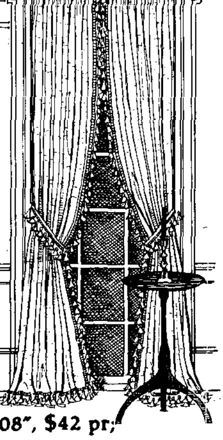

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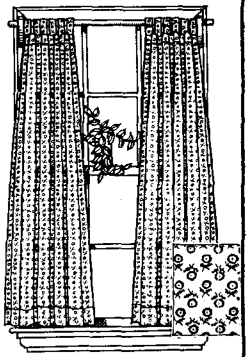

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deal of time working on the backhand. In the English game, with the slow ball, the best technique calls for making a much more extended backswing than one uses when playing the faster American ball. The racquet should be brought back head high in a steep arc—there is plenty of time to do this—and on the follow-through it should end up shoulder high. During this lesson, Mrs. McKay worked intensively on the pupil's follow-through on her backhand drive and reminded her to return to the ready position after each stroke. This pupil had a nice flair for boasts but had trouble playing her cross-court drives; Mrs. McKay suggested she should hit these shots less hard, and this apparently did the trick. Throughout this lesson and the two others I watched, she was businesslike but jolly, and the pleasure her pupils derived from the sessions was obvious. When the first lesson was over, she returned to the court, after a break of less than two minutes, with a well-coördinated woman of twenty-two or so. Mrs. McKay felt that this pupil wasn't making a sufficient shoulder turn or hip turn when she took her racquet back, and they worked on this for a while. Later, when they played a series of points, she had several suggestions to offer, and I especially remember her saying, "When you've played a shot from up close to the front wall, you should come back watching the ball all the way." She added softly, "Remember, a wall-hugging drop shot is better than a lower drop shot hit down the center." During these first two lessons, she continually stressed how important it was for the players to maintain good length on their drives.

After the conclusion of the second lesson, she quickly returned to the court with her next pupil—a rangy, bearded young man who is a Class A player, which means a very good player indeed. Their session was not so much a lesson as a match. They used the ball that most Canadian men use—the American 70-plus ball, so called because its construction prevents it from getting too hot and too fast, as American balls used to do, when the temperature of a court rises above seventy degrees. Nevertheless, the 70-plus is discernibly faster and harder than the English ball. With the pace speeded up, Mrs. McKay had to abbreviate somewhat the length of her backswing on her drives, and, because of her opponent's reach, general agility, speed of foot, and power, she hit her shots lower off the front wall and conspicuously harder—at about the same velocity as

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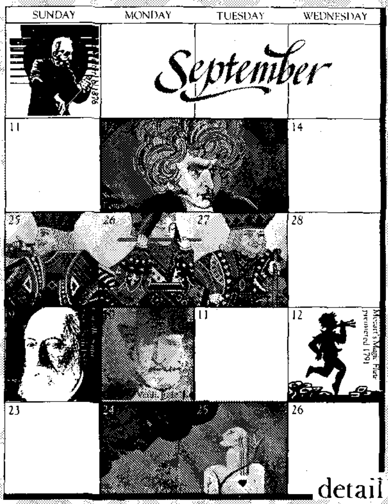

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IBM Reports

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Information that has commercial value must be protected like any other asset. And, of course, personal, proprietary or confidential information must also be safeguarded. Safeguarding sensitive information has always been necessary, even when it was stored in file cabinets. Today, much information is stored in computers, and, in general, it can be made more secure than information stored by other means.

Effective security measures needed

However, as the cost of doing work with computers continues to decline, more information will be processed by computers and more people will be using them. This increases the need for effective measures to protect information from accidental destruction or unauthorized use.

This is a matter of great interest to IBM, because our business is providing products to record, process, store, communicate and retrieve information. Security is a key consideration in the development of those products. Basic security features are built into individual IBM systems to meet varying levels of security requirements. Additional safeguards are available to meet special needs.

IBM has, for example, developed identity verification techniques and other methods that can help control who gains access to the information within a computer system. IBM has also developed a cryptography technique and special equipment that can help safeguard information communicated by computer systems.

Management controls necessary, too

But quite clearly, technology alone cannot ensure the security of information in computer systems. Even more important are the controls and procedures that must be implemented by management and others responsible for the operation of systems. These range from the selection of a secure location for a system to well-designed rules spelling out who may use it and how it may be used. To assist in this area, IBM has sponsored several major studies, held seminars for some 22,000 computer users and distributed more than 700,000 publications on the subject.

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her opponent's. She won the three games they played, but not easily, for she trailed 4–8 in the first and 3–9 in the third. To get back into the third, she changed her tactics drastically: She concentrated on keeping her opponent out of the forecourt, and after achieving this she moved up more frequently into the forecourt herself and blasted some irretrievable corner shots.

Everyone always wants to know how Mrs. McKay fares against her male opponents. Frank Satterthwaite, who had to struggle to edge her out, 9–3, 3–9, 9–10, 9–1, 9–7, when they played a match with the English ball at the University Club in New York last year, puts it this way: "Heather is a good deal tougher playing the English ball than playing our ball, because she grew up with it and moves you expertly around the court. With the hard ball, I'd guess that maybe the best fifteen or twenty amateurs in our country might beat her, but they'd have to rely on outmuscling her and not outplaying her." Satterthwaite also believes that Mrs. McKay has such genius that, even considering her advanced age for international tournament squash, she can stay at the top just as long as she wants to.

In Toronto, I made a point of not asking Mrs. McKay if she is a better player than her husband, but she volunteered the information that he wins most of their matches when they use the American ball and he is playing well.

I formed two strong impressions during my visit. First, Heather McKay's complete knowledge of her game and the handsome, functional crispness of her strokes reminded me of Ben Hogan's golf. Second, she believes that squash is in its infancy in North America. "In Canada and the United States, it's now at about the stage it was in the early nineteen-sixties in Australia, when the boom was just starting," she said. "What we really need is to have the world's leading players in action on a lighted glass court in an arena that holds thousands, like Madison Square Garden or Maple Leaf Gardens, here in Toronto. That plus televised matches. Then you might see squash take off as few sports ever have."

—HERBERT WARREN WIND

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—*Headline in the Arizona Republic.*

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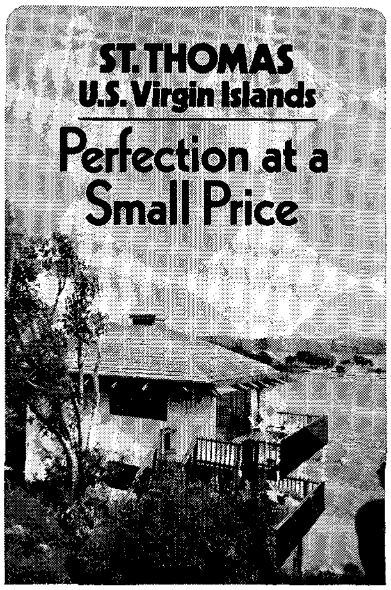

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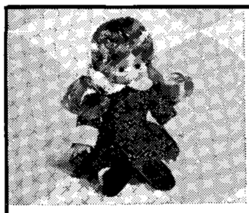

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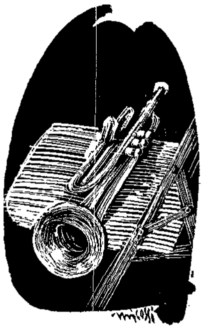
JAZZ

Fats

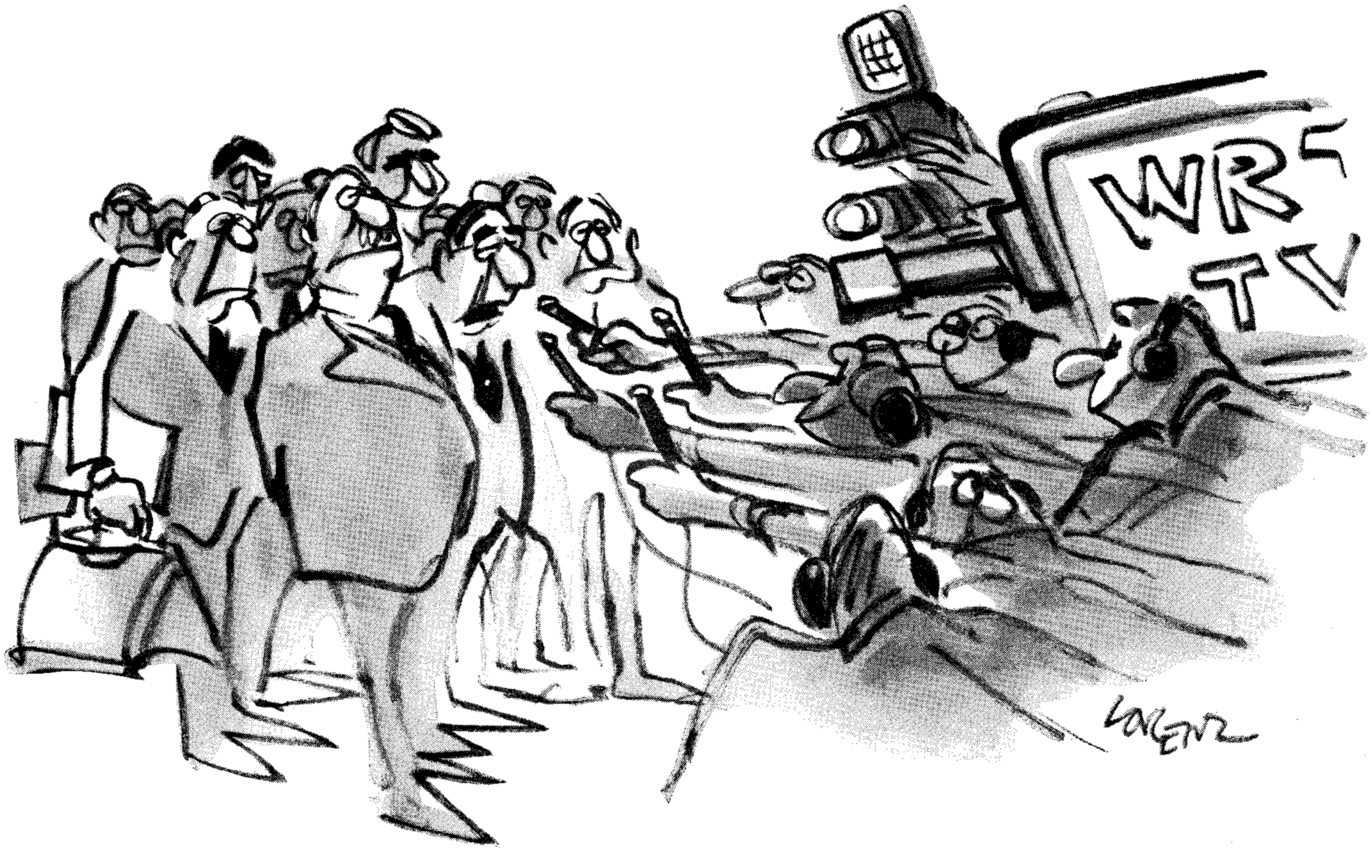
Fats Waller was jumping this winter. A re-creation of the little band that he had in the thirties and early forties held forth in December at Michael's Pub (Dick Wellstood was on piano, and Herman Autrey, Waller's old sideman, was on trumpet), and "Ain't Misbehavin'," a brilliant pocket-sized revue built around Waller's songs and recordings, opened for a limited run in February at the Manhattan Theatre Club, and will reopen on Broadway in May. Two Waller biographies were published: "Fats Waller" (Schirmer), by his son Maurice Waller and Anthony Calabrese, which is comprehensive and plodding, and "Fats Waller: His Life and Times" (Contemporary Books), by Joel Vance, which is untutored and often distasteful but gives a brief, startling evaluation of Waller. (Both books rely heavily on a biography put out twelve years ago by Waller's last manager, Ed Kirkeby, along with Duncan Schiedt and Sinclair Traill, and called "Ain't Misbehavin'.") Waller's momentum has never stopped. His songs have always been in the air, and Maurice Waller confirms the ancient gossip that Waller wrote "On the Sunny Side of the Street" and "I Can't Give You Anything But Love" (both sold outright to Jimmy McHugh), although he says nothing of other supposed progeny. Waller's piano playing can be heard clearly or in solution in Count Basie and Wellstood and Mike Lipskin and Joe Turner. And there he is on television in "Stormy Weather" (1943), got up in shirtsleeves, vest, and derby, and seated at an upright, his eavelike eyebrows rising and falling, his crescent smile in place, his banana fingers blotting out the keys.

Waller got going early. He was born Thomas Wright Waller, in New York, on May 21, 1904. He was the seventh of eleven children, only five of whom survived. His parents, Edward Waller and Adeline Lockett, had moved from Virginia in 1888, when they were sixteen. Edward Waller was a successful carter, and, a self-cured stammerer, he became a preacher for the Abyssinian Baptist Church. Young Waller started at the harmonium and piano at six, and at fifteen he was playing the piano and organ at the Lincoln Theatre in Harlem, for twenty-three dollars a week. It was not a career his father favored. He was also hanging out with the pianists Willie the Lion Smith and James P. Johnson. Smith summed Waller up neatly in his autobiography, "Music on My Mind." "When we met, he wasn't born yet," Smith wrote. "He was wished on me. From that time on he followed the Lion and The Brute [Johnson] around. We both tutored him and I was the one who first told him to sing and make faces to draw attention. He was always mimicking West Indian talk; I could see where he was a natural as a showman. He had that magnetic personality with big brown eyes . . . He was shy at first and I would loosen him up with sauterne. Later he drank ABD's [anybody's drink] and started travelling so fast through life . . . he just never took the time to set himself in the right direction. When he jumped from the basement to five thousand dollars a week, I told him to slow down. 'Lion,' he would say, 'one never knows, do one!' "



In 1920, Waller's mother, whom he doted on, died, and he moved into a schoolmate's home. The next year, he married Edith Hatchett, and they had a son, Thomas, Jr. But Waller was either on the town or on the road, and they separated. (Waller was not designed for the diurnal life; during the next decade, Edith Waller had him sent to jail twice for failure to pay alimony.) By the time he was in his early twenties, he had met Count Basie and given him pointers on the organ, made his first records (piano solos: "Muscle Shoals Blues" and "Birmingham Blues"), written his first songs, and begun studying with Leopold Godowsky, the pianist and composer. Waller married Anita Rutherford in 1926, and they had two sons, Maurice and Ronald. In 1928, after working in Chicago with Louis Armstrong and Earl Hines, he wrote half the music for "Keep Shufflin'." He and James P. Johnson played double piano in the pit, and they made four numbers for Victor with the great Jabbo Smith on trumpet and Garvin Bushell on reeds. Waller was on pipe organ and Johnson on piano, and the music was a unique combination of the roaring and the delicate and the mercurial. Waller also wrote a revue called "Hot Chocolates" with Andy Razaf the next year, and, as was becoming his scandalous wont, sold the rights—to Irving Mills, for five hundred dollars. ("Ain't Misbehavin' " and "Black and Blue" were among the songs.) Waller first heard Art Tatum in 1931, was duly thunderstruck, and took off for Paris, where he played the "God-box" in Notre Dame. He weathered the early Depression with radio jobs (WLW in Cincinnati and WABC in New York), and in 1934 he made the first of four hundred or so small-band sides for Victor. (A couple of years ago, RCA began reissuing Waller's collected works on its Bluebird label. "The Complete Fats Waller, Volume I, 1934-1935," AXM 2-5511, and "Fats Waller Piano Solos, 1929-1941," AXM 2-5518, came out, but, true to form, Victor's latest reissue program has stumbled, and no one knows when or if the project will be finished.) The recordings put him squarely before the jazz public, and by 1938 Waller was probably as well known as Louis Armstrong. The two men were recorded that year on a radio show but, rather surprisingly, did not mix well. Waller's staccato high-register accompaniment gets in Armstrong's way, and Armstrong's longer melodic lines make Waller sound chunky. Armstrong loved Waller's *esprit*, but he never hired a stride pianist.

Waller's small-band records were hobbled by a fixed instrumentation (trumpet, tenor saxophone or clarinet, piano, guitar, bass, drums), second-class musicians (Herman Autrey, Bugs Hamilton, Eugene Sedric, Al Casey, Cedric Wallace, Slick Jones), the three-minute time limit, and often abysmal materials ("Florida Flo," "The Love Bug'll Bite You," "Us on a Bus"), but they were remarkably flexible and springy. The order of solos and vocals, who was to accompany whom, whether to use mutes or not—all were ceaselessly fiddled with. The success of the records depended on Waller, for he was never inaudible, and when he was on course (most of the time), they swung very hard. Waller's famous ad-libs seemed to spill right out of his records, and were addressed to his musicians or to the listener or to the subject of the song. These side-of-the-mouth utterances gave his records a kind of universality. He starts "Serenade for a Wealthy Widow" by saying, "Woman, they tell me you're flooded with currency. Well, come on—give, give, give!" On "How Can You Face Me," he urges



"Commissioner Tooley, Senator Coleridge, Union President Krull, Dr. Reicheimer, Judge Fenton, Congressman Stromm, Mr. Vincent O'Donaghue, Attorney Marvin Tresswood, and I have no comment."

• •

a trombone soloist on with "Ah, you're a dirty dog, get out in the street, get out, get out! How can you face me now," which is followed by "No, I didn't go there last night. No, you know I wasn't there, either. I went to the other place." At the close of "Do Me a Favor," he talks very fast: "Listen, honey, have you got a dollar-ninety, cuz I got the dime? You might as well go out there and find the parson." And at the close of "Your Feet's Too Big" he says, "Your pedal extremities are really obnoxious." Perhaps his classic ad-lib came in the middle of a slow, lyrical version of "Sometimes I Feel Like a Motherless Child," done as an organ solo a few months before he died. Midway, Waller, who has been still, says, "I wonder what the poor people are doin' tonight. I'd love to be doin' it with 'em." At first, the remark seems to shatter the mood; then it seems both funny and wrenching.

Waller took his band all over the country between recording sessions, and in the late thirties or early forties Eudora Welty heard him and wrote a strange and indelible short story called "Powerhouse." The surface is expressionistic and slightly ominous. Powerhouse is playing a white dance in a small town in Mississippi, and just before intermission at midnight he tells his musicians that he has received a mysterious telegram from a Uranus Knockwood, saying "YOUR WIFE IS DEAD." Powerhouse talked to his wife on the telephone the night before, and she threatened to jump out the window. The rest of the story is taken up by Powerhouse's self-pitying and angry embellishments on the notion that his wife *has* done what she said. At first, the band members believe him, then they understand and go along with the fantasy: imagine the worst and you keep at bay the devil and all the "no-good pussyfooted crooning creepers" that hang around musicians. You also keep your ego intact. Being on the road in the black Southern night tries the soul, and humor is its balm. Eudora Welty's observations of Powerhouse/Waller are marvellous. Romanticism is a form of astonishment, and here is how she introduces him:

> There's no one in the world like him. You can't tell what he is. "Nigger man"?—he looks more Asiatic, monkey, Jewish, Babylonian, Peruvian, fanatic, devil. He has pale grey eyes, heavy lids, maybe horny like a lizard's, but big glowing eyes when they're open. He has African feet of the greatest size [Waller wore a fifteen shoe], stomping, both together, on each side of the pedals. He's not coal black—beverage colored—looks like a preacher when his mouth is shut, but then it opens—vast and obscene... He's in a trance; he's a person of joy... He listens as much as he performs, a look of hideous, powerful rapture on his face. Big arched eyebrows that never stop travelling... There he is with his great head, fat stomach, and little round piston legs, and long yellow-sectioned strong big fingers.

Powerhouse starts a tune:

> His hands over the keys, he says sternly, "You-all ready? You-all ready to do some serious walking?"—waits—then, STAMP. Quiet. STAMP, for the second time... Then a set of rhythmic kicks against the floor to communicate the tempo.... O Lord!... hello and good-by, and... they are all down the first note like a waterfall.

Powerhouse sings:

> On the sweet pieces such a leer for everybody! He looks down so benevolently upon all our faces and whispers the lyrics to us.... He's going up the keyboard with a few fingers in some very derogatory triplet-routine, he gets higher and higher, and then he looks over the end of the piano, as if over a cliff.

The band goes to a black beer joint during intermission, and the exchanges with the waitress are perfect. Powerhouse says, "Come here, living statue,

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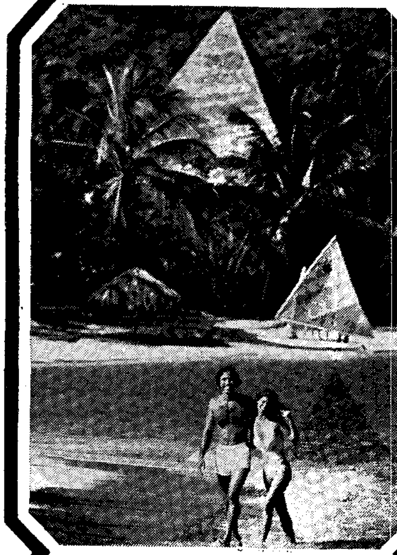

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and get all this big order of beer we fixing to give.”

The waitress, setting the tray of beer down on a back table, comes up taut and apprehensive as a hen. “Says in the kitchen . . . that you is Mr. Powerhouse. . . .”

“They seeing right tonight, that is him,” says Little Brother.

“You him?”

“That is him in the flesh,” says Scoot.

“Does you wish to touch him?” asks Valentine. “Because he don’t bite.”

Duke Ellington knew that the only constant on the road is motion, and he often asked Harry Carney where they were going next. Powerhouse says to one of his musicians,

“What you tell me the name of this place?”

“White dance, week night, raining, Alligator, Mississippi, long ways from home.”

“Uh-huh.”

The musicians return to the stand after intermission:

He didn’t strike the piano keys for pitch—he simply opened his mouth and gave falsetto howls—in A, D and so on . . . Then he took hold of the piano, as if he saw it for the first time in his life, *and tested it for strength, hit it down in* the bass, played an octave with his elbow . . . He sat down and played it for a few minutes with outrageous force, and got it under his power—a bass deep and coarse as a sea net—then produced something glimmering and fragile, and smiled. And who could ever remember any of *the things he says? They are just in*spired remarks that roll out of his mouth like smoke.

WALLER’s life was far less phantasmagoric. He had never cared for the road and its discomforts, physical and racial, and he frequently expressed amazement at how white audiences would cheer their heads off when he was on the stand and then send him across the tracks to spend the night. More and more, he quit engagements before they were over, or simply didn’t turn up, pleading homesickness for Harlem, where he could be found a day or two later, cooling it at home or sitting in at the nearest club. Waller had become an alcoholic, and it was eroding his life. He was a master illusionist, who fooled everyone, including himself. He made a perpetual joke of his drinking (the late Eddie Condon, to say nothing of W. C. Fields, was also expert at this jiggery-pokery), and it became part of the furniture of his huge, comic, boisterous self: the ever-present bottle on or under the piano at recording dates and on the bandstand; the “liquid ham-and-eggs” he had for breakfast the moment he awoke; the multitude of drinks he had

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Thank you.

Neil Simon

NY 4/10/8

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- ☐ Upper Volta

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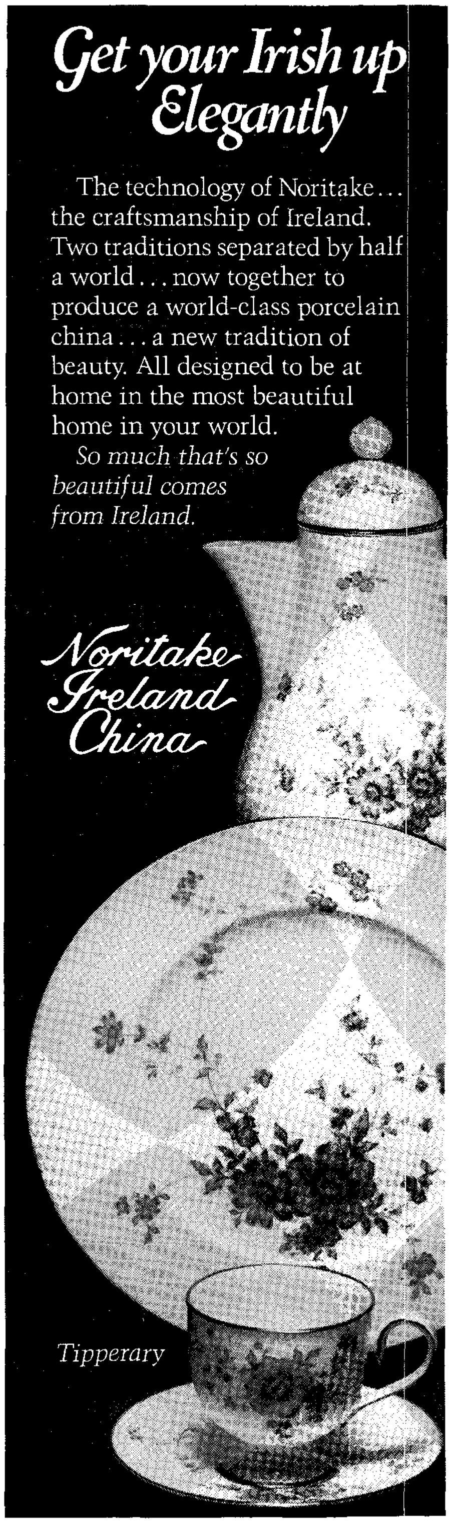

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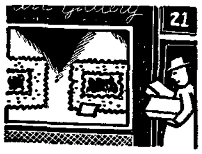
backstage at his Carnegie Hall concert, in 1942, which was a disaster. But Waller had a cavernous capacity, and his drinking rarely got in the way of his music. On his records, his playing and diction are invariably clean and clear. There is no evidence of uncertain time or of anything out of control.

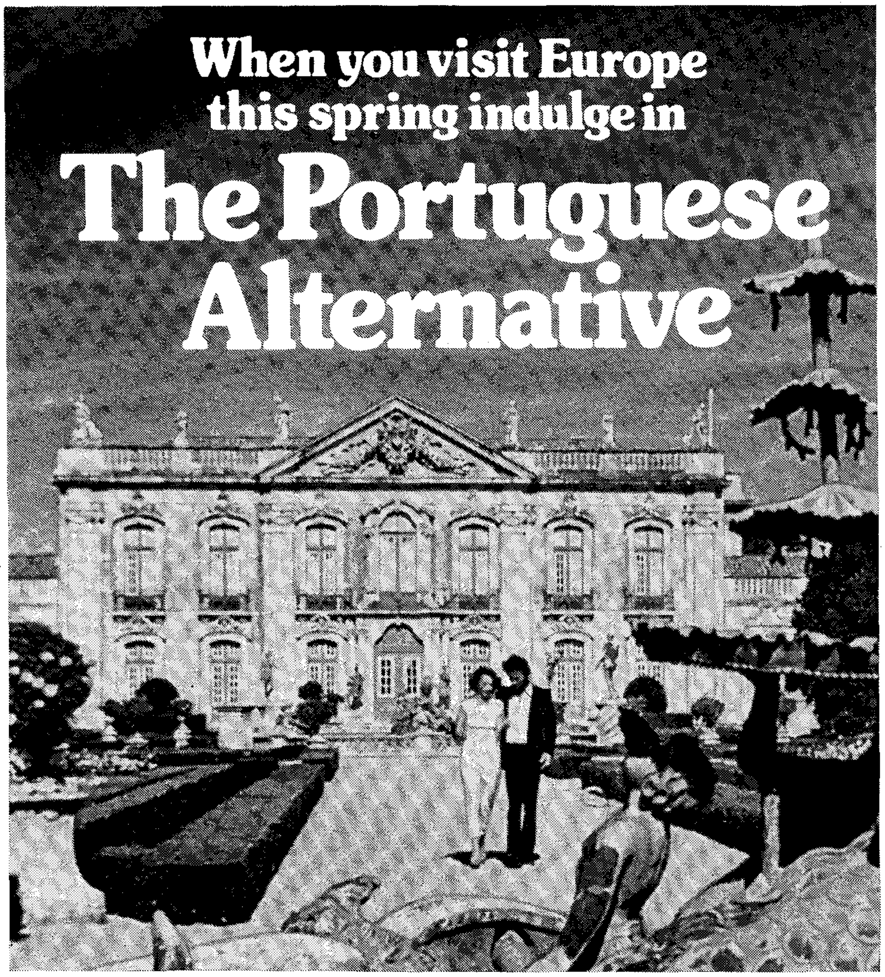
Waller's comic spirit was ungovernable. He offered the rare gift of comic catharsis, and apparently it never failed him, onstage or off. He was always on, whether he was meeting for the first time a precocious piano player and singer named Bobby Short ("He marched right over, picked me up in his arms, and hugged me. 'You could be my son,' he said. 'You even look like me a little bit... Say, who's your mother?'") or sixteen-year-old Mary Lou Williams ("I played for him and he picked me up and threw me in the air"). One can do the Freudian two-step with Waller, but it isn't much help. Did he poke fun at everything because he was trying to offset the melancholy caused by his mother's death and his father's obtuseness? Did he make people laugh to conceal his deep shyness? Did he laugh (and drink) out of sheer terror at life? Joel Vance offers this gloomy paragraph:



> His attention span was that of a small boy: he wrote tunes as toys, forgetting them as quickly as they ceased to please him or to bring him quick money. He was constantly in search of adventures, but the adventures had to take place in comfortable and convivial surroundings—the company of his musical peers in Harlem, a backstage bash with cast and chorus girls, or a gargantuan eating session. Waller's high living was a succession of self-induced birthday parties. He never completed the emotional transition from childhood to maturity. At the price of preserving his childhood in alcohol, he managed to let his creative powers flow to the fullest...

Whichever or whatever, Waller *was* a funny man, even when he played the piano and kept his mouth shut. He was the last of the great stride pianists, and he perfected the style. Stride piano had grown out of the oompah bass and filigreed right hand of ragtime. Its main concerns were rhythmic and melodic: keep that rocking two-beat motion going, no matter how slow, and keep the melody uppermost, no matter how strong the urge to embellish. It was a chordal way of piano playing, both in the left hand, where tenths alternated with seesawing chord-and-single-note figures (Waller's huge hands spanned more than a tenth), and in the right, where chords, often played staccato or against the beat, were spelled by pearly, Lisztian runs. When Waller reached his prime, in the early thirties, stride piano had been made to seem old-fashioned by the brilliant inventions of Earl Hines, who had put jazz piano playing on a four-four basis, straightened out and added muscle to its arpeggios, substituted single-note melodic lines for the squat right-hand chords, and added various punctuations to the left hand. Hines notwithstanding, two great—and antithetical—pianists came out of Waller: Count Basie and Art Tatum. Basie turned Waller's style into ingenious musical telegraphy; he used two notes for every twenty of Waller's, and got even stronger results. Tatum was probably influenced by Waller harmonically and pianistically, but the only time he openly bowed in his direction was at breakneck tempos, when he used an unbelievably fast oompah bass that was both affectionate and needling. (In 1938, when Tatum dropped in to hear Waller at a club on Fifty-second Street, Waller introduced him by saying, "I just play the piano, but God is in the house tonight.") Waller's pianistic humor was both sheer exuberance and an inability to let foolishness be. He would use right-hand trills and tremolos and high, bouncing offbeat figures (pianistic falsetto) and, in his left hand, booms, and even an occasional boogie-woogie bass—a form he said he despised. When the material he had to record was particularly maudlin (it is not clear whether Victor's A. & R. men thought it would make hits or were slyly feeding it to Waller to see how fine he would grind it), he gave it the rhapsody treatment, using lots of loud pedal and low, theatrical single notes that summoned up Eddy Duchin. Waller was a superb pianist. His touch was firm and clear, he rarely missed notes, and he had a nice sense of dynamics. His time was metronomic yet had the infinitesimal looseness that is part of swinging. Waller loved the organ. It gave him room for subtleties not possible on the piano and for his histrionic tendencies. (Vance quotes Eugene Sedric as saying that Waller often told him that "someday he might become a preacher and go out and give sermons with a big band behind him.") He could moon and whisper and make bird and wind and wave sounds; he could disport himself without saying a word. He was the first jazz organist—which doesn't mean much, since there have been few creditable jazz organists, and certainly none who have played the instrument with his delicacy and attentiveness, Count Basie and Joe Mooney excepted. But there was a weakness in Waller's instrumental attack: he had little feeling for the blues. His rare blues excursions are glancing and breezy, and there isn't much emotion. This peculiar lack afflicted all the stride pianists as well as such Eastern pianists as Hines, Tatum, and Erroll Garner.

Waller's endless vocal effects—mock-English and West Indian accents, Bronx cheers, heavy aeolian sighs, parlando, rubbery staccato diction—have been duly celebrated, but it should be said that he was a first-rate singer. He had an excellent light baritone, faultless diction (when he chose), and perfect intonation. Once in a while, he would sing a song almost straight, and the slightly delayed rhythmic attack and occasional embellishments revealed his respect for Louis Armstrong, part of whose vocal on a 1932 "When It's Sleepy Time Down South" Waller copies or parodies on the final bridge of "Breakin' the Ice." Waller the songwriter was a third and inseparable self. He wrote his songs quickly, and they are notable on several counts: their very melodies swing, they often resemble ragtime, and they are extremely catchy. But the catchiness of "Ain't Misbehavin'" and "Jitterbug Waltz" is dangerous, for, as Alec Wilder pointed out recently, the "Beer Barrel Polka" is similarly attractive. Wilder continued, "I don't think Waller had great melodic sensibility. I don't think he knew how to write long melodic lines. Jerome Kern would have told him how, but I doubt that Waller knew such an area of popular music. His melodic lines are all made up of little pieces, of imitations. Each phrase is sustained by an imitation, or partial imitation, of the previous phrase. In a sense, he wrote like a barroom piano player. His songs are often like the little glistening phrases that good barroom piano players come up with. He was the opposite of a pianist like Cy Walter. Walter didn't like to improvise, and he didn't like jazz. But when he wrote a song, it had a long and often complex melodic line. Waller was a Tin Pan Alley writer. He wrote for fun. His songs fell right in. They were written for the counter, for immediate sale. Give them to the band, give them to the singer. His songs were very different from, say, 'You Go to My Head,' a complicated and beautiful song that astonishingly became a hit, or from 'Star Dust,' which is even harder to sing than 'The Star-



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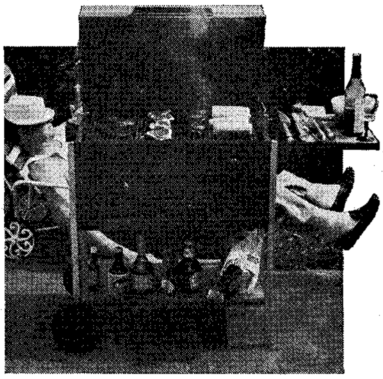

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Spangled Banner.' The intensity and brilliance squeezed into such songs escaped Waller completely. But his songs make you think of him, of his playing, of his joy of living, and there's certainly nothing wrong with that."

BY the early forties, Waller was making very good money. But he was still casting about. Was he basically a comedian, a bandleader, a songwriter, or a jazz musician? He recorded on organ and celeste behind Lee Wiley (he was a superb accompanist on both piano and organ), and he gave his depressing Carnegie Hall concert. He wrote the music for "Early to Bed," which had a decent run on Broadway and was the first non-black musical written by a black. He filmed "Stormy Weather," with Bill Robinson and Lena Horne, and he appeared on the radio with Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy. He was on the verge of going national. He went on the soft-drink wagon for a year, then switched to sauterne. But his massive appetite had weakened, and so had his resistance. Late in 1943, he worked the Zanzibar Room in Los Angeles and caught a bad cold. He took ten days off and couldn't completely shake it, but finished the job. He entrained for New York, telling Ed Kirkeby that he was exhausted. He slept an entire day and night, and died in his sleep of bronchial pneumonia just as the train pulled into Kansas City.

Deathbed utterances are immutable, but misinterpretations aren't. Kirkeby reported in his book:

> About two [the morning of Waller's death] I opened the door to the sleeper and was hit by a blast of cold air.
>
> "Jesus, it's cold in here!" I said, as I saw Fats was awake.
>
> "Yeah, Hawkins is sure blowin' out there tonight," Fats replied.
>
> The train was roaring through the Kansas plains in a howling blizzard, which reminded Fats of the blustery sax playing of his friend Coleman Hawkins.

Both Vance and Maurice Waller repeat Kirkeby's poetic allusion, but that is surely not what Waller meant. A "hawkins" in the old black argot is snow or ice or a cold wind.

Opinions about the light and joy and kindness that Waller shed wherever he went are unanimous. Pee Wee Russell told the jazz scholar Jeff Atterton of the last time he saw Waller: "My wife and I were walking along a Village street and we passed the Greenwich Village Inn . . . Fats Waller's name was out front. Fats Waller appearing and so on. We went in for a quiet drink or what I hoped would be a

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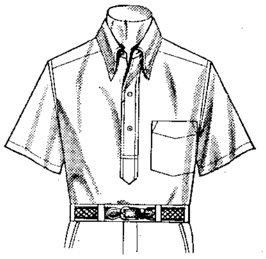

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quiet drink. We found ourselves at a ringside table. Fats was on. He sat in the middle of the dance floor at a small piano with the spotlight on him. And it took him a tenth of a second to see me. He greeted me as though we were meeting any place else but from opposite sides in a night club and then refused to play unless I played with him. One of the men in [his] . . . band loaned me his clarinet and Fats and I had a very private party. We . . . played the blues. The customers may not have liked it but I had a hell of a time." The Cape Cod pianist Marie Marcus came to New York from Boston to do a radio show in 1932, when she was eighteen. Her experience had been limited to Boston radio shows and to playing for a week at a Chinese restaurant called the Mahjong. "Tillie's Kitchen, in Harlem, was a fried-chicken place," she said not long ago, "and Bob Howard, who sounded just like Fats Waller, was on piano. We went up there quite often, and one night Fats himself came in. I remember the whole room lighted up. He played, and then Howard persuaded me to play, even though I was scared to death. Fats listened, and when I'd finished, he pointed to his heart, and said, 'For a white gal, you sure got it there.' We got to talking, and I told him that I would like to further my education in jazz, and did he know a good teacher? He looked at me and said, 'How about me?' I thought he was putting me on, but he wasn't. He had a small office, with two pianos, in the Brill Building, at 1619 Broadway, and during the next year or so, when he wasn't on the road or making records, he'd call me up and say, 'Come on down and let's play some piano.' You couldn't exactly call them lessons. We'd play duets, and then he'd play, and have me listen carefully to the things he did. He was very serious when we were working together, and I was grateful for every minute. He'd tell me, 'When you're playing jazz, remember the rhythm, remember the rhythm. Make the number of notes count. Tell a story, and get that feeling across to the people. Please the people by making it come from here.' "

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

•

Traditionally, Potomac has represented a haven for the wealthy who live in custom-built homes nestled in the countryside behind white clapboard fences that are worth in some cases between $300,000 to $500,000.—*Washington Post.*

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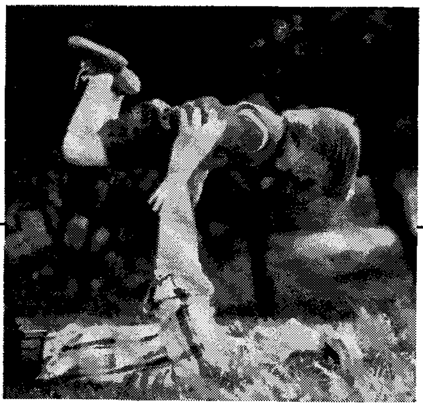

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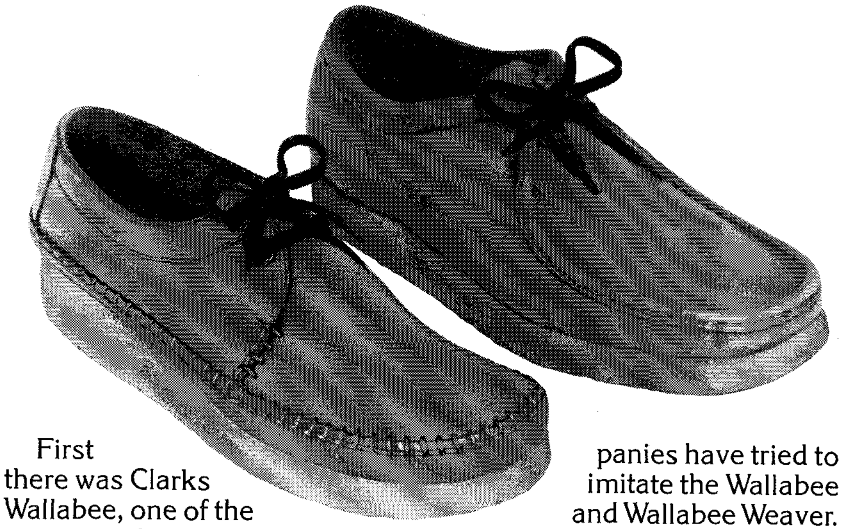

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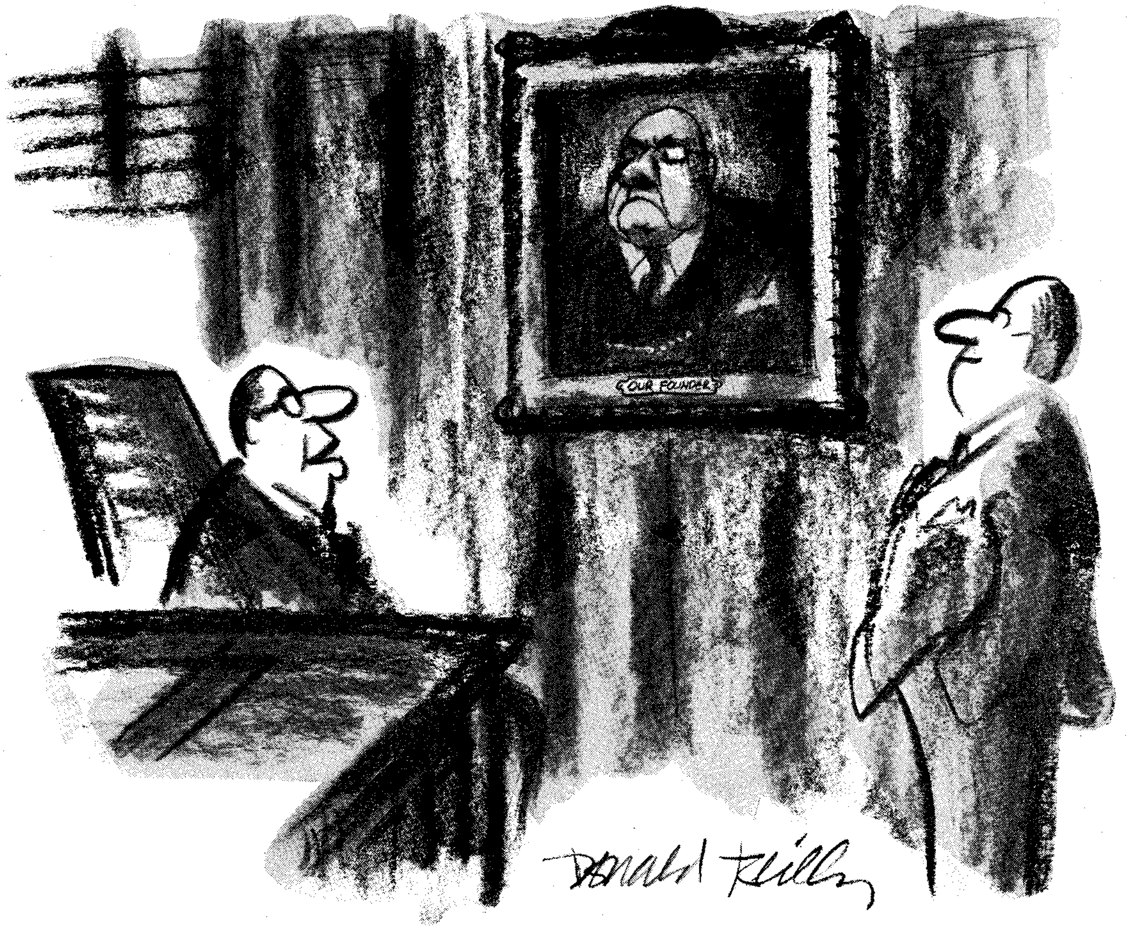
U.S. JOURNAL: SEATTLE, WASH.

ALTERNATIVES

THE alternative press is now respectable enough to be edgy about being called alternative. Apparently, the word was actually an attempt at respectability in the first place—a way for proprietors of certain weeklies to distinguish their papers from the underground press—but when it is uttered out loud inside of a bank or an advertising agency it still seems to give off little puffs of incense and marijuana smoke. Representatives of about thirty alternative weeklies met recently in Seattle to discuss, among other matters, the possibility of forming a sort of trade association—a notably respectable goal in itself—and, almost without discussion, they decided against describing their papers as "alternative." That left them temporarily at a loss for word. When an alternative weekly is mentioned in the national press—usually as the source for a story that the local daily, through ignorance or exceedingly good manners, failed to print—it is customarily described as "lively" or "sprightly," but I can't imagine a trade association's calling itself the National Association of Sprightly Weeklies. Although the Seattle conference was announced as a gathering of "metropolitan weeklies," a couple of statewide papers were represented, and one that was not, *Maine Times*, is considered a prototype for the entire field. The *Pacific Sun*, whose editor played a prominent role in the conference, serves neither a city nor a state but the kinky exurbia of Marin County, California. The gathering in Seattle provided an exception to any single definition. Almost all alternative weeklies are tabloids that use their front page as a sort of two-color magazine cover; *Willamette Week*, of Portland, Oregon, is about the shape, if not the thickness, of the New York *Times*. Although almost all are small independent businesses, the three *Advocate* papers in Connecticut and Massachusetts constitute a small chain, and two alternative weeklies, like two of almost everything else, were purchased recently by Larry Flynt. Just about all alternative weeklies are directed at readers who were born after the Second World War, but the Seattle paper that organized the conference, the *Weekly*, has a readership with a median age of thirty-six. Some alternative weeklies and some of their staffs did evolve from the underground press; names like *Steppin' Out* or *Creative Loafing* remain, like vestigial plumage, from the sixties. But some of them, like the San Francisco *Bay Guardian* and *Maine Times* and the *Pacific Sun*, were founded ten or fifteen years ago by people who spent the early sixties as daily newspapermen rather than as graduate students—people who actually took the fling newspaper reporters have always spoken of in boozy fantasies on days when the assignment seemed particularly boring or the deskmen particularly thickheaded. The working title that the Seattle conferees finally decided on was the National Association of Newsweeklies, which sounds to me like the managing editor of *Time* meeting the managing editor of *Newsweek* for lunch to talk about why their covers so often turn out to have the same person on them. It also fails to describe one of the most successful papers at the conference—the *Reader*, of Chicago, which considers itself more of a features weekly and is particularly proud of having run a nineteen-thousand-word piece on beekeeping in the Chicago area.

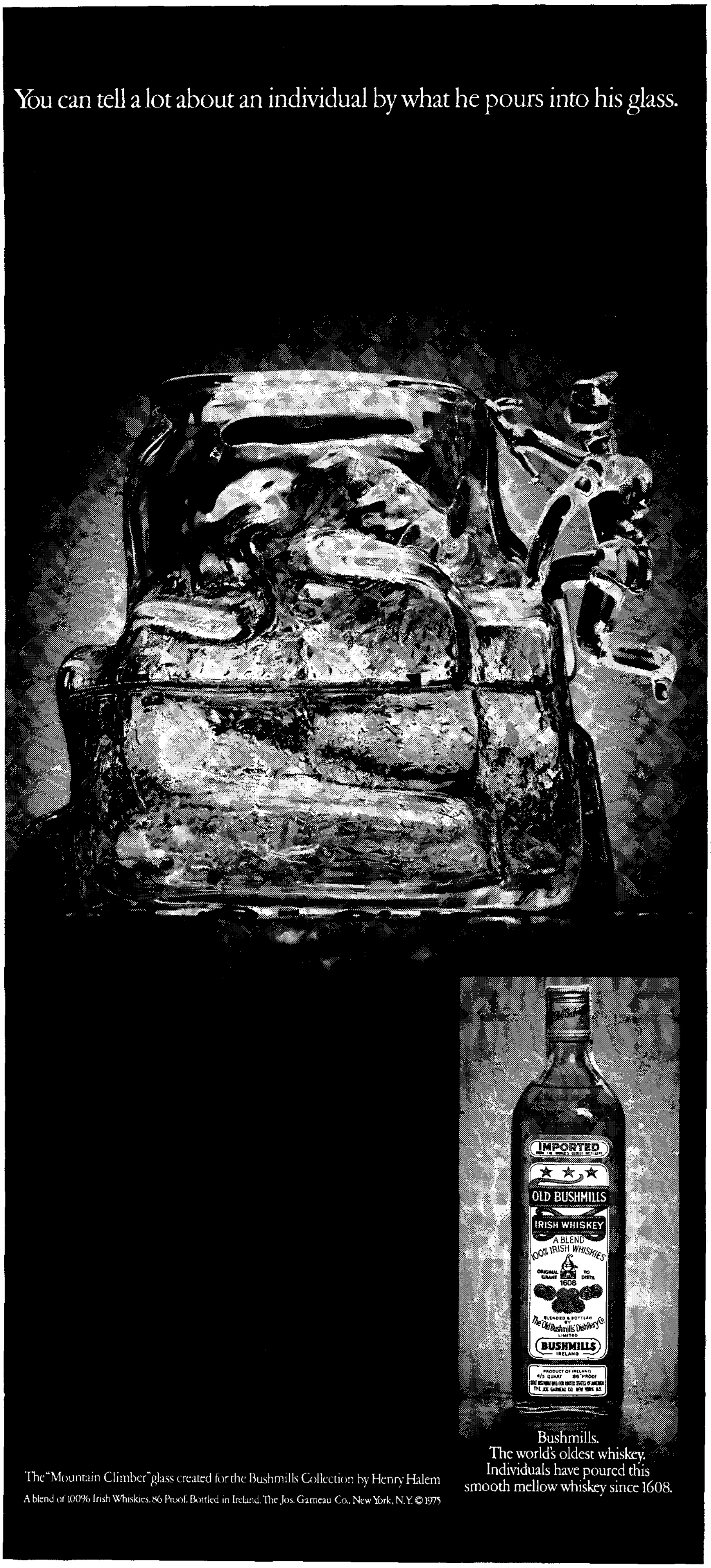
As reluctant as I am to give up the word "alternative," I can sympathize with the efforts of any journalistic enterprise to put as much distance as possible between itself and the underground press. With one or two exceptions, I found the underground weeklies I once read to be sloppy collections of rock glop and drug fantasies and political-conspiracy theories—all of which had the appearance of being both undependable and likely to come off on your hands. Five years ago, when a number of weekly-newspaper proprietors attended a meeting in Boulder, Colorado, it was already customary to say that what remained of the underground press was evolving into newspapers run by people who thought of themselves as journalists rather than revolutionaries or harbingers of the New Zonked-Out Millennium.



"I well remember his last words to me—'There is no such thing as a free lunch.'"

But the survivors of the Boulder meeting who made it to Seattle, editors of *Straight Creek Journal*, of Denver, and *New Times Weekly*, of Phoenix, remember it as being so dominated by the rhetoric of the period—angry speeches by women about to form their own caucus, philosophical arguments pitting people committed to keeping their bodies free of all chemicals against people who had too many chemicals in their bodies to put up much of an argument, long discussions about whether the true goal of journalism was overthrow of the government or getting one's head together—that those few conferees who wanted to exchange information on how to put out a newspaper had to sneak off to the coffee shop for informal discussions. In the past five years, though, an increasing number of American cities have found themselves with a weekly paper that is not so much the source for news of an alternative way of life as the alternative source for news of subjects the daily papers are or should be dealing with. It is the paper that is likely to treat, say, a neighborhood dispute over the opening of an X-rated movie theatre with what amounts to a magazine piece—without a daily paper's restrictions on space or a daily paper's version of objectivity. It is the paper that is likely to carry the sort of unsparing analysis of the new stadium's financial implications which the daily paper might not carry even if its publisher were not one of the stadium's most active boosters.

In Seattle, everybody wanted to exchange information about putting out a newspaper. Just about everyone wanted to talk about taking market surveys and collecting accounts receivable and figuring out the hideous problems of distribution. ("Is there anyone here who has a wholesale distributor who isn't a rotten, monopolistic son of a bitch?") Most alternative newspapers are still small, financially precarious operations, but there are alternative weeklies well enough established to have their own public-relations man or even their own labor strife. On the rare occasion when someone at the Seattle meeting raised the sort of moral question that would have presumably set off a two-hour discussion and several caucuses in Boulder—when, for instance, someone from the *Alaska Advocate* asked whether alternative papers really differed corporatively from the monopolistic daily press they all abhorred—the answer was a quick return to the business at hand. One of the prominent participants in the Boulder conference—the proprietor of an underground press



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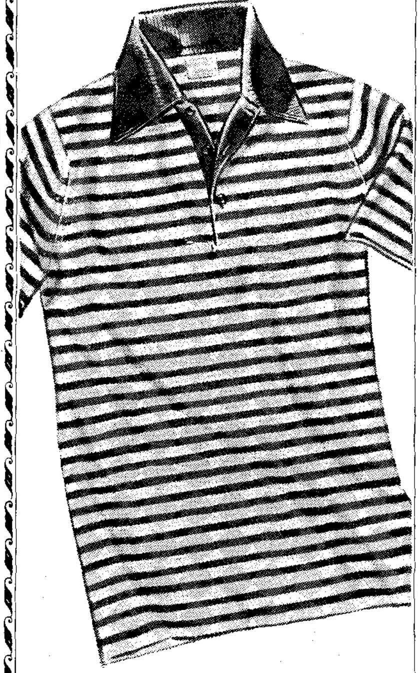

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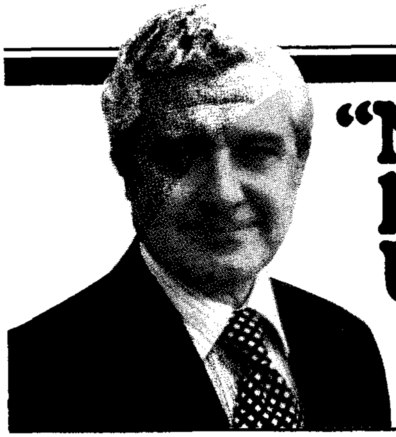
service—showed up with a friend at the Seattle conference for an appearance that was considered significantly brief. Looking more or less like a retired punk rocker and his manager, they made their entrance into a room where forty or fifty respectable-looking people, some of them in tweed sports coats, were discussing such subjects as circulation acquisition. The news-service proprietor and his companion sat down for a few minutes and then quietly took their leave—like a couple of massage-parlor operators who had rushed over to work the largest convention in town without having first bothered to find out that it was a conference of Lutheran liturgists. For the remainder of the conference, they were referred to as "the two gentlemen in costume."

AMONG the demographic analyses offered in Seattle to explain who reads alternative weeklies, the one I was particularly taken with was what is sometimes called the Rat Through a Python Theory. It is based on the belief that people who were born in the baby boom that started in the late forties and were educated in the late sixties are moving in a self-contained lump through American society, like a rat moving through the body of a python. According to a strict Rat Through Python analysis, underground papers have tended to fade away and the sort of papers represented in Seattle have tended to proliferate simply because people in what is sometimes called "the demographic bulge" have outgrown rock glop and are now ready for analytical news features—meaning, presumably, that in a few years they will want to read even less about Elton John and much more about how to put hanging plants to the best decorating use. The publisher of an alternative weekly that took a readership survey two years ago which showed an average age of twenty-six is likely to assume that the average age of his readers is now twenty-eight. The Rat Through Python explanation of why the staff of *Straight Creek Journal* has felt a growing acceptance from the respectable citizens of Denver in the past year is not that people in Denver are beginning to become aware of the sort of reporting *Straight Creek* has been doing—a series of investigations into the financing of the Denver Center for the Performing Arts, for instance—but merely that many of its core readers have reached the age of being respectable citizens.

According to the theory, the boom babies provide a strong core readership within what is sometimes called "the upper half of the eighteen-to-thirty-five market" not just because of their numbers but also because of their habits. A lot of them remain in the city—or, at least, in certain cities—instead of settling down in the suburbs, which are considered more the territory of the slick city magazines. (The ability of Boston to support two of the strongest alternative weeklies, the *Real Paper* and the *Phoenix*, is normally explained by the fact that Boston has several hundred thousand residents under the age of thirty-five.) A lot of them remain single, or at least childless. The readers of the *Real Paper* have an average age of twenty-eight, and only fourteen per cent of them are married people with children. (The readership survey of an alternative paper is likely to come close to describing its staff: Of the seventy-five people working in one way or another for the *Real Paper*, only one is both married and living with children.) Having resisted the temptation to toss away their disposable income on mortgages and baby carriages, readers of alternative weeklies have a lot of it to spend on films and restaurants and stereo sets. The results are visible not just in advertisements but in the amount of space alternative weeklies devote to arts and entertainment. The skimpier weeklies represented at the Seattle meeting have not gone much beyond being an entertainment listing; even those that have can tell from surveys that their principal appeal for a lot of readers remains entertainment listings or even entertainment advertisements. The customary way for an established daily to strike back at an alternative weekly that seems to have reached the point of costing it some business is not to begin running longer and livelier features but to publish a weekly entertainment calendar.

These days, most editors of alternative weeklies—even editors who may have once had visions of energizing the proletariat—have accepted the fact that they are putting out what one editor in Seattle described as a special-interest publication for a minority audience. ("Each of us is the FM newspaper in our community.") "The upper half of the eighteen-to-thirty-five market" includes people still in college, of course,



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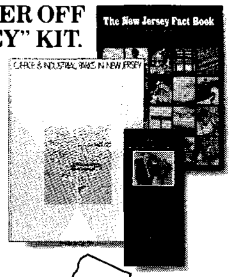

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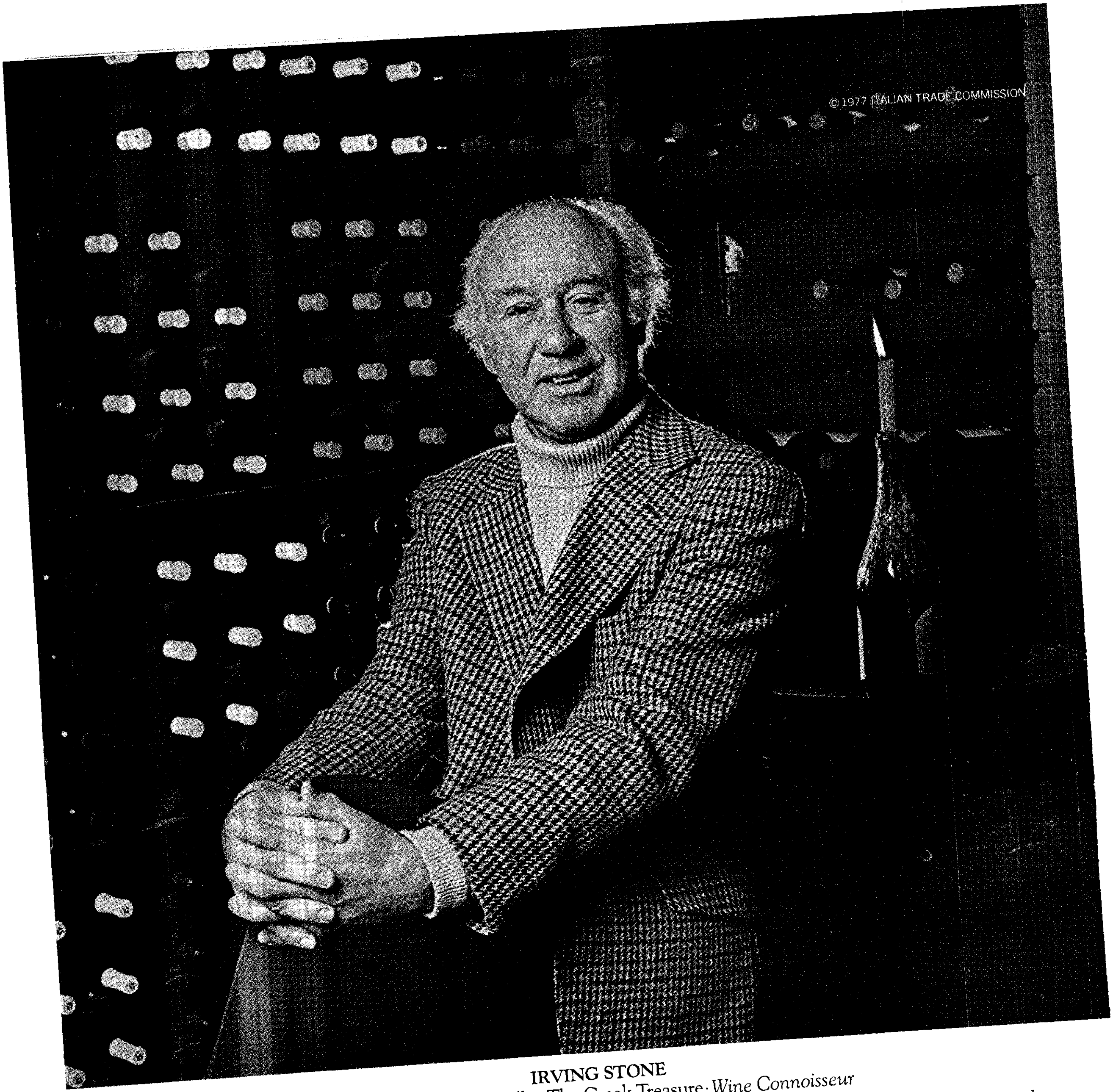

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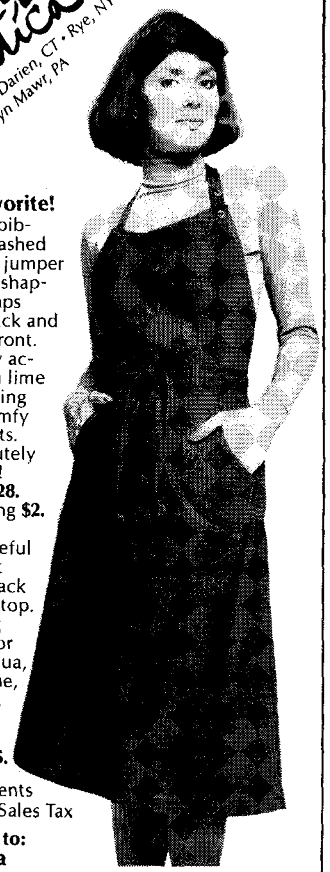

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but proprietors of alternative weeklies tend to talk more about reaching "urban sophisticates." It is not unusual to hear an editor of an alternative weekly describe the age and education and purchasing power of his readership by saying that his paper has "upscale demographics."

AROUND the college daily I worked on, the editorial department was always referred to as Upstairs; the people who handled advertising and business matters were Downstairs. The separation was strict, reinforced Upstairs by that weirdly contradictory system of values common to liberal-arts colleges in a capitalist society—the notion that a business career is acceptable for people not quite bright enough for writing and scholarship. Although observers of American press lords may have been puzzled as to why Henry Luce, who was, in effect, the chief executive of a huge corporation, bore only the title of editor-in-chief, the reason was never in doubt to anyone who shared with Luce the experience of working on that college daily: He obviously couldn't bear to think of himself as Downstairs. Magazines are sometimes started by Downstairs types—a number of the city monthlies, in fact, were started by the local Chambers of Commerce—but Upstairs people start weekly newspapers.

The place to start them used to be a small town. The motivation usually had something to do with liberation from the constraints of a big-city daily. But a lot of irritations connected with a big-city daily are also present on a small-town weekly. City dailies are weighed down with the baggage of being the newspaper of record—the water-board-meeting reports and the United Fund-drive results and the routine economic statistics from Washington—but, for its own territory, a weekly in a small town is just as much a newspaper of record as the New York *Times*. A small-town weekly is likely to be thought of by its readers as a receptacle for more or less official notices rather than as an independent news-gathering organization—so that people in small towns, whether discussing a visit by out-of-town grandchildren or a potentially controversial real-estate transaction, may ask one another, "Are you going to put it in the paper?" The problem of a big-city daily's being a loyal member of the community it is supposedly examining—the problem represented by the publisher's having been among those

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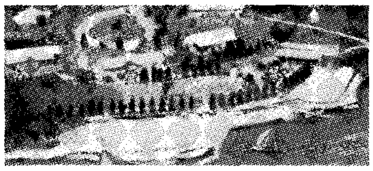

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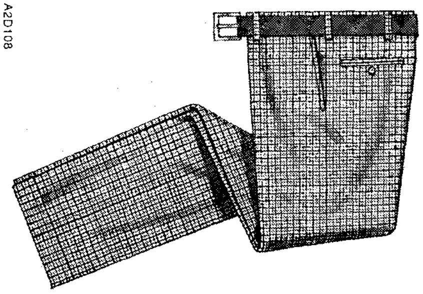

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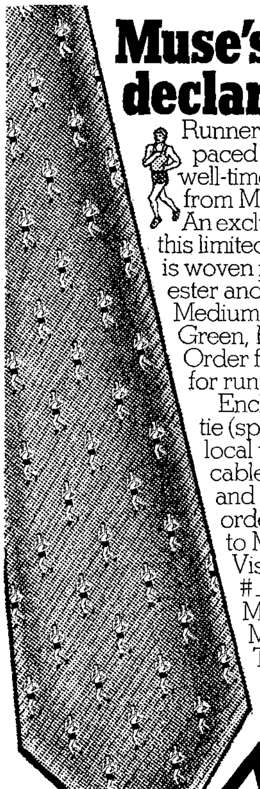

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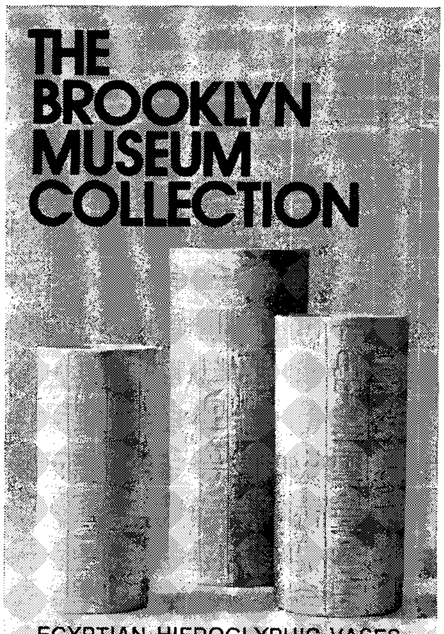
civic leaders who decided over lunch at a downtown club that a new stadium would be a great boon for the citizenry—is not much different in a small town, except that the civic leaders, not having a downtown club, make their decisions over morning coffee in a Main Street café. For a reporter who thrives on issues and controversies, the significant difference may be that the small-town decisions have to do with matters of less interest. There are a few small-town weeklies whose editors manage, in the tradition of Hollywood films, to battle the entrenched interests and print the social notes from outlying hamlets at the same time—the *Mountain Eagle*, of Letcher County, Kentucky, is probably the best known—but most of the small-town weeklies I have seen across the country turn out to be routine appendages to a small printing business.

John Cole, the co-founder of *Maine Times*, once told me that one of the greatest freedoms he felt running a statewide weekly was freedom from the stories he did not have to print. The metropolitan weeklies that have developed in the past five years or so have found the same sort of freedom: They are not the newspaper of record or a stalwart of the Chamber of Commerce, but, like a statewide weekly, they exist in a place large enough to provide plenty to write about. They can exist in a large city partly because offset printing has made it easier to start a newspaper from scratch—only one of the thirty newspapers represented in Seattle owns a printing press—and partly because "the upper half of the eighteen-to-thirty-five market" provides definable readership with special interests. It may be that the baby boom, among its other cultural effects, has made the traditional fantasy of disaffected reporters a practical possibility—without, of course, changing the traditional long hours and the traditional threat of bankruptcy.

The reporter involved, people at the Seattle meeting seemed to agree, has to be willing to spend a lot of time running what one of them summed up as "a small business with a limited access to capital." When a few of the conference participants were interviewed on public television in Seattle, Bruce Brugmann, the editor of the San Francisco *Bay Guardian*, was asked how he accounted for the success of his newspaper—a weekly that recently forced the withdrawal of a Presidential appointment and has over the years persuaded a significant number of San



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Franciscans that what was happening to their business district was not economically stimulating redevelopment but destructive "Manhattanization." Brugmann's explanation of the *Bay Guardian's* success was direct: He had a view of commerce inherited from a father and grandfather who ran a small-town pharmacy in Iowa, he said, and his wife happens to be a first-rate businesswoman. In three days of discussions by editors whose newspapers have published some remarkable prose, the only passage I can remember hearing quoted was from a lawyer's letter that *Gris Gris*, a weekly in Baton Rouge, sends to advertisers who have not paid for their ads. (The lawyer threatens the deadbeats with legal actions "that will amaze and astound you.") The editorial workshop at the conference seemed to turn rather quickly in the direction of editorial payrolls. The participants seemed untroubled about paying their writers less than their advertising salesmen, on the theory that a lot of people will write articles for fun or glory but nobody will sell advertisements for any reason other than money. In a small business, how much of the budget to spend for free-lance articles is a decision more or less the same as how much to spend for office rental. The person who makes it, even if he is also the person who writes the editorials, is Downstairs.

—CALVIN TRILLIN

•

Q. Now that she's a big star and a probable Oscar candidate for *Annie Hall* and *Looking for Mr. Goodbar*, Diane Keaton must be mobbed whenever she goes out in public. Is she?

A. When Diane was going out with Woody Allen, their joint appearance in public always caused a big stir. They were mobbed at a movie premiere and had to sneak into the theater through a side entrance. But when Diane goes out without Woody, the response is much less noticeable. We spotted her at a crowded New York museum one recent rainy Sunday and she went totally unrecognized.—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

Almost altogether totally unrecognized.

•

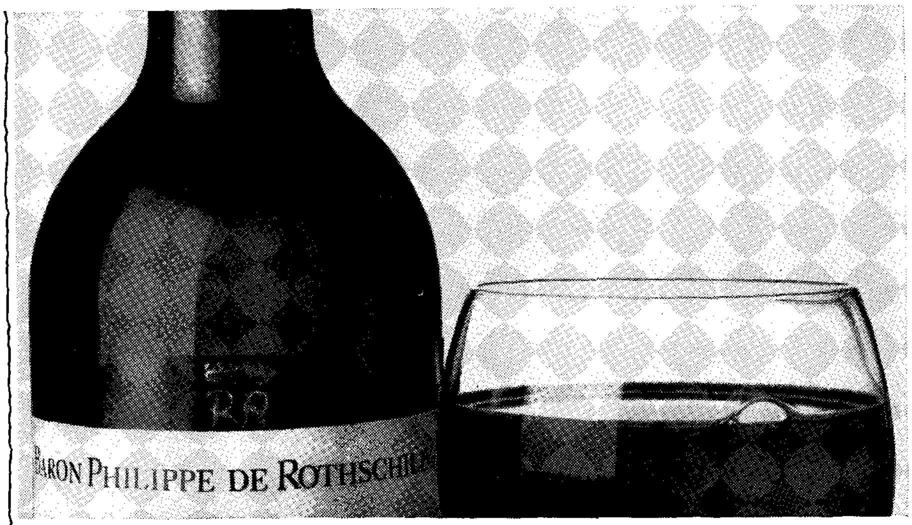
THE GOOD OLD DAYS

[*From "Over My Dead Body," by Rex Stout, 1939*]

Wolfe turned to me: "Address an envelope to Saul Panzer at his home and put a stamp on it."

I elevated the typewriter and followed instructions. As I put the stamp in the corner I inquired, "Registered or special?"

"No. Neither. That's another point for America, mail gets delivered intact and promptly."



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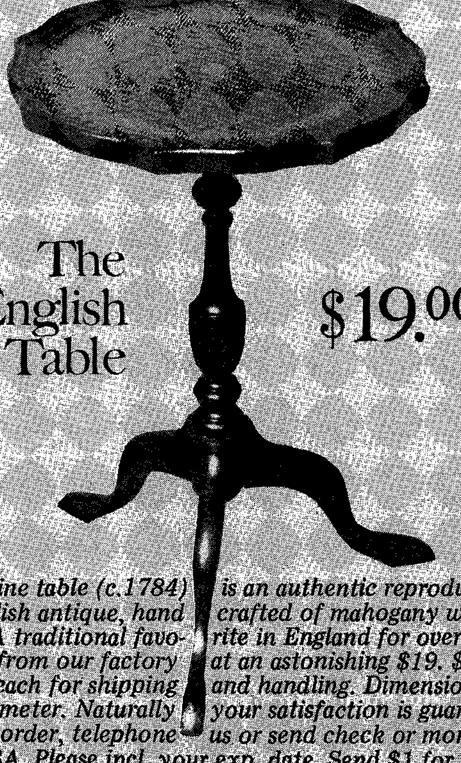

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

His Finest Yet

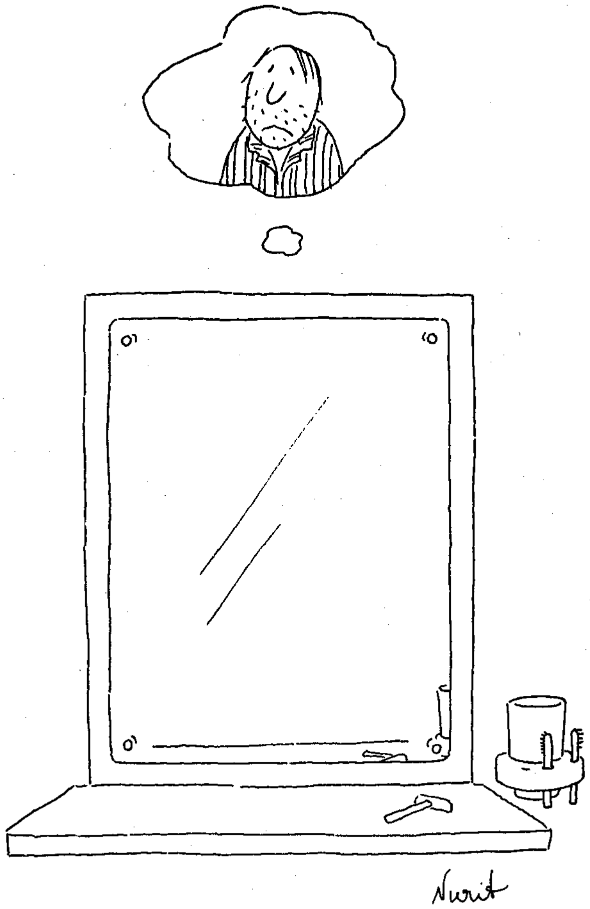
Louis Malle's "Pretty Baby," which is, quite simply, the most beautifully intelligent picture to have come out in America so far this year, is set in a brothel in Storyville, the red-light district of New Orleans, in 1917. The underlying topic is one of living on verges. A jazz pianist in the brothel is a not altogether black-looking black who nonetheless could not pass for white. A jammy-mouthed little girl of twelve, who is the child of a whore in the brothel, uses her virginity as a lure when she is carried in to be auctioned off to the rich clients, apparently on a salver, and bearing a firework sparkler, as if she were something flaming in an exhibitionist restaurant. For all her look of the nubile, though, she nonetheless could not pass for a grownup. The pianist, based mainly on the great Jelly Roll Morton and played by Antonio Fargas, is accepted by the grand white male clientele as long as he drinks his whiskey gratefully, takes his tips politely, and doesn't go upstairs to the girls, with their camisoles and black stockings and garters and billowing loose hair. The little girl, Violet, played by Brooke Shields, is toyed with by adults as if she were the doll she had as a gift from a photographer character representing the famous Ernest Bellocq, of the early twentieth century. He is played with handsome attentiveness by Keith Carradine, hair parted in the middle and flopping over his lean face. Sven Nykvist, perhaps best known as Bergman's cameraman, has given the film the look of the sixty-year-old photographs that the actual Bellocq took. The life that this renewed Bellocq catches seems halted in movement. The shots often look more like paintings than like the photography in a contemporary movie. The film itself acts almost like a plate-cameraman of genius. It is an observer of gleaming white skin stopped in motion, of beautiful prostitutes staring at the camera with the dignity of Naked Majas. In this film about the most famous red-light district in American history, Malle and Nykvist have nearly eliminated red. Every remaining color looks gaslit. The picture is mostly in browns and grays and the white of the whores' underclothes and skins, a white that glitters with the odd stillness of daisies in summer dusks.

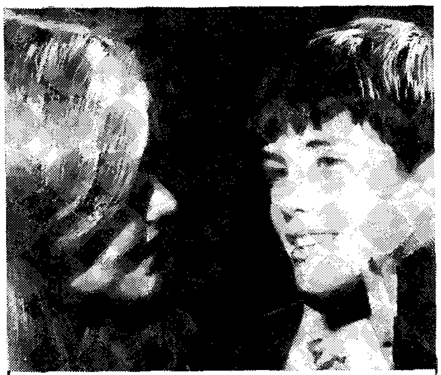
This may be a film set in a brothel, but it is no more lewd than a Bonnard of a naked woman in a bath. The director so well known for his 1959 "The Lovers" has made a bordello picture without a single naked sex scene in it. There are many sequences that buzz gently with the giggles of children in the background. A very young baby born of a whore—a child barely able to sit up on his own—stares with interest and infant rage around the upstairs rooms in the brothel. Louis Malle, as he has grown older, has become more and more rapt by the steady gaze of children. In the performance of Violet that he got from Brooke Shields—who turned twelve while the film was being shot—he has put to purpose the tantrum authority that she has developed in her *enfant-prodige* career. She was a child model when she hardly reached your instep. There is a scene at the end of the film when the lipstick is wiped off her mouth by her newly bourgeois mother, retired from whoredom, wearing a respectable hat and a fur neckpiece, and now married to a plump bore in a curly-brimmed bowler who is called Mr. Fuller (Don Hood). The child looks ready to kill. So does the mother, played with pouting prettiness by Susan Sarandon. Violet goes into furies when Bellocq is taking a photograph of her as she lies naked on a sofa. Though proud of having her virginity auctioned off to an audience of rich New Orleans gentry in white tie and tails, she is damned if she is going to observe the exposure time for this tiresomely engrossed photographer who is drawn to her as an icon of the innocence that could somehow exist in Storyville and who is always asking her to stay still for a few more seconds. She wants to flirt, and she has the fidgets. All that Bellocq ever says in such a situation is that he requires light; she demands attention.

The old madam of the brothel (Frances Faye) sleeps under a mosquito net and wakes fully rouged to call for her cane and her absinthe. Her brittle peroxided hair, dead straight, is often covered by a pink mobcap; its daintiness deceives no one. She herself is a character who can never have been deceived by anything. Her customers, with their lordly manners and their guffaws, have seen to that. Breeding is reduced in her eyes to appetite. It is something she is ready to exploit to the hilt.

The New Orleans summer is very hot. After Bellocq has married Violet, the prostitutes go on a picnic, swimming in a bayou of the Mississippi wearing nothing but camisoles and bloomers. Before the war, says Violet's mother—who sometimes pretends to be her sister—the brothel used to close in summertime, but now it is open all year round, because of the naval base in the town. Her curly hair is damp with the heat. She irritably feeds a new baby and grumbles that her two children give her no chance to catch up on her sleep. Her favorite reading is a book on palmistry. About the precocious looks of her daughter she has mixed feelings. In this she is unlike the Jelly Roll Morton character, who says that Violet is a beautiful girl and that all she needs is "diamonds to elaborate the condition."

Malle worked entirely on location, in an exquisite old house in New Orleans. The idiosyncratically written and





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shapely screenplay is by Polly Platt, from a story by her and Malle himself, which was provoked by a book of photographs and interviews called "Storyville, New Orleans," by Al Rose. The film is keen-witted about the ambiguous intimacy between blacks and whites in the South. Violet's mother yells imperiously to a Negro maid for her coffee, calling her a black bitch. At the same time, Negroes are depended on to raise the white children, to teach them manners, to take a strap to them if they don't respect the fact that Negroes may be good musicians but are never to be permitted the impropriety of being the whores' clients. The rules are held in common regard by black and white, and they are absolute, permitting familiarity and warmth but no overstepping of the mark on Negroes' part.

The score in itself would make the film exceptional. The Jelly Roll Morton music is actually performed by Bob Greene, who has studied Morton's style for thirty years. The picnic scene, which looks like an Impressionist painting, goes to the accompaniment of "After the Ball Is Over," arranged for trombone, clarinet, tenor sax, trumpet, piano, bass, drums, and banjo. The final sequence, on a railway platform, has a piano accompaniment of classic blues.

The whorehouse has been closed down. The Jelly Roll Morton character, debonair to the end, has seen his precious piano being wheeled away by the movers. Well, he says, in one of the many lion-heart lines of the picture, it was a terrible piano anyhow. The men tip him off the sofa where he has been sitting to watch the debris of his livelihood.

The Fullers are about to board a train for St. Louis, having robbed the great Bellocq of the child bride he has gently loved. The crass Mr. Fuller importantly takes a group photograph of his wife and her children with a Brownie. It is the closing flick of wit about insensibility in this tonically delicate film. —PENELOPE GILLIATT

•

"The Health Department has been a bane in the side of my father (former Gov. Edmund G. Brown), Gov. Reagan, the Legislature and almost everyone else because it has become almost an octopus that uses a squid process to keep out all external forces, who may wish to go there and observe what is going on," he said.

(The department is being reorganized into five smaller departments this year.) —*Los Angeles Times.*

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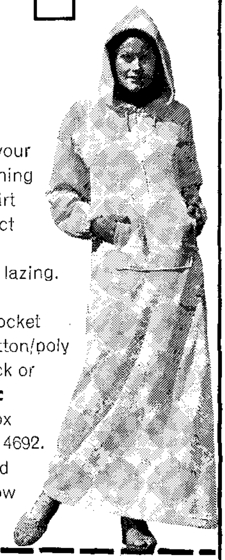

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Celebration

AN encyclopedia assembled without grace and wit is a dull, heavy thing. The eleventh Britannica is good reading—any volume of the "Handy Volume" edition makes an ideal bedside book—while the fifteenth Britannica is something one consults (often in vain) for post-1911 facts but does not then go on and on reading simply because it is so well written and so entertaining. I hope the forthcoming sixth edition of Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians will have as many jokes as are tucked into unexpected corners of the fifth edition. Perhaps it will: an early editorial decision was to stress the importance of "Grove-*heit*" (the quality of conveying accurate musical information in urbane prose)—as opposed to the *Grobheit* of Teutonic pedantry at its bluntest. The "Mompou" entry in the fifth Grove is one of the minor curiosities of musicological writing, and it is a nice point who was playing the joke on whom. Did its Dublin-born author, Walter Starkie, try to see what he could get away with? Or did he write in earnest, and the editor, Eric Blom, tongue-in-cheek naughtily allow the essay to stand? According to Starkie, the listener to Federico Mompou's music is reminded, even "irresistibly reminded," of many things, among them "the little Christmas plays written by Thornton Wilder . . . English music of the golden age of the Elizabethan virginalists . . . Galuppi, whose toccatas inspired Browning . . . the lovely lines of Enoch Soames:

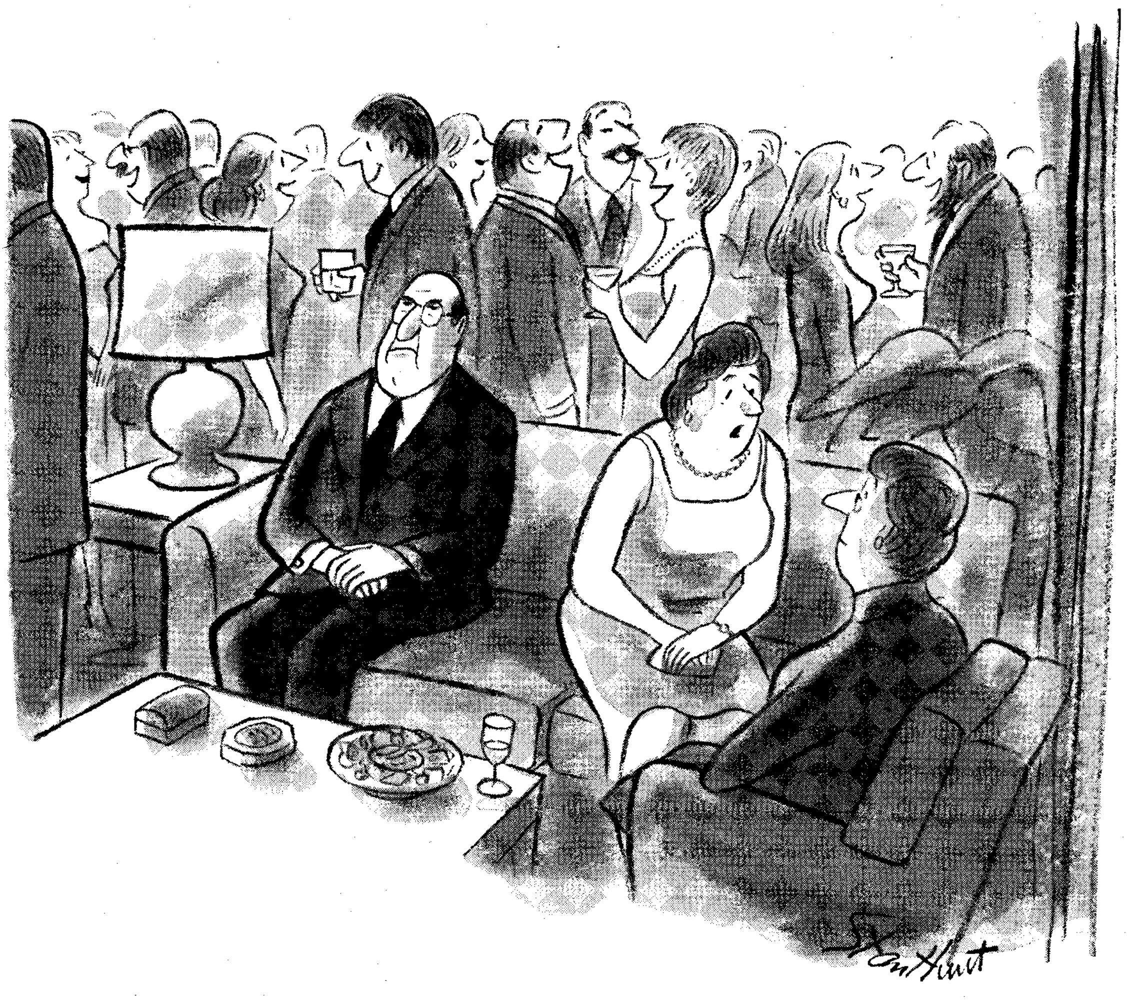
> Pale tunes irresolute,
> and traceries of old sounds,
> blown from a rotted flute,
> mingle with noise of cymbals
> rouged with rust."

And of Debussy, who "paints nature coldly and objectively as if he were making a Japanese etching in the Hokusai style." Moreover, Mompou's music "may be described in the words Sir Thomas Browne wrote on the divinity of music:

> for even that vulgar and tavern-music, which makes one man merry, another mad, strikes in me a deep fit of devotion, and a profound contemplation of the First Composer. There is something in it of divinity more than the ear discovers."

I never thought to see Mompou plain, not because the calendar forbids it (he was born in 1893) but because Starkie tells us that he "is abnormally shy and shuns the world like the plague," and that "he lives a cloistered life dreaming of the quaint, primitive, sunlit world that we discover in the ancient miniatures of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries or in the chronicles describing the lives of Pedro the Ceremonious or Martin the Humane among their Aragonese and Catalan subjects." But Mompou was in New York last week—a tall, impressive figure with a quick, searching glance—and he played a piano recital in Alice Tully Hall. He played three of his "Canços i Dansas" based on Catalan airs ("No sooner does he pick up the popular tune than his musical daemon takes charge of it, transmogrifies it, illuminates it, and finally turns it by subtle magic into an entirely original tune"), a small set of variations, the five "Canto Magics" of 1919, two Preludes, the "Suburbis" suite, and three of his "Escenes d'Infants." In addition, Alicia de Larrocha gave the first performance of a new "Canço i Dansa," No. 14, which Mompou had composed for the occasion, and she accompanied José Carreras in four of Mompou's songs. The concert was put on by Lincoln Center, in its Great Performers series, together with the Spanish Institute, as an Homenaje a Mompou to mark his eighty-fifth birthday, which falls next week.

A little Mompou, occasionally encountered in recitals, or on records by Michelangeli, Gonzalo Soriano, and Victoria de los Angeles, goes a long way—if not quite all the way to the "unexplored regions of the subconscious," as has been claimed. Instead of being irresistibly reminded of Thornton Wilder, the virginalists, Galuppi, and the rest, I am reminded of Granados—but of a thinner, etherealized Granados in which veils of Debussyism break the harshness and directness of the Spanish sun. Mompou's music does have a character of its own.



"Bloomfield is in great demand at various functions to lend an air of gravity to the occasion."

His harmony is diatonic, with added-note enrichments of a kind that cocktail-lounge pianism has long since debased; this pop element—for that is what it sounds like today—is part of a strangely fascinating, fastidious, poetic approach. Larrocha played and Carreras sang a St. John of the Cross piece, "El Cantar del Alma," with piano and voice in alternating meditations, so delicate and private that the public performance, to public applause, seemed almost a profanation. The composer himself played freely, fluently, and gracefully. Before each piece, he thought for a moment, and then embarked on music that he might have written anything up to sixty years ago as if he were improvising it on the spot for his and a few friends' pleasure.

I TRUST I am wrong, but sometimes it seems to me that when Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, Elisabeth Söderström, Peter Pears, and Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau retire, lieder singing will become a lost art. There is no one in younger generations who commands as they do the understanding and the technique that bring German songs to life. Centuries hence, when scholar-performers try to reconstruct the authentic style, they will at least have plenty of records by those artists and their great predecessors—Julia Culp, Elena Gerhardt, Elisabeth Schumann, Karl Erb, Gerhard Hüsch—to guide them, and thus be luckier than those who today venture upon troubadour songs or Burgundian ballades. Gundula Janowitz, with Irwin Gage as her supple, detailed pianist, gave her first New York lieder recital in Avery Fisher Hall last month, singing Schubert, Liszt, and Strauss. In the first half, she brought a touch of imagination to her tone in the opening words of Liszt's "Ihr Glocken von Marling," but the rest was lifeless, schoolroom singing, without interest.

Fischer-Dieskau and Jörg Demus have come to Carnegie Hall to give three Schubert recitals. At the first, they performed nine songs, nine more after an intermission, and then six encores. At the second, they did the "Winterreise." As I write, the third is still to come. The main groups of the first recital, given unbroken by applause, were skillfully assembled to present a vision of Schubert at his most intimate and personal: no narrative songs or ballads, none of the great classical set pieces (no Schiller, and of Goethe only an erotic song from the "West-östlicher Divan"), no dramatic monologues or dialogues, but a sequence of tender, lyrical, and often melancholy pieces reflecting the Schubert who, in that

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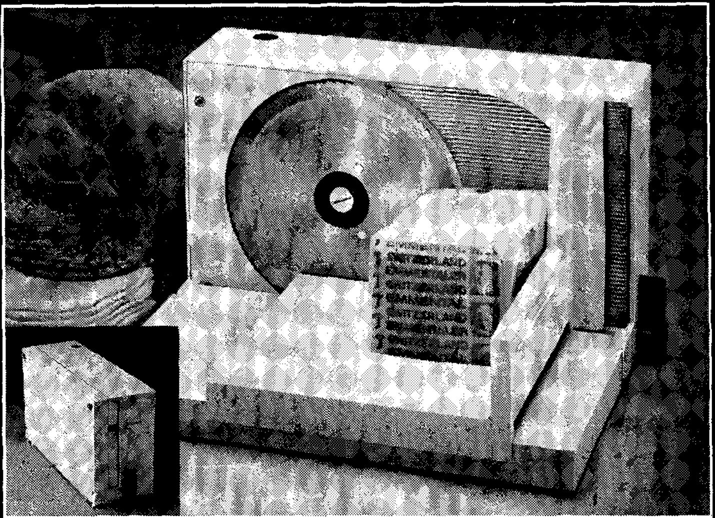

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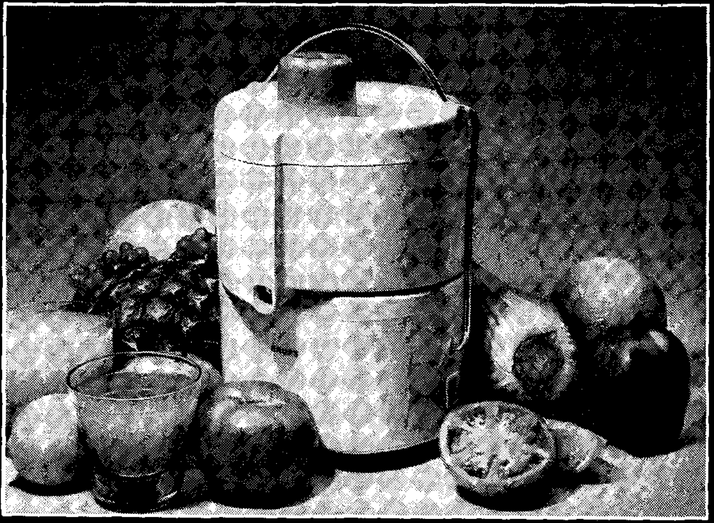

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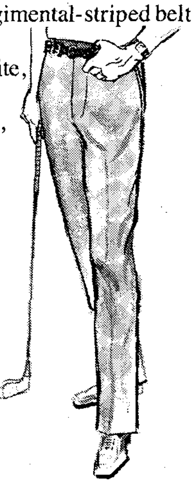

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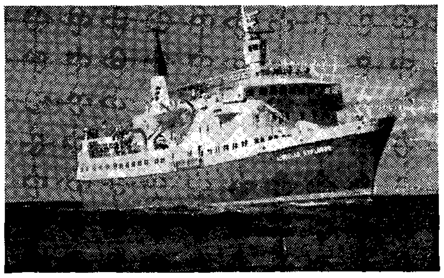
strange allegory of 1822, wrote, "My heart filled with infinite love for those who scorned it, I wandered once more into distant lands. Through long, long years I sang my songs. But when I wished to sing of love it turned to sorrow, and when I wanted to sing of sorrow it was transformed into love." After the Goethe piece, "Versunken," Fischer-Dieskau sang "Des Sängers Habe"—take all else from me, but leave me the consolation of music—and then explored transitoriness and mortality, in "Wehmut," "Das Zügenglöcklein," "Abendbilder," "Auf der Donau," and "Totengräbers Heimweh." The second half began playfully ("Die Vögel") and included songs of consolation ("Am Fenster" and Leitner's "Die Sterne"), blitheness ("Fischerweise"), chivalric romance ("Liebeslauschen"), and pleasure in a lovely spring day ("Im Frühling," whose serene melody removes all smart from the words). Other themes that ran through this beautiful and moving anthology were those of moon and stars above, telling quietly of eternity ("Abendbilder," "Die Sterne," Schlegel's "Der Wanderer"); of busy waters and men's business upon them ("Der Strom," "Auf der Donau," "Der Schiffer," "Fischerweise"); and —perhaps most poignant of all, since every song could be deemed in some wise an illustration of it—of a poet's or composer's lonely striving (symbolically stated in "Des Sängers Habe," "Der Strom," and "Der Schiffer," and specifically in "Im Hochgebirge," alias "Aus 'Heliopolis' II"). "Im Hochgebirge," which closed the second group, pointed the way to the heroic Schubert, otherwise reserved for Fischer-Dieskau's third program—the Schubert of "Prometheus," "Gruppe aus dem Tartarus," and "An Schwager Kronos."

Fischer-Dieskau has recorded most of Schubert's songs that a male voice can meetly sing: one could assemble this anthology for oneself from his two rich Deutsche Grammophon volumes. But in the hall the juxtapositions, the new emotional colors that one song gained from another by contrast, continuation, or reminiscence of motifs, and the sense of an imaginative journey through Schubert's most private world made the recital far more than the sum of its items. Fischer-Dieskau sang with quiet, unforced intensity and in a free manner that could be described, somewhat paradoxically, as unstudied: one had the impression that he had studied the songs so long and so carefully that now, all intellectual and technical prob-



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lems long since solved, he was bringing them to life through feeling alone. In fact, I have known him put a higher vocal polish on some phrases than he did on this occasion—but have never known him more intimate or more spiritually profound. Much the same could be said of the "Winterreise." Fischer-Dieskau has sung it often. He has recorded it four times (thrice with Gerald Moore, once with Demus). Two seasons ago, he sang it in Carnegie Hall, with Alfred Brendel as pianist, and I remarked that by the end of that performance I hardly felt I had made the winter journey with poet and composer but, rather, had noted a hundred exquisite details of execution. Not so this time. Fischer-Dieskau sang it almost as if he were drunk—drunk, that is, both with rapturous contemplation of the great cycle and with the grief that had stolen from it into his soul. He began in numbed tones. Sometimes the words were blurred, and sometimes they were exaggeratedly distinct. Again one had the impression that any deliberate thoughts of technique and effect had been banished and that he had surrendered himself wholly to feeling. This is not to suggest that it was an uncontrolled performance—only that the control was now unconscious, the result of experiment and experience long since assimilated and transcended. It was an extraordinary account of the cycle, different from any I had heard Fischer-Dieskau give before. Even on a physical level: in "Erstarrung," at "Bis ich die Erde seh' " he gazed at the floor, and he continued to scan it during the next lines—"Wo find' ich eine Blüte, Wo find' ich grünes Gras?"—as if wondering why spring flowers did not burst forth between the boards of the Carnegie platform; in the second verse of "Die Krähe" he searched the air high over the heads of the audience, so intently that one's own eyes followed, half expecting to see the crow there. In description, these sound like the bad assumed tricks of a ham lieder singer miming out too fully what words, tones, and expression in the eyes—subtly seconded only by bearing and by tension in the hands—should be enough to convey. But I doubt whether Fischer-Dieskau knew he was "acting." He seemed oblivious of everything but that terrible winter journey, through the "agony . . . unending before insanity breaks in." He encountered as if unprepared "the overwhelming shock of each new manifestation of despair" and reeled—sometimes physically—beneath it. And when he reached the end of "Der Leiermann"—

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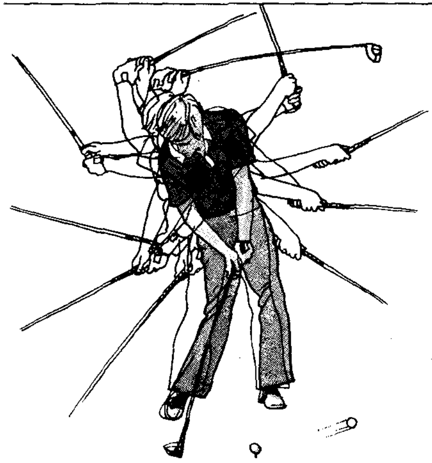

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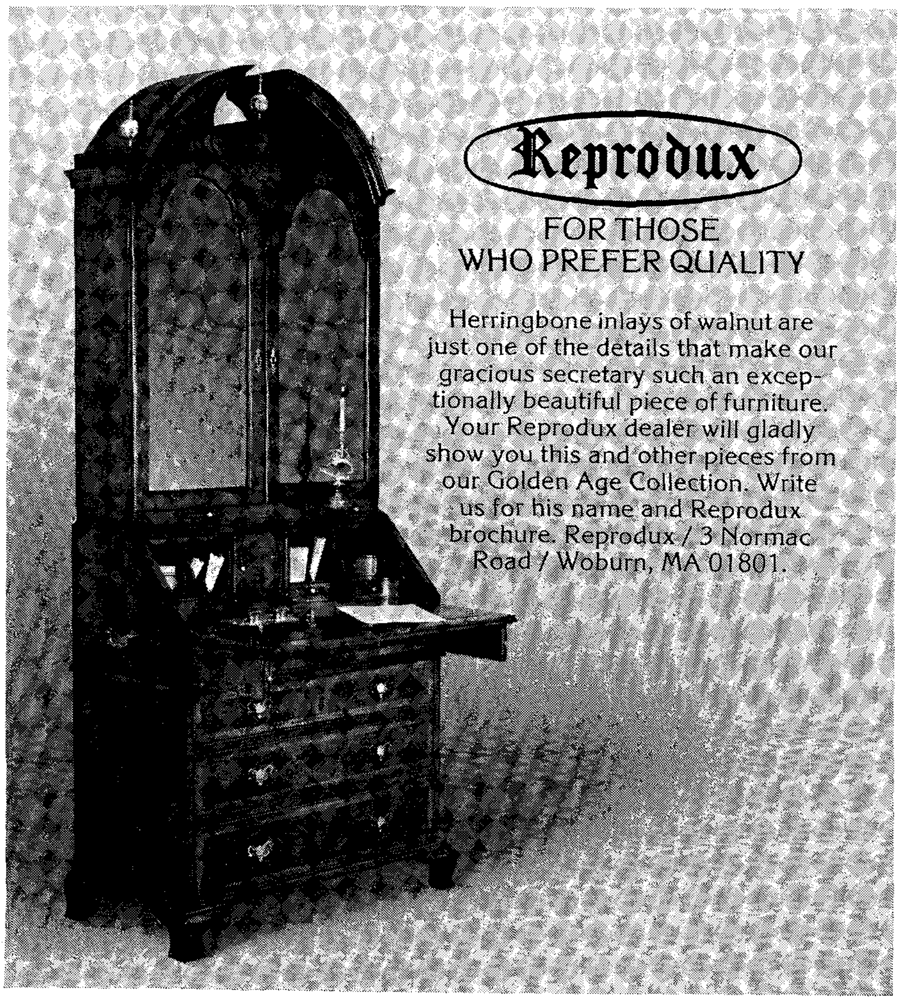

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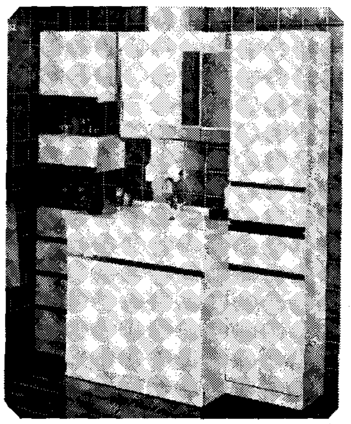

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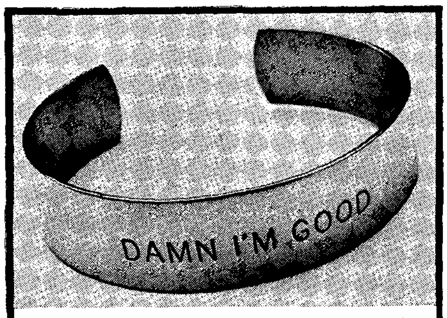

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by Dionne Cole

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"the culmination of everything that Schubert ever wrote, for there is no escape from this agony"—he left his listeners paralyzed. (He seemed oblivious even of an audience some of whom made their presence distressingly evident, cawing and croaking, hacking and hawking.) The phrases just quoted are from Fischer-Dieskau's book "Schubert's Songs," published by Knopf last year. In it he asks, "Should one perform 'Die Winterreise' in public at all? Should one offer such an intimate diary of a human soul to an audience whose interests are so varied?" He decides yes—but only if the singer abjures any thought of charming, even of pleasing, and "is prepared to be criticized for his attitude." In this Carnegie performance, his almost mystical approach to the cycle found its complete expression.

The autograph of "Die Winterreise" has been published in facsimile. The sound—and the soul, too—of those painful, much-corrected, eloquent pages was made manifest by Fischer-Dieskau and Demus. Demus played a Bösendorfer grand; it was not the light, clear, singing, wood-framed instrument that Schubert would have known but had a rich tenderness, different from a Steinway's gleaming assurance, that was appropriate. During the "Winterreise," one's ordinary critical faculties were quite suspended. During episodes of emotional calm in the earlier recital, one noted how lyrical, how sensitive both to harmonic pressures and to passing picturesque details, and yet how unassuming Demus's playing was; and that simply by the sound of pure, distinct vowels lovingly pronounced Fischer-Dieskau can cast a spell. In the first line of "Am Fenster" ("Ihr lieben Mauern hold und traut"), every word—even the lightly touched "und"—became a beautiful and appreciable object.

The program books were a slight cut above what New York recitals usually offer. Deutsch numbers and dates were given, and poets were named; texts were printed in German and in (anonymous) English translation. Still not enough. In any other city, three such important recitals, commemorating the hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary of Schubert's death, would surely be accompanied by a program book whose contents made a lasting contribution to Schubert understanding: perhaps a note on Michael Vogl, Schubert's foremost interpreter; an account of the circle of friends whose poems Schubert set; illustrations that would include the Schnorr von Carolsfeld lithograph mu-

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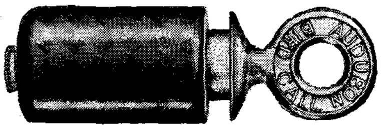

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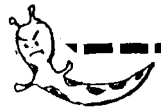

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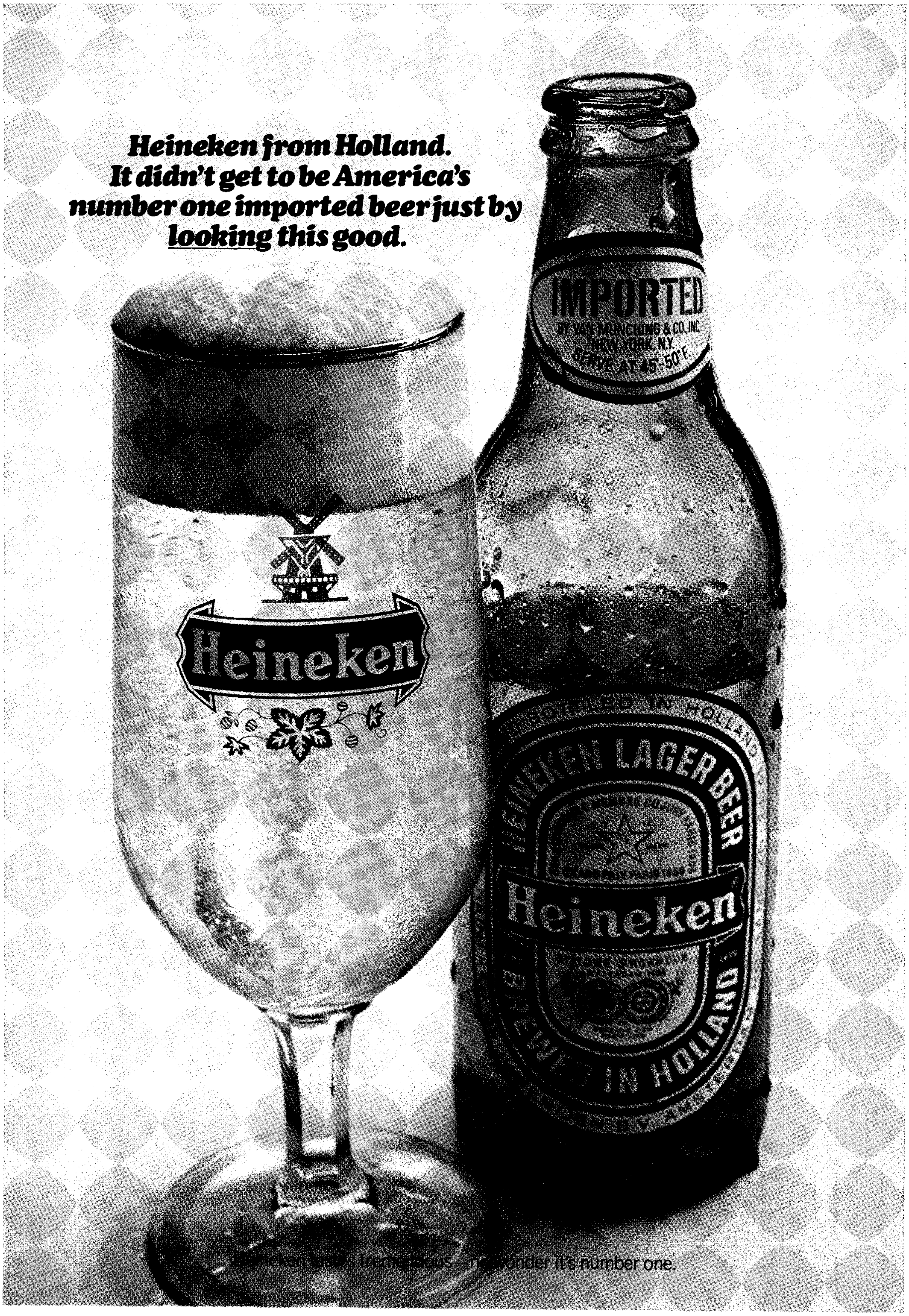
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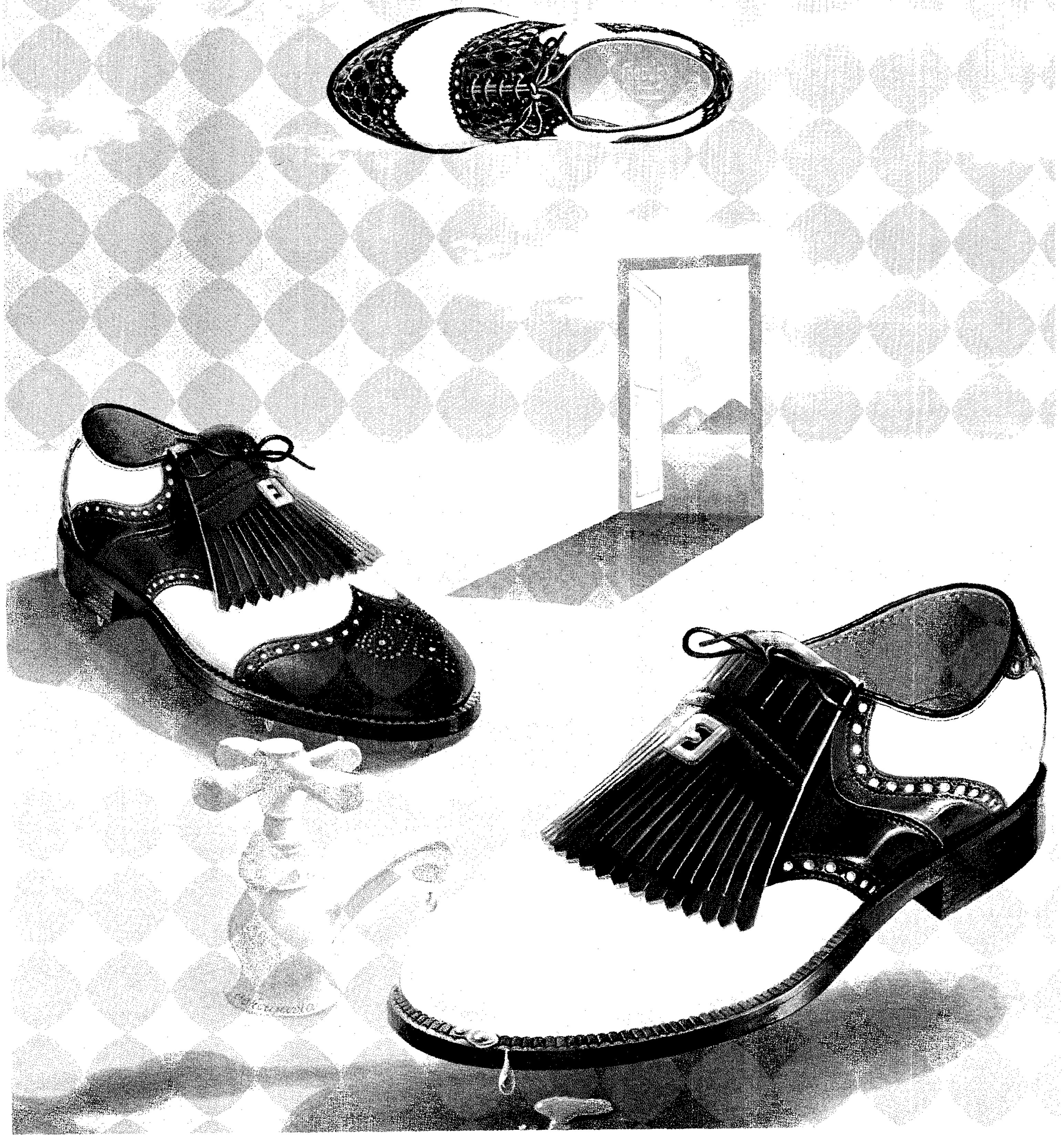

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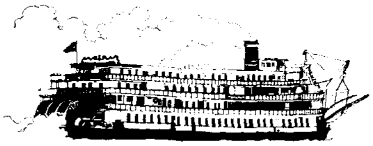

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sically depicted in "Liebeslauschen;" pointers to further reading (Richard Capell's and Fischer-Dieskau's studies) and to available editions of the songs. A dated discography of Fischer-Dieskau's Schubert records is something many Schubertians would be glad to have. In such a book, German texts would not be printed in fine, scarce-legible italic type. There would be notes on the songs beyond the isolated sentences lifted from Fischer-Dieskau's book which appeared in the program of the first recital. And the very proper request "Please do not turn page until end of song" would be matched by a careful layout in which a mid-song page turn did not occur.

A vivid little performer, Roswitha Trexler, well known at Europe's avant-garde festivals, made her New York début last week in recital at the Graduate Center of City University. She began with an astonishingly brilliant and expressive account of Berio's "Sequenza III" and provided further evidence of her vanguard virtuosity in works written for her by Milko Kelemen (unaccompanied) and the young East German composers Lothar Voigtlander (voice, tape, and piano) and Friedrich Schenker (voice and tape). In all these, the voice is amplified. In the second half, unmiked, she sang Brecht settings by Weill, Dessau, Eisler, and Brecht himself with sharp-cut words, a piquant rhythmic sense, but too slender a thread of tone to do justice to the lyrical moments. She was accompanied and the works were introduced by her husband, Fritz Hennenberg, music director of Leipzig Radio.

MONTSERRAT CABALLÉ was to have sung in a concert performance of Mercadante's "Virginia" last week, for Eve Queler's Opera Orchestra of New York, but she was ill, the event was cancelled, and, alas, the major operatic novelty of the season disappeared. Last month, in Carnegie Hall, Miss Queler did Rossini's "Tancredi," in the new edition by Philip Gossett, which I reviewed last November after its Houston première. Again Marilyn Horne sang the title role. Meanwhile, Peters International has brought out an American edition of the Arion recording, made in France by a young British cast with a French orchestra under an American conductor, John Perras. This is possibly the most limpidly and accurately sung account of a Rossini opera on records. A listener's reaction is likely to be "What a beautiful opera! How I should like

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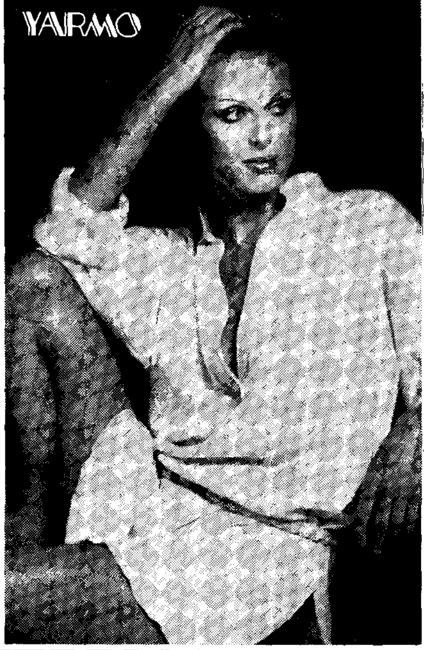

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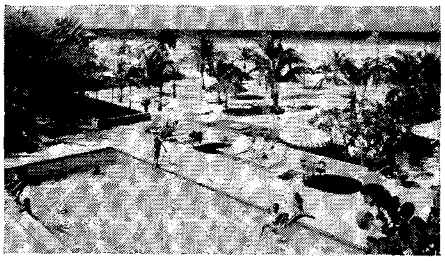

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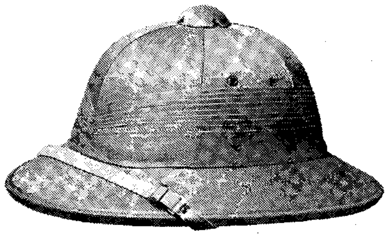

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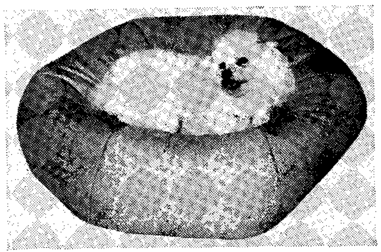

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to hear it done now by singers with the dash and brilliance of someone like Marilyn Horne!" Whereas a reaction to the "Tancredi" with Miss Horne in the title role might well be "How terrific she is! But I wish the opera were more dramatic." In New York, as in Houston, Miss Horne poured out prodigies of heroic bravura singing, throwing in flourishes and frills, scales and roulades, until scarcely a bar was left as Rossini wrote it. Katia Ricciarelli, the Amenaide, is a less accomplished mistress of Rossinian intricacy than Joan Carden, who did the role in Houston, but she is an honest, direct, and pleasing singer. She gave a touching account of the Act II preghiera, "Giusto Dio che umile adoro." Ernesto Palacio, a young Peruvian tenor, the Argirio, was more secure than he had been in Houston. In New York, he sang the original Act I aria, and he included more of the wonderful piece—"Ah! segnar invano io tento"—that opens Act II than he had in Houston. (It is exceedingly high and difficult, and since the première of "Tancredi," in Venice in 1813, has usually been omitted, or replaced by an alternative aria.) Mariana Paunova, a Canadian mezzo, made something of the aria for Isaura, the heroine's confidante (it was omitted in Houston), but not much, for there is not much to be made of it—or of the other *aria di sorbetto*, for the hero's (mezzo) squire, a role to which Carmen Balthrop proved unsuited. Miss Queler conducted with spirit, and the Schola Cantorum provided a deft chorus.

A complete libretto, carefully prepared (apart from some mislineation), with indications of what is secco recitative, what not, and of which passages (mainly secco) would be cut in the performance, was distributed gratis. In parallel columns it provided the third English version of the "Tancredi" text to appear within six months. (Charles Whitfield made one for the record album, William Weaver made one for Houston, and the Opera Society's was adapted anonymously from an 1848 Covent Garden libretto.) But no note in the program book told the audience that the ending they heard was unusual—the Ferrara "tragic finale," tried out at the opera's second production, in Ferrara in 1813, and thereafter unused until Houston revived it. When I heard the conventional happy ending again, on the Arion records, I agreed with Gossett that it is insipid and perfunctory. The tragic ending, a series of broken exclamations for the dying hero, is bold and strange. But—in New York, as in Houston—I felt that Miss

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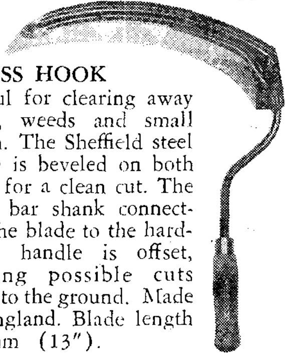

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Horne dragged it out to a point where it became ineffective.

THE Metropolitan Opera's "Frau ohne Schatten," last performed in 1971, has a new Dyer's Wife, Ursula Schröder-Feinen. On the first night, she gave an efficient and thorough, if somewhat prosaic and occasionally strident, account of the role. Empress, Emperor, and Barak were cast as before. Leonie Rysanek's reign as the Empress has lasted a quarter-century. She is still very delicate, tender, and touching, and she still rises to the long, moving scenes of the third act with warmth and freshness and in shining lirico-heroic tones. In her performance one could perceive, more clearly than anywhere else, what Strauss and Hofmannsthal intended their opera to mean. James King's Emperor was as wooden as ever. Walter Berry's Barak was honest, lovable, and very well sung. He remains within the story, whereas his great predecessors Ludwig Weber and Paul Schöffler transcended it, to become unforgettable type figures of simple human goodness. Mignon Dunn was powerful as the Nurse.

Having heard great things of the Met production, I was somewhat disappointed to find that in some respects it missed the clarity and the richness of the best "Frau" presentations. Clarity is missing in Robert O'Hearn's settings, which represent by tenebrous tangles what should surely be shown with the pure colors and the distinctness of a Persian miniature. However, he puts the Met's stage machinery to high spectacular use. Richness was missing in Karl Böhm's handling of the music. He gave the assured performance of someone long familiar with the score—so familiar that its marvels are no longer felt to require glowing, impassioned presentation. He also cut too much of the music. The Met sells an incomplete libretto, containing only as much of the text as is in the Böhm recording, and neither libretto nor program book reproduces the Hofmannsthal synopsis, which, as Norman Del Mar remarks in his Strauss study, "is an integral part of the whole work and as such utterly indispensable (containing explanatory information not to be found anywhere else)."

THE City Opera's "Turn of the Screw," one of its best productions, has returned to the repertory in excellent estate, again distinguished especially by Eileen Schauler's precise, penetrating study of the Governess and by Peter Fekula's subtle and strongly sung Miles. Against all expectation,

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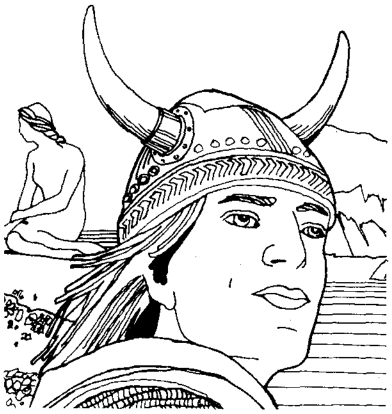

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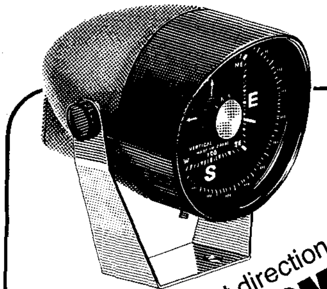

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Britten's chamber orchestration, instead of being lost in the large house, steals out to fill it; and Christopher Keene's conducting admirably combines dramatic incident with large musical form. A few things are wrong with Theodore Mann's staging: Mrs. Grose crosses herself as if she were an Irish housekeeper, and the children—who go to church in surplices—have picked up the Romish practice; Miles's miming at the piano is exaggerated. But almost everything else is right in this imaginative ensemble presentation.

—ANDREW PORTER

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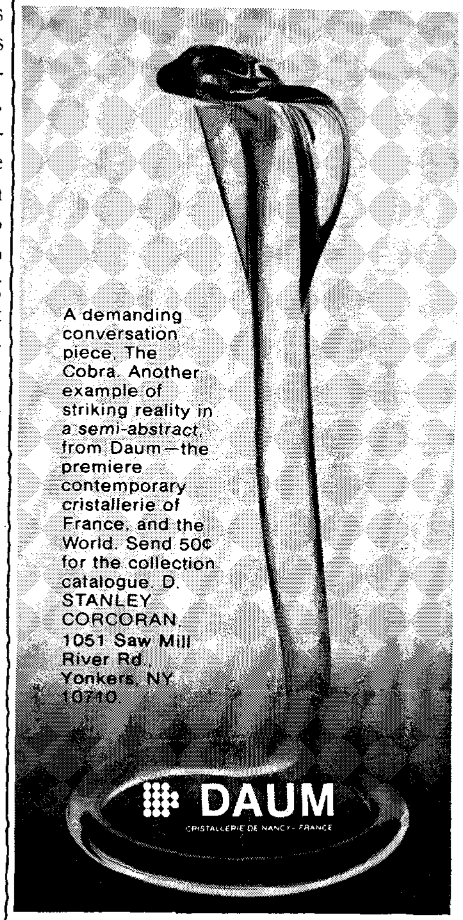

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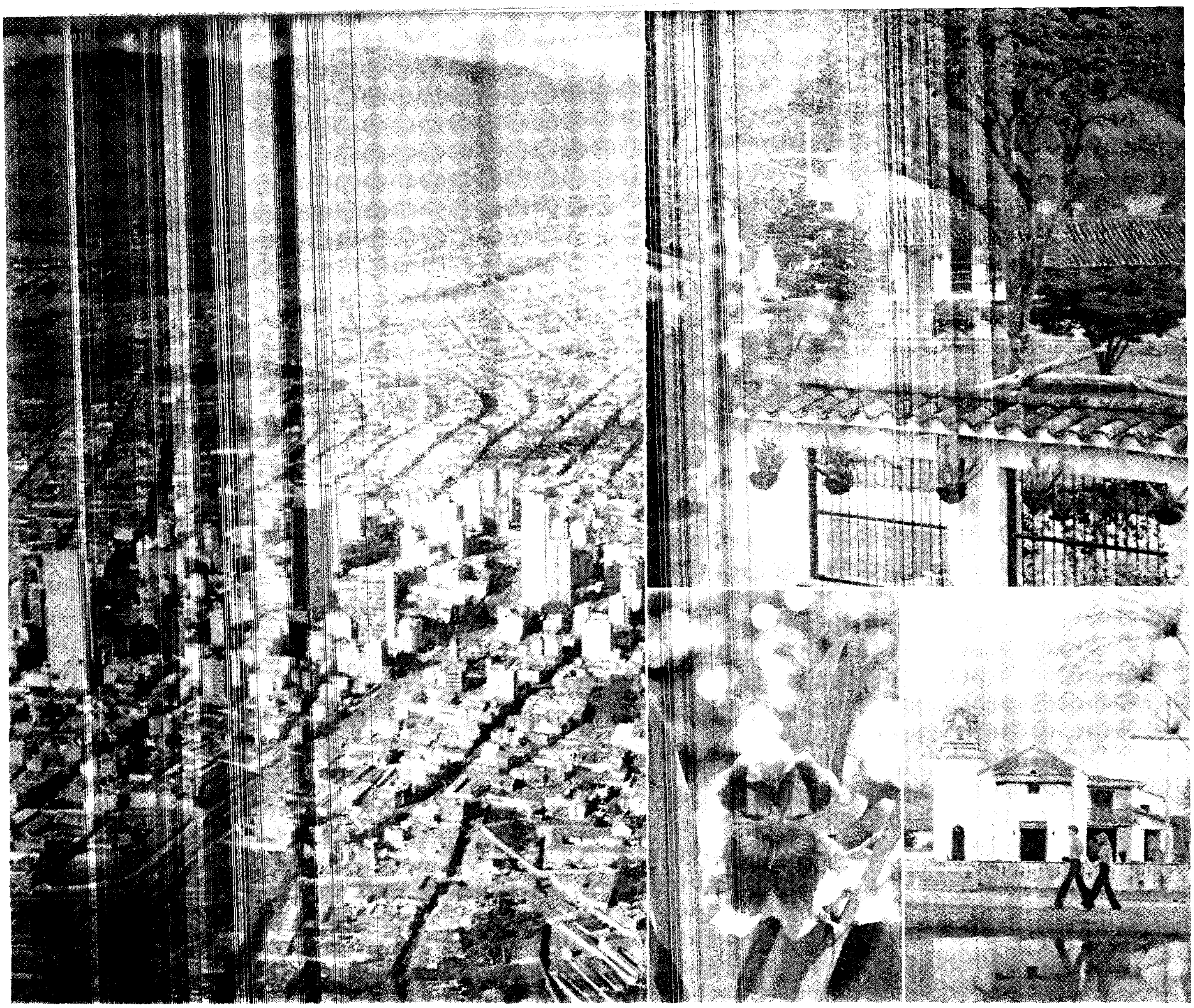

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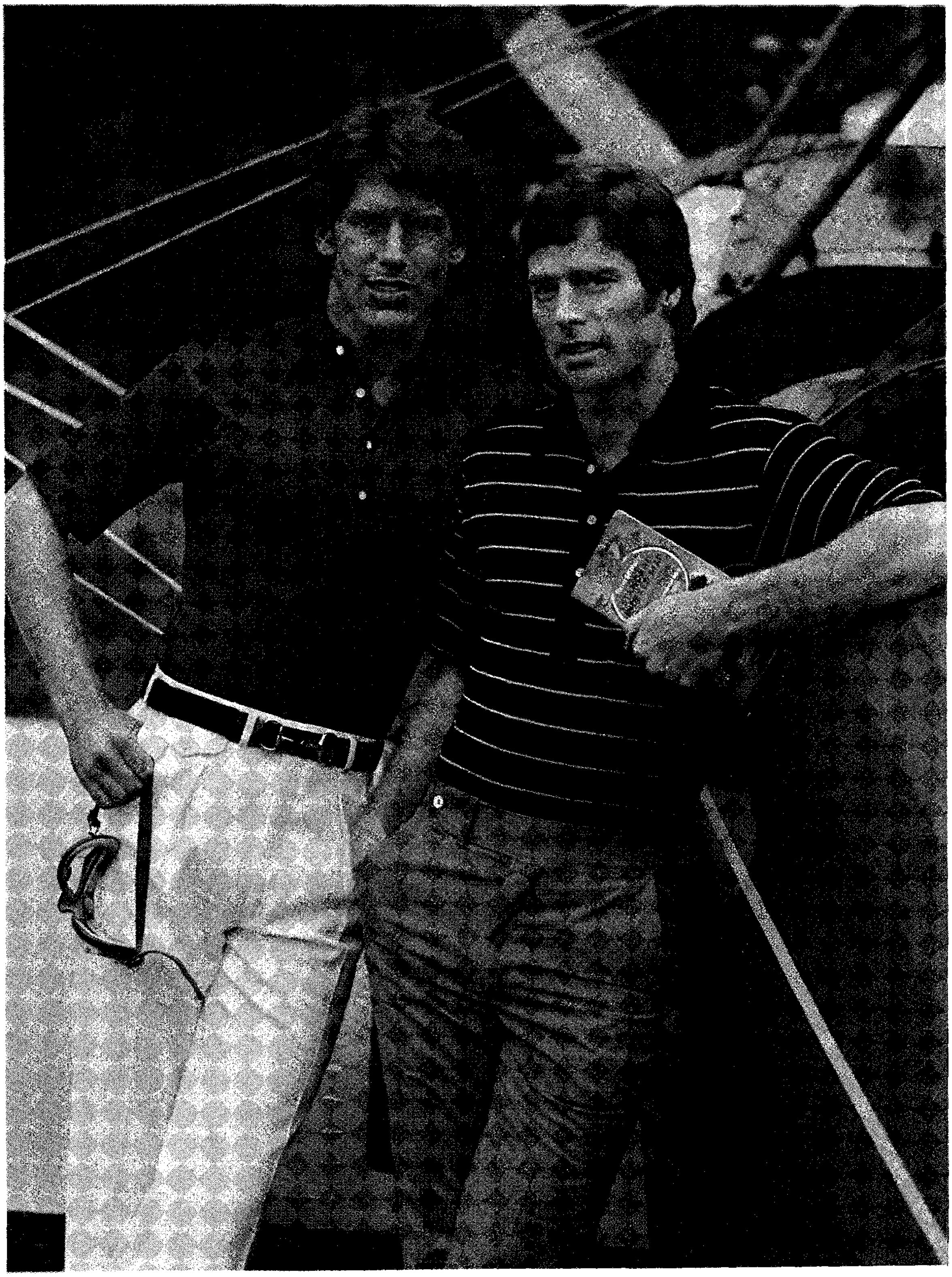

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BOOKS

Master Builder

SOME books need to ripen in the reader's mind, so a first impression is at odds with the appreciation that comes with second thoughts. E.g., "The City Builder" (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $7.95), written in Hungarian by George Konrád, and translated into English by Ivan Sanders, which begins this way:

> A flurry at dawn, uncertain hour... scarlet light embraces the brick walls. Things swarming out of the shelter of half-light begin their forced orbit.

"The City Builder" is written as an interior monologue delivered by a city planner—a Socialist bureaucrat who lives and works in an "East-Central European city." The prospect of difficulty and gloom in his opening remarks was confirmed by the tortuous course of the mental struggle that follows, and my restiveness lasted until the book's end, when "on the frosty window of a crowded streetcar a passenger writes the date of the new year, and then draws a line through it, crosswise." What held my attention through that first reading, arduous and intermittent though it was, was the Elizabethan extravagance of Konrád's style:

> In the corridor of the maternity ward I try to guess which one of the double row of infants behind the glass partition is my son.... We simply look at them, helplessly—inviolable bottled messages from the outer limits of non-being, leaflets from an airplane with unknown markings sailing into our garden, goldfish plopping into our water as we wash... ice kings sitting in a sled with sails, their red robes vanishing under the seagulls before our eyes, caresses changing into bouquets of flowers on our smoothed-out hospital blankets, faces that can turn away from us as precisely as grace—how can we get to know one another?

The namelessness of speaker and city—besides possibly indicating a diminished individuality owing to East-Central European political circumstances—emphasizes the general pertinence of Konrád's theme, which is the bitter disappointments of middle age. East European Socialist middle age, true; but readers of diverse persuasions will recognize, if they don't also share, the planner's close attention to his aging body, his feeling of private and professional failure, his absorption in thoughts of death and of the sexual joys of the past. In fact, to an American reader the most exotic aspect of "The City Builder" is not its distant setting or its narrative eccentricity but the combination of a lavish metaphorical style with the structural forms and devices of classical rhetoric.

"The City Builder" is a short book, less than two hundred pages, and is divided into ten sections, which roughly separate lines of thought by topic—God, fatherhood, a woman's death, the city, for example. These chapters consist of interwoven fragments that range in tone from grim irony to nostalgia, and include reminiscence, indecipherable dreams, panoramic description, invective, and exhortation. Although he opens the book with daybreak and winds it up with a New Year's celebration, Konrád otherwise observes the conventions of interior monologue. Time doesn't move clockwise, and transitions are abrupt and often mysterious. Nevertheless, Aristotle or Dionysius of Halicarnassus would have found familiar the architecture of a passage like this one:

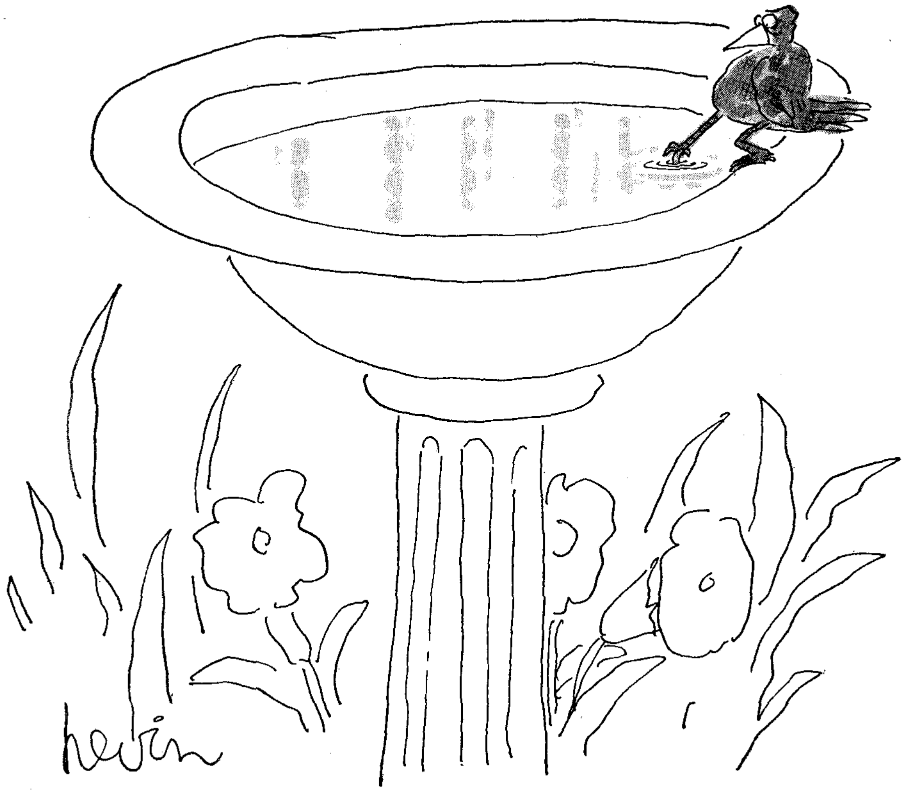
> I don't want a city in which pedestrians are chased by warning signs amid ruined or abandoned walls; where nothing is allowed, nothing is possible, nothing is worth the trouble; where ready-made regulations stare at me from shopwindows.... I don't want a city where I cower to avoid being snapped at, until I am snapped at for cowering...

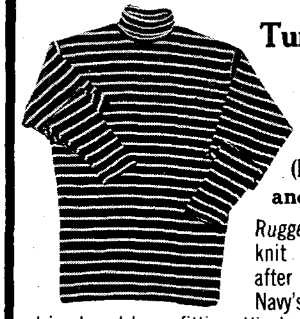
(In a catalogue of unfulfilled plans earlier in the book, the planner says, "I was going to move vehicular traffic underground, break up the airless corridors of the streets, rehabilitate and turn into an uncrushable king the pedestrian." I was reminded of Leo Wilensky, a similarly quixotic urban philosopher, who, as the director of the Pedestrian League of America, once instructed me in the inalienable rights of the pedestrian: "We believe that in the eyes of the law the pedestrian should always be right. We consider the jaywalking laws unconstitutional. The pedestrian should be king of the road. The automobile prevents him from exercising his freedom of movement, and the air pollution caused by automobiles infringes on his freedom to breathe properly." That was nearly eighteen years ago. I hope he is still on his feet, if not in line to be Secretary of Transportation.)

The city planner continues, "I dream of a city in which action is synonymous with change, where I have a right to my surroundings, where I don't exist for the city but am wooed by it." And the peroration:

> I want a left-wing city, a destructively constructive, diffusely coherent dialogue about the perils of being human; a brazenly contemporary afterworld that is not only thought but also thinking itself...

I ought to mention that this declamation includes the line "And I remember that rhetoric is the main subject in an academy for swine," which I took to





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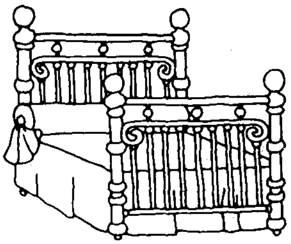

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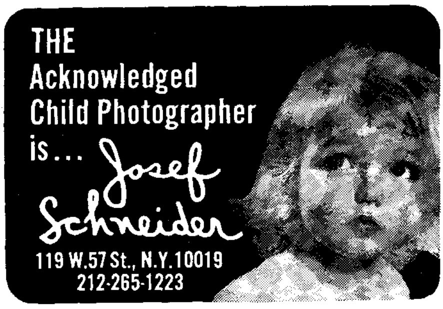

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be derogatory. Still, as a fellow-member of the captive audience for official bombast, and without underestimating the dread of cliché and routine at the heart of the novel, I will stick to my point, that Konrád shows a taste and talent for the good old rhetorical devices (epanaphora, antistrophe, antithesis, antimetabole, and paradox, to name a few), and that as a method of controlling his flight from ordinary ways of saying things the traditional formulas work well.

The speaker locates himself and his fellow-citizens in an intellectual borderland: "Asiatic servility and bloated Atlantic rationality—even our brains have been cut in half by the armistice line separating East and West." And he alludes more than once to the city's foundation on Roman remains: "A tent city on the ruins of a Roman circus." But, whatever its roots in the notably unsteady geography and history of Hungary, Konrád's mercurial prose has a likely and more immediate source in his belief in the destructiveness of worn-out words and ideas. He writes of a "repertory of curses," of "anniversary clichés," "the dead stock of this giant thriftshop," "the dime novel of my dreams": "When phrases like 'the sun is out,' or 'the wind blows,' become loaded statements, do not try to be objective." One purpose of a metaphor is to evoke a stronger and more precise response than an abstract word can provide on its own, and the following items, pulled apologetically out of context, may give a sense of how Konrád works his way through the platitudes of literature and life—successfully, I think, more often than not:

the crocodiles of the unconscious
shock troops of light
locusts of my vanity
the gladiolas of early-morning lucidity
the latrine of the here and now

It may be possible to detect objectionable overstatement or affectation in a style of this sort, but I don't want to make too much of my own reservations. Appraisal of the effectiveness and propriety of figures of speech is a delicate business, complicated by the shadowy presence of a translator. A negative verdict on "the latrine of the here and now" could be a matter of taste. It can be shown that the image emerges aptly enough from its surroundings; it is coherent, and certainly vivid, and expresses succinctly the speaker's frame of mind. On the other hand, an objection to "the gladiolas of early-morning lucidity" can be more easily defended. I object. What do the words mean? Even in context—a vision of daybreak occurring in a stretch of surrealistic

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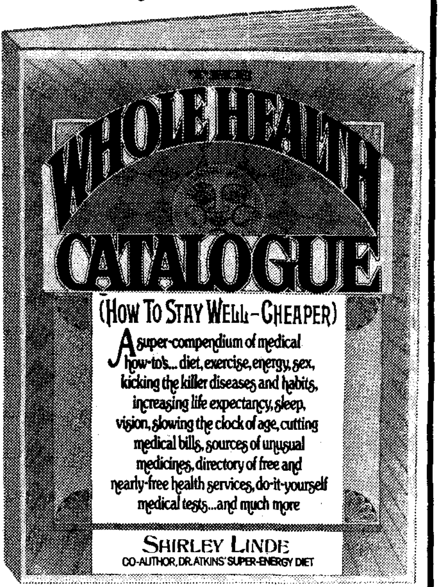

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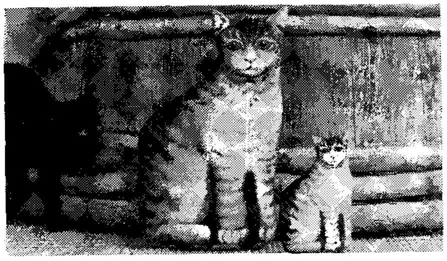

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reminiscence and fantasy—what do they suggest? "The rocking chair in the garden is already surrounded by the gladiolas of early-morning lucidity." Is the ambiguity altogether deliberate? Are the gladiolas lucid? Does "lucid" mean "bright"? "transparent"? "sane"? As an image of peace of mind, which I take it to be, it is inappropriately disconcerting. At times, I think, the accumulation of images leads to an impression of waste and windiness. At times, an abstraction seems stubbornly to resist a valiant assault, as in "I wanted to build a great city, a provocatively flexible system of thickening time-spaces." (Maybe this would be intelligible to city planners.) Toward the end of his utopian oration—"The fragile structures of the city are regularly repeated messages from a misshapen void, aimed at our incorporeal mother who in the hall of possibilities plays a cheap little ditty about time and space"—it sounds as if Konrád had not completely defeated the cliché; or perhaps the messages from the void, the cheap little ditty reflect the hazards of translation. I like the idea of the misshapen void.

Assuming that readers of books with a curiosity about language and choice of words are at least equal in number to those whose questions about typography and bookbinding publishers regularly take the trouble to answer, and speaking somewhat in the spirit of the planner dreaming of a city "where a department-store manager asks the coat-thief what else he needs, and if he would like to receive a credit card," I dream of a world in which the reader's most outlandish whim is an object of instant concern to even the most conglomerated publisher; where, indeed, the publisher is in spontaneous pursuit of the reader's good will, regardless of profit margins; where, to come to the point, the original work and its translation are printed side by side, in the agreeable and useful manner of the Loeb Classical Library, with an introductory note by the translator.

I've noticed that it is often the practice to salute a translator from within the limits of unspecified ignorance, and I do so. I am grateful to Ivan Sanders for the chance to read this book.

—SUSAN LARDNER

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

MOMO, by Émile Ajar, translated from the French by Ralph Manheim (Doubleday; $6.95). Momo is a fourteen-year-old Arab boy who lives in Belleville with an old Jewish

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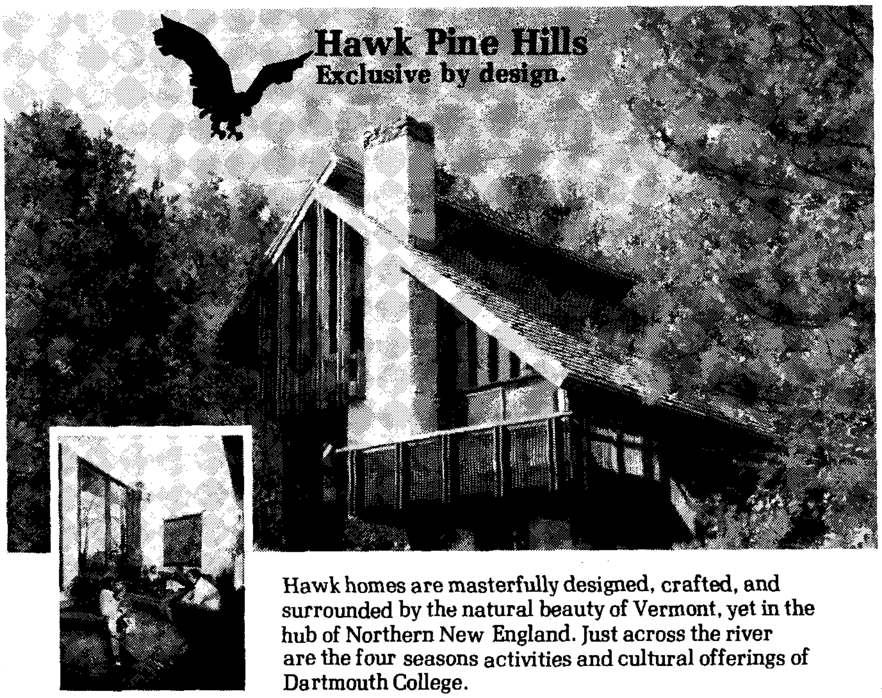

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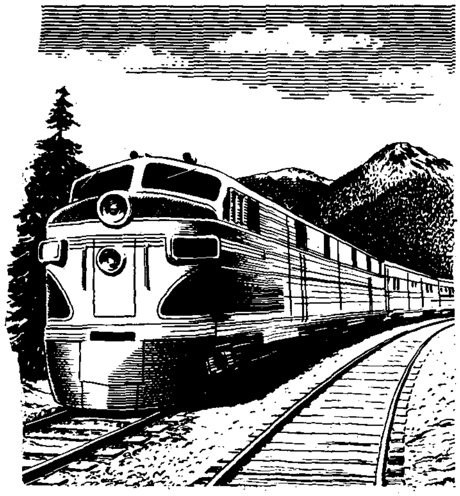

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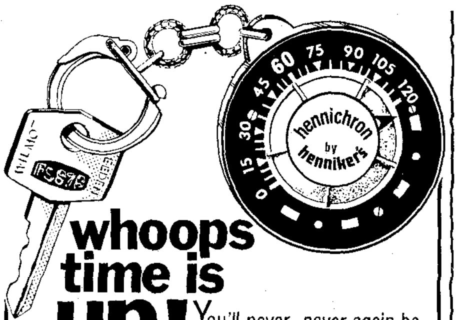

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woman and an ever-changing brood of prostitutes' children in a sort of makeshift boarding house/nursery. The old woman, Mme. Rosa, is a former prostitute herself, but that was fifteen years ago. Like Momo, she is without family. Unlike him, she is falling apart: she suffers from paranoid fantasies (she was denounced and deported to Auschwitz during the war), she has hardening of the arteries, the wolf is never far from the door, and she is so fat that she can hardly ascend her six flights of stairs. Momo, who narrates the story, loves her and watches her deterioration with fear and sadness. M. Ajar (a pseudonym for what his publisher calls an "elusive . . . young writer") describes the hodgepodge of exotic foreign inhabitants and visitors to the building—a kindly Senegalese transvestite who slips them money whenever he can, an African tribe that shares a single room, and a flashy black pimp—*with charm and humor.* But the Arab-Jewish theme and much of Momo's *gosse*-with-a-heart-of-gold dialogue are cloyingly sentimental (this variety of sentimentality with a hard crust is something of a French specialty), and one cannot help but wonder how the book managed to win the 1975 Prix Goncourt. That it became the basis of a movie is more understandable.

THE CASPIAN CIRCLE, by Donné Raffat (Houghton Mifflin; $10). A brisk, enjoyable, fictionalized memoir about the author's well-travelled, highly ritualized upper-class Iranian boyhood and young manhood. Although the various people (mostly rich businessmen and their families) who figure in this book are caught so fleetingly that they never really develop into the full-fledged characters we want in a novel, the atmosphere surrounding them is so evocative that it almost doesn't matter. Mr. Raffat recalls the misfortunes of his father's business career (in the United States and in Hamburg as well as in Iran) with confusion and sadness, the brutality of a boyhood friend who later became a military man with precision, and the scores of heavy, doomed romances that appear to have been common in his circle with ironic compassion. Scenes of pre-Second World War aristocratic splendor (watermelons chilling in jasmine-shaded ponds) give way to scenes of student uprisings and government suppression; bitter family disputes are depicted, which are fas-

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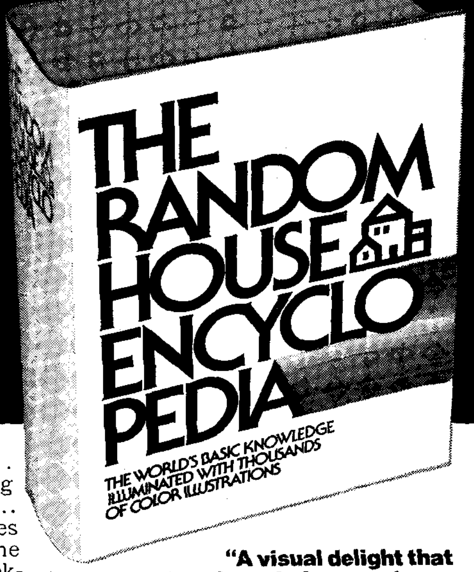
cinating both for their passion and for their longevity; and all is described in a voice that is always calm but bracingly curious and alive.

BURNING QUESTIONS, by Alix Kates Shulman (Knopf; $8.95). The progress of a gently reared, adventurous Midwestern girl from high-school debating champion to Greenwich Village greenhorn to lawyer's repressed wife to sixties radical to passionate feminist to exploratory lesbian. Although the book contains some lively, evocative writing (particularly when the narrator describes her happy small-town childhood and her "exploited" early womanhood as a do-or-die Village bohemian), it ultimately fails, because of the author's humorlessness and lack of generosity toward almost all the characters except her heroine. The book is more than a little pretentious, too. For example, though the reader marks with pleasure the small triumphs of the likable young heroine in her spiritual journey toward personal freedom, they fall far short of justifying the narrator's claim that her story is a "revolutionary memoir."

GENERAL

DULLES: A BIOGRAPHY OF ELEANOR, ALLEN, AND JOHN FOSTER DULLES AND THEIR FAMILY NETWORK, by Leonard Mosley (Dial; $12.95). An engrossing group portrait. Eleanor Dulles, who is now eighty-two, is the least well known of the trio; she was a brilliantly original economist in the State Department and elsewhere, and a venturesome human being whose career ceiling was kept low because she was a woman, and who was purged from the State Department by another ruling family, the Kennedys, after fifteen years of solid service. Mr. Mosley admits in a postscript that he likes her best, but he has done full justice to the brothers, although he by no means approves of all they did. Those two ambitious men and their sister were often at odds; they argued, quarrelled, and hurt one another, and yet they rallied to each other, too. Mr. Mosley's book is a good study of emotional people whose emotions were partly political and partly personal, and whose private lives were often unsatisfactory because they were sacrificed to the pursuit of power. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

MEHMED THE CONQUEROR AND HIS TIME, by Franz Babinger, translated from the German by Ralph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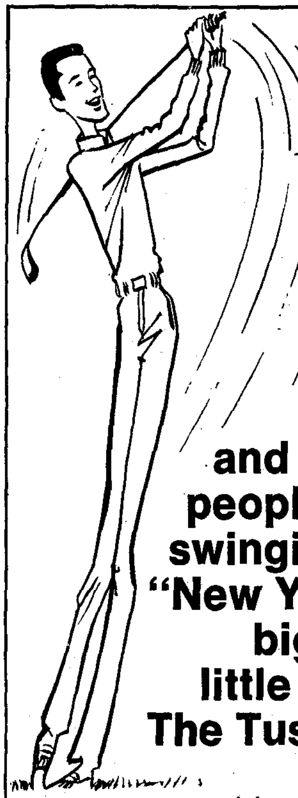

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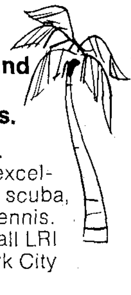

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Manheim and edited by William C. Hickman (Princeton; $30). The definitive scholarly biography of the Ottoman emperor (1432-81) who in 1453 conquered Constantinople. This historic event was long in the making—the shrunken city that fell to Mehmed was a pitiful relic of Byzantine glory—but even so the disappearance of that Christian polity stunned the West, though Christendom never united against Mehmed's expansion. He dreamed of conquering the West as Alexander the Great had conquered the East, and of imposing upon the world one empire, one faith, and one ruler—himself. What he actually achieved was the conquest of Greece and the rest of the Balkans. Mehmed's career is a study of battle, murder, and sudden death, of brutality, perfidy, and spite, with no moral superiority awardable to either Christians or Muslims. (The only consistently admirable man in the book is the Albanian national hero, Skanderbeg, who seems never to have broken his word or betrayed an ally.) Babinger, a dedicated German scholar who died in 1967, tells his horrid tale in an even voice. The most rewarding part of the work for the general reader is the extensive final section, in which, out of masses of Muslim panegyric and Christian invective, the author attempts to distill an accurate account of Mehmed's personality, and in which he compares the efficient, bureaucratic, martial Ottoman Empire with the creative, disorganized West it confronted.

INDIAN LIFE: TRANSFORMING AN AMERICAN MYTH, edited by William W. Savage, Jr. (University of Oklahoma Press; $9.95). An anthology of writings by whites about the Plains Indians which were published between the Civil War and the First World War, and which Mr. Savage has chosen in order to display the range of feelings—hatred, fear, admiration, pity—that these tribes elicited. The editor suggests that whites' views of Indians were justifications of whatever whites were doing—that is, the Indians were savages when whites wanted their land, and became picturesque after whites had taken it. Yet the essays suggest that whites' appraisals also depended upon the individual recorder's own experience and values: a man who observes that Indian women were sexually loose sees them very differently from one who

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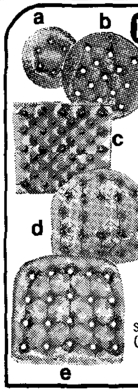

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was the happy husband of a Blackfoot woman, and both differ from the writer who justifies the killing of Indian women in the Sand Creek Massacre because squaws fought alongside braves and because Indians raped and murdered noncombatant white women. The photographs are exceptional.

The Papers of John Adams—Volume I: September, 1755-October, 1773; Volume II: December, 1773-April, 1775; edited by Robert J. Taylor (Belknap/Harvard; $25 each). This collection offers fewer enticements to the general reader than the previously published family papers, for it includes much that relates to public matters and, if not wholly impersonal, is less revealing. Still, there are affecting exceptions. The early correspondence to and from friends and schoolmates betrays the young men's uncertainties about choices of careers and searches for wives in a mixture of earnestness and levity that does not conceal anxiety. The editor mentions—and the papers bear out—John Adams' preference for basing the colonies' case on tight legal arguments rather than on appeals to feeling; nonetheless, Adams' political passion breaks out in (for example) his letter rejoicing over the Boston Tea Party. His thoughtful attention to the needs of others is evident in his correspondence with his law clerk, William Tudor. After Adams leaves Massachusetts for the First Continental Congress, his friends send him their news, and their letters depict the fluctuating moods of Massachusetts patriots as the colonies and the mother country appear to be heading toward a conflict whose shape they cannot foretell.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

Chinaman's Chance, by Ross Thomas (Simon & Schuster; $9.95). Mr. Thomas has always given his readers a brimful measure of his talent, but he has never been more openhanded than he is in this elaborate new conundrum. There is plot enough here to overwhelm a trilogy, and there are characters for every taste: a Mafia chief with a fondness for Rilke, an Eastern Establishmentarian of almost supernatural powers, Jack Ruby, two foundlings (one a pretender to the throne of Imperial China), a good half-dozen *Penthouse* centerfold sexpots, a couple of Mr. Marvellous

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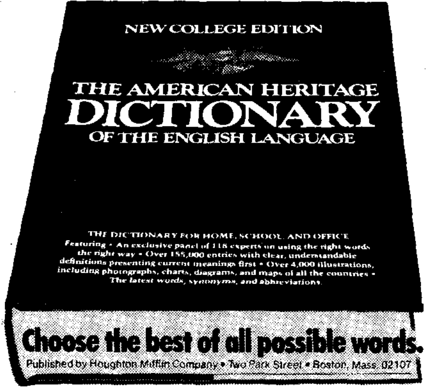
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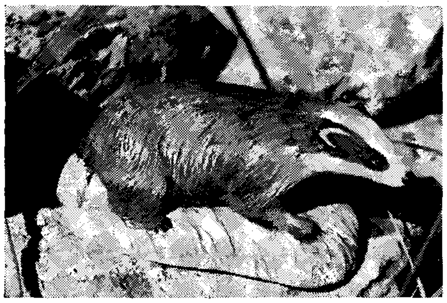

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KINGFISHER, by Gerald Seymour (Summit; $8.95). Another strong suspense novel by the author of "Harry's Game," and one that has much the same painful topicality. It has to do with three young Soviet Jews (two youths and a girl) who, for reasons of desperation, innocence, and idealism, hijack a Russian airliner in the mad hope of getting to Israel, and who end up trapped on an airfield in England. Mr. Seymour does a good (if occasionally long-winded) job of showing us the nature of the several men and women principally concerned—the hijackers, the flight crew, certain of the passengers, and the numerous British officials, including, as "hero," a (rather stereotyped) Foreign Office intelligence agent.

MAIGRET AND THE HOTEL MAJESTIC, by Georges Simenon, translated from the French by Caroline Hillier (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $7.95). A particularly appealing Maigret about a murder that takes place in the bowels of an "aggressively luxurious" Paris hotel that sounds suspiciously like the Ritz. Simenon's lovingly detailed descriptions of places always make one long to be *in* the place he describes, no matter what bloody crime happens to have recently taken place there. In the present volume, the hidden stairwells, the glassed-in kitchens, and the twisting corridors of the hotel are opened to us as the Superintendent unravels a complicated case involving both the hotel staff and several rich guests. There is also a side trip to a mimosa-perfumed Cannes.

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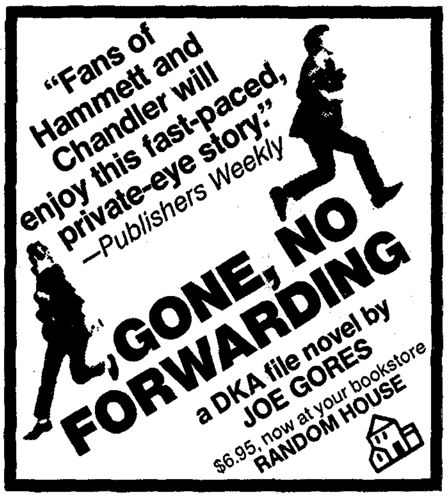
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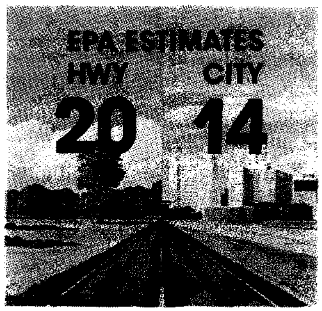

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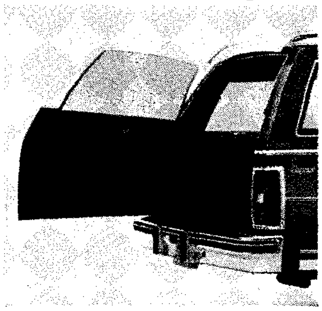

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ROOMY CARGO COMPARTMENT. Takes loads up to 4 feet wide through a rear opening that's wider at beltline, higher overall than the 1976 model it replaced.

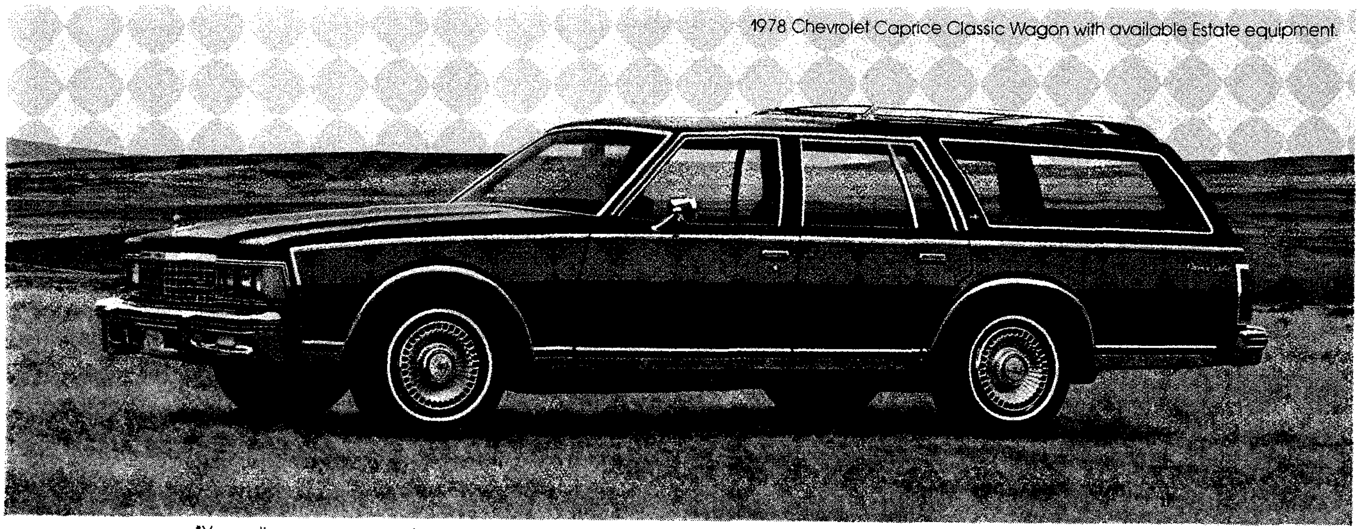
PUSH-BUTTON SEAT CONVERSION. A lever releases the folding third seat back. A button high on the side panel lets the second seat fold forward.

LOCKABLE STORAGE UNDER THE FLOOR. 8.0 cubic feet on 2-seat model. Less on 3-seat model (shown).

LOCKABLE STORAGE IN THE SIDE. Over 2 cubic feet. Handy storage trays hold things that usually clutter seats and floor.

MORE MANAGEABLE IN CITY TRAFFIC THAN THE MODEL IT REPLACED. Something to appreciate as you slip into tight parking spaces.

SEATS 8 WITH AVAILABLE THIRD SEAT. Built to take big families with plenty of room for heads, hats, legs, and feet.



1978 Chevrolet Caprice Classic Wagon with available Estate equipment.

*Your mileage may vary depending on how and where you drive, your car's condition and available equipment. (Chevrolet is equipped with GM-built engines produced by various divisions. See your dealer for details.)

Introduced a little more than a year ago, The New Chevrolet quickly became the best selling full-size wagon in America.*

You can see some of the reasons for its success on this page.

The other reasons will become obvious the first time you test drive The New Chevrolet Wagon.

And the best place to do that is at your local Chevrolet dealer's Wagon Stop, your complete shopping center for wagons. *Based on R. L. Polk registrations for 1977 model year.

Chevrolet
Wagon
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